This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Religious
ZXDA

THE

MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

M
692

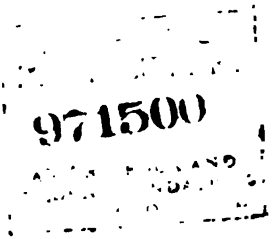
VOLUME XXXIII.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

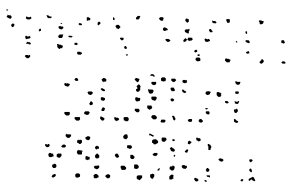
BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
1865.


97 1500

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by

LEONARD C. BOWLES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SONS.

INDEX TO VOL. XXXIII.

Address on the Occasion of the Burial of President Lincoln, 294.
Charity under Difficulties, 152.
Christianity a Glad Faith, 11.
Church Music, 116.
Conversion, 347.
Did John the Apostle write the Gospel which bears his Name? 193.
"Hymns of the Ages," 1.
Joseph Priestley, and Unitarianism in England (concluded), 33.
Letter to one perplexed by Doubts, 264.
Life in Seclusion, 204.
Morning Side, 28, 106, 153, 237, 283, 360.
Notices of Books, 56, 189, 254, 316, 381.
Perfection, 365.
Proof of Immortality in Christ, 84.
Rev. Jaazaniah Crosby, D.D., 112.
Spiritual Presence, 43.
Supernaturalism, 78.
The Church of the New Age, 129.
The Fox and the Marmot, 228.
The Great Civil Wars, 65.
The Hiding Places of Power, 271.
The Ideal Life, 229.
The Kingdom of Heaven, 342.
The Lesson of a Dream, 98.
The Lesson of the Hour, 298.
The Love of the Pardoned Sinner for God, 176.
The National Unitarian Conference, 257.
The Religious Side of our Daily Studies, 331.
The Sons of Rechab, 321.
The Wolves and the Sheep, 18.
Xavier's Indian Missions, 98.

SERMONS.

A Sermon on Cold, 90.
Balaam's Ass speaking, 161.
Life from the Dead, 288.
"Not ashamed of our Faith," 351.
The Illusions of Life, 19.
The Stamp of Sin, 220.

POETRY.

A May Idyl, 281.
Ascension, 350.
De Republica bene speravi, 111.
Hymns from the German, 10, 27, 76, 150, 202, 262, 358.
How sleep the Brave! 315.
Matins, 346.
Mother's Last Flower, 330.
Reeves Hill, 175.
Sunbeam, 105.
The Dying Soldier and the Dove, 250.

The Lesson of the Hour, 54.
The Winter is past, 314.
True Love, 89.

RANDOM READINGS.

A Mclern Greek Preacher, 53.
An Othodox Creed, 313.
Cheerulness, 126.
"Drawing out Intelligence," 128.
Edward Everett, 124.
English Sympathy, 373.
External and Internal Evidence for Christianity, 251.
Fear of Eternal Punishment, 127.
Gleanngs from Foreign Periodicals, 245, 308, 374.
God will guard his Truth, 188.
Greetngs, 46.
Letter to the Proprietor, 253.
Measure and Rhyme in Hebrew Poetry, 51.
My Creed, 50.
Notes in the Hospitals, 378.
Our Great Sorrow, 306.
President Johnson's Successor, 315.
Renan's "Life of Jesus," 180.
Retaliation, 186.
"Semi-evangelical," 55.
Statement of Christian Faith, 312.
Statistics of the American Orthodox Congregational Churches, as collected in 1864, 185.
The Acceptable Year of the Lord: the Providences of our War, 47.
The Celebration at Weston, 183.
"The Horrors of Bull Ring," 128.
Theological Partiality, 311.
The Unitarian Creed, 249.
The Victory that overcomes the World, 380.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. JANUARY, 1865. No. 1.

"HYMNS OF THE AGES."*

HYMNS which commit themselves to our inmost memory, and cleave to it through all changes in joy and in sorrow, bearing in upon the soul truths deeper and more universal than those spoken in the creeds of the hour, furnishing it with the imagery which unrolls the scenery of heaven, and with the melodies which make audible to us beforehand its angelic harmonies, — these are the hymns of the ages. Not many such have ever been sung. Such as have been sung become more important to us than any other literature of human origin and composition in our own spiritual nurture, and the religious education of our children. The articles of a man's faith are comparatively external, made by the intellect for convenient handling, lying on the surface of his mind, or perhaps laid away in church-records to be used mainly by ministers and ecclesiastical councils. The very word, "articles," suggests something *articulated*, or cut up into convenient parcels by a process of the intellect. These are all very well; for believers and churches ought to put their convictions into as clear and definite forms as possible, always mindful that they do not become so fixed and frigid as to bar all growth, progress, and enlargement. But hymns touch the deeper fountains of our spiritual being. They reveal wellsprings of emotion to the consciousness, and give open-

* Hymns of the Ages. Third series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865.

ings of higher and grander prospects than any sermons and liturgies, or any dogmas of theology. They suggest a great deal more than the bare words would convey in any other form, often a great deal more than dawned upon the intelligence of the singer himself, especially if he sings from a genuine inspiration. Indeed, the first gleams of a newly opening truth often come in this way. They rise seer-like upon the inward vision, or flow down through the soul in liquid melodies long before the creeds have received and fixed them in tangible form.

Domestic worship is the duty of every family; and every member of the family ought to have an active part in it. What right have we to be parents, unless we accept all the parental responsibilities and duties? But every parent is the high priest at his own domestic altar; and he is false to a most solemn trust, if there be no altar in his house, or if he suffer it to be deserted. There they are, a group of immortal beings, some of them young, tempted, and beset with snares, liable all of them to be invaded and whelmed by the tide of worldliness that sweeps over society. Every morning it is their duty, because it is their safety, to draw together, with mind and heart open to the influence that brings God near them, and his angels around them, as a camp of fire. A renewing, refining, and hallowing spirit, the spirit of prayer, begetting a sense of dependence, and of the divine omnipresence, will surely, though it may be gradually and silently, pervade the whole house, and abide in it, and be breathed into all the duties of the day. Coarseness of mind, vulgar manners, profane living, hard-eyed scheming, are evils always liable to come in and take possession of the house, and infest more or less all its members, unless the family is thus organized as a divine institution, that makes marriage and birth to be sweet and holy; unless the parents or the elder members regard the family as "the church in the house," and accept the beautiful office of priesthood at its altar.

Why, then, are these duties so often neglected and disregarded even by Christians, who acknowledge them in theory? It is not always from sheer worldliness. It is very often

from a feeling of reserve and incompetency. We are not qualified, parents will say, to lead the devotions of the family, and make them edifying and delightful. Perhaps the memory goes back to an experience very unedifying and undelightful; of prayers mumbled as lip-service; of the Bible awfully droned out, and its grand old litanies (for such many of its chapters are) linked with degrading associations. This may be, though it is a very undevout spirit that will not find in any exercise, serious as all domestic worship must be, something good and true under its rudest forms. But there is no necessity even of these. Extemporaneous prayer should be only a part of the ritual of family worship. It should always be very short and comprehensive; and, if we lack words, there are the words in which Jesus taught his disciples to pray, which express every want we ever had or ever can have, and which are always at hand, as "vials full of odors sweet," to bear our thoughts and feelings to the Father's ear. Then the whole family, old and young, can read together, in alternation, from the Bible, using not all the same version, but different ones, — for instance, those of Noyes, Campbell, Norton, and Conybeare and Howson, — thus bringing forth ever fresh shades of meaning, approximating ever the mind of inspiration, and preventing the reading from becoming a matter of mere rote and custom. Questions and answers will occur, self-applications may be made, and not the words merely, but the facts and the imagery of the Bible, will be continually stored up in the memory; and its truths will be sure to come up, and utter themselves in days of temptation and trial.

But what we have specially in hand to say now is, domestic worship is the time and occasion for the hymn and the sacred song. It is all the better if they can be sung; but, whether sung or not, they should be *read;* and they will impart to the devotions of the family a marvellous richness, and will be a beauty and a joy for ever. Some book of devotional poetry, collected from the best sources, and wherever the Holy Spirit has struck the chords of the human lyre, should be ever at hand, should always accompany the Bible

and the liturgy in the delightful ritual of the family altar. Some will bear to be read over and over, and have their imagery imprinted on the young mind, and glow in the imagination, and form ever afterwards the divine scenery of the soul, and attune it to heavenly music. In our opinion, words can hardly exaggerate the importance of this as a means of spiritual culture, and intellectual and moral refinement. To elevate and purify the taste, and unfold and sanctify the young imagination, is of vast consequence in this dusty and money-changing world. Nursery rhymes are well for very young children to commit to memory. But what we now recommend does vastly more than these. It furnishes the soul with its choicest and grandest imagery, — that which will be necessary to give power and vividness to the doctrines of faith, and bathe them in the emotions of the heart. Where there is no vision, the people perish; for, when faith has no imagery to give to it the substance of things not seen by the eye of flesh, it fades out from the mind, and we are in danger of sinking into unbelief and sensuality.

We want good devotional poetry, then, for other use than to sing in churches. We want it in our families; and we want it, above all, at the hour of domestic worship. Hymns for choirs do not supply this want. They are too limited in their range, and, for the most part, are selections and fragments from utterances which could not be given entire. Strains in which the poet's whole heart has flowed out of him, and which have not been cut up and altered for a special purpose, are what we need for private and family reading. There has been a dearth of such poetry, at least in any accessible form. Watts we could never leave out; but he has only two strings to his lyre, and one of these only vibrates to the divine anger. He never quite emerged from the old pagan conceptions about death and the grave; never "climbed where Moses stood, and viewed the landscape o'er." Montgomery is tender and sweet, and the Wesleys are fervid with Christian love; but there are chords which they never strike. It is very interesting to observe, that, in the devotional songs which have sung themselves within the last twenty-five years, we

get views of the divine providence, of the work of Christ, of the divine paternity and immanence, of immortality as present and here, and not prospective, and over the river, given in tints which are more rich and varied, indicating the blushes of the new morning which is breaking upon the world.

During the last year, three new collections have appeared, each with its peculiar merits. Messrs. Longfellow and Johnson have revised their "Book of Hymns," or rather made a new one, which contains very delicious poetry. But they leave out the distinctive Christian element, though Christianity shines through their poetry in a reflected light, beautiful and pale. Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise" brings things out of his treasury which are new and old, and rich and rare. But much the best book, in our judgment, for the use which we recommend, is the third series of the "Hymns of the Ages," which has just been issued. It is the best of the three volumes which the compilers have given us. The second volume drew largely upon the quaint old English poets; and their verse was too hard and jagged to be wrought into our familiar trains of thought and feeling.

It is very evident that a different principle of selection and adaptation must govern in a compilation for choirs and churches from one which governs in a book for private devotion. Hymns to be sung, must needs be altered sometimes, — a part must be left out, and perhaps verbal alterations must be made, in order that the musical feet and pauses may be preserved. This, however, is delicate business, and often done without any show of necessity, and results in botching, and nearly spoiling some of our best hymns. But, in compilations for private use, the *ipsissima verba* ought to be given; and there is no excuse here for interpolating words and ideas into a writer's verses, and sending them forth again under his name. Sir Roundell Palmer has been careful to restore pieces which had been mutilated, to their first integrity; or, when this was not practicable, to point out where the seams and gaps had been made. The compilers of the "Hymns of the Ages," we believe, have never tampered with their authors,

though they sometimes give us part of a strain, when the whole would have been better; and hymns which had fallen into barbarous hands, they have not always rescued, and restored to their pristine beauty. Why should they not have given us the whole of that first-class hymn of Gisborne, commencing with the line, "A soldier's course from battles won," especially as it had suffered grievous mutilation, and its richest and noblest stanzas been excluded from our church-collections? The Apocalypse describes the River of Life with waters clear as crystal, and on either side the trees growing in mystic rows, bending with fruit, and clothed with healing leaves, reflecting the sunshine that streams down from the throne. Gisborne uses these types to foreshow the peace of Paradise; but the compilers leave out the two stanzas best fitted to haunt the imagination. And why should we not have the whole of Cowper's aspiration for a closer walk with God, and for similar reasons; especially as all the stanzas are connected by the finest threads, and not one of them can be displaced, and not a word altered, without marring their perfect unity? We cannot make out that Sir Roundell has entirely restored this hymn, and effaced the marks of tinkering and botching. In Dwight's old collection, made sixty-five years ago, and soon after the hymn first appeared, we have, judging from internal evidence, the genuine reading, —

"Oh for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame;
And light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I *then* enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill."

By omitting the second stanza, so essential to the unity of the whole, and then altering the third line in the third stanza,

substituting the words, "they have left," for "now I find," compilers have made Cowper say, that the aching void in him was occasioned by sweet memories and peaceful hours, and not, as he really does say just after, by the "sins" that drove from his breast the Holy Dove.

But worse barbarities have been practised upon Bryant. Compilers undertake to mend the rhythm of Bryant, whose verse flows like a clear brook, without a break or a gurgle, between banks of flowers. A song of consolation by him has become familiar in all our churches. We give the original as he wrote it, both because we are glad to grace our pages with it, and because it is good to look upon the face of a friend restored safe and sound, after having fallen into barbarous hands. We Italicise where the lines had been mutilated.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

Oh! deem not they are blest alone
Whose *lives* a peaceful tenor keep:
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are *promises of happier* years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though, with a pierced and *bleeding* heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each *sorrowing* day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

There is just a shadow of reason for some of these alterations, to reduce the number of syllables, and adapt the lines to church-music, though the words are so liquid as to render this even unnecessary. Choirs could sing more easily of the "promises of happier years," than to hiss through the "*earnests*" of them, — a word which perhaps was never before used in the plural, and which never ought to be again, — and they could sing of "each sorrowing day" better than of "each *anguished* day," unless, like Demosthenes, they desire an exercise to improve their articulation by putting pebble-stones into their mouths. The original should have been faithfully given in such a collection as the "Hymns of the Ages;" and the excellent taste of the compilers should have shown them, on the slightest reading, that Bryant could never have written such lines as they have given under his name.

The collection has hymns for a time of war, and a special department for old age. Madame Guyon's prison-notes breathe pensively out of the depths of the divine love in the soul, and show trial and suffering glorified therein. The compilers draw largely from living female writers, particularly Mrs. Stowe, Miss A. B. Waring, and Miss A. A. Procter. In these, there are indications of a broader religious experience, and of the old doctrines fusing into higher forms of faith in the warm glow and the mellowing light of the New Jerusalem. On pages 115–117 are two vesper-pieces, over the initials, "C. M. P.," published originally in the pages of this Magazine. Both are very sweet and graceful, but the second one we regard as perfect in its way; and, sung in the Spirit, and in the hush of the evening twilight, would render almost audible the chimes of heavenly bells, and "the brush of angel wings." We hope and believe that we are violating no propriety, when we credit them to Miss Charlotte Mellen Packard, whose contributions have been enough quoted and praised for her to reclaim what belongs to her.

In every collection of devotional poetry, there is more or less chaff along with the wheat. We suppose this is inevitable. Hymns are suggestive beyond the bare words, and

sometimes touch deep springs of emotion in one mind, or unlock in it some secret door that opens adown long twilight halls of memory; when, to another mind, they are commonplace and cold. About one-third of the hymns in this volume we should pass over as second or third rate; but they may speak to the condition of some one, when, with us, they touch no such trains of association. We extract the best of Miss Procter's, leaving out a stanza which we think embodies false doctrine.

OUR TITLES.

Are we not Nobles? we who trace
Our pedigree so high,
That God for us and for our race
Created earth and sky,
And light and air, and time and space
To serve us, — and then die.

Are we not Princes? we who stand
As heirs beside the throne;
We who can call the Promised Land
Our heritage, our own;
And answer to no less command
Than God's, and his alone.

Are we not Kings? Both night and day,
From early until late,
About our bed, about our way,
A guard of angels wait;
And so we watch and work and pray,
In more than mortal state.

Are we not holy? do not start:
It is God's sacred will
To call us temples set apart
His Holy Ghost may fill:
Our very food . . . Oh, hush my heart,
Adore IT, and be still!

O God! that we can dare to fail,
And dare to say we must:
O God! that we can ever trail
Such banners in the dust, —
Can let such starry honors pale,
And such a blazon rust!

Shall we upon such titles bring
The taint of sin and shame?
Shall we, the children of the King,
Who hold so grand a claim,
Tarnish, by any meaner thing,
The glory of our name?

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XIX.

CHRISTMAS.

"ERMUNTRE DICH, MEIN SCHWACHER GEIST."

My languid spirit, upward spring;
And, full of high emotion,
The Saviour, whom the angels sing,
Receive with glad devotion.
This is the night on which he came,
With infant form and humble name.
He will, through birth and passion,
Be Reconciliation.

Thou who rejoicest all my heart,
My sovereign good in living!
For all thy love, on my poor part,
What can I think of giving?
Lord, all I am, or can possess,
I render in my thankfulness.
Each joy and each disaster
Shall bind me to thee faster.

Though now unseen, thou com'st again,
With countless saints attending;
And every eye shall see thee then,
In clouds of heaven descending.
Then I, too, shall behold thee, Lord,
With glorious grace around thee poured;
And there, where God doth raise thee,
With all thy ransomed praise thee. N. L. F.

CHRISTIANITY A GLAD FAITH.

It must have struck you, I think, in reading the Christian Scriptures, that there is a peculiarity in speaking of *life*, as in the words I have just read; "life" here meaning not the body's life, but the soul's life. The living man is the good man, the bad man is the dead man: "dead in trespasses and sins." And this is not a figure, but a fact. It is not something which may be true, or may be false, and which the future world only will disclose, but a fact, — true now, and true always; a fact of our innermost consciousness and our hourly experience, and interwoven with all the business and relations of life.

Now, this only true life is the life of the Son of God. "In him the Life was manifest;" and the question arises, Who are members of his Holy Catholic Universal Church? We answer only for ourselves, Those who have his spirit. Thus our creed is simple and short. There is, strictly speaking, but one true Church in this city or in the wide world. Its "builder and Maker is God." — "Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone." Its members are that great household of faith, "the true worshippers," with all their vast variety of opinions, honestly held, who, according to Christ's own definition, "worship God in spirit and in truth." We must set aside, then, the multitudes whom no man can number, to whom all modes of faith are alike, since they are equally indifferent to all. We must also set aside those of every visible Church, whose religion is only a tradition or an inheritance, and who take possession of it as of a patrimonial estate, asking no questions, or who at best regard Christianity as a good civil institution, an admirable police arrangement, to keep society in order, and protect property and life, that we may sleep quietly in our beds. And we are hardly authorized by the New-Testament standard to enroll in this Church those who only regard Christianity as a historical phenomenon, — as the highest moral philosophy, — satisfying their understandings,

their tastes, and in short their ideal of a perfect religion, but who feel no further personal interest. From this class, indeed, come some of the finest interpretations of Christianity, — descriptions of the character of Christ, like that of Rousseau, — which have never been surpassed; hymns, even, sung in almost every Christian Church, which it seems incredible should have come from any but saintly souls. Modern literature affords numerous illustrations. The explanation probably is, that a man's expressed sentiments are not always his real ones, — that the religious instincts never die out; and, in one of those devout moods which sometimes come to every man, those instincts assert themselves with great power, and the soul pours itself out in grateful hallelujahs or penitential Misereres. Alas that they should spring only from transient emotions, and not from settled habits of the soul!

It may be said that this is reducing the members of the true Church to very narrow limits. We answer, the limitations are not ours. Christ has himself given the definition of "true worshippers;" and John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," says, "He who hath the Son, i.e., the spirit of the Son of God, hath life; and he who hath not this spirit hath not life."

It becomes, then, a serious question, Why have not the classes we have mentioned, whom it is the very object of Christianity to convert, accepted this most simple, pure, and sublime faith? It is impossible here to give all the reasons. But one prominent one is — false representations of this faith. We do not mean false dogmatic representations, but false representations of its character considered as a moral faith, — a religion of the heart and life, which are prejudicial to its cordial reception.

Thus we sometimes hear views of this life, with its manifold relations, claiming, indeed, to have the sanction of Christ, but which seem to us morbid and exaggerated. There is a fault-finding spirit, which criticises the world's social enjoyments, with its absorption in business, or, as it is oftener called, "love of money," — its pride of intellect. It speaks of all these things in a hard and unfeeling manner, —

without sympathy, without discrimination, and often in a tone of harshness and assumption. It is belligerent and artificially solemn, instead of conciliatory and serious. But if the religious spirit is to find its growth and development in human society, in all human employments, in its joys, griefs, temptations, and triumphs, it should have taken a hearty interest in every thing of the kind, not only as good and right in itself, but as absolutely indispensable to the proper development of character. It should have rebuked all excess. It should have encouraged the legitimate employment of every faculty, and the indulgence of every reasonable enjoyment. And all this because it is the stuff of which a true life is made, and constitutes "the beauty of holiness." Why should the natural world be so lovely, and the moral world so ghostly? A man is as much a saint in shining garments as in sackcloth and ashes. Our instincts, even our animal instincts, are not unclean things. They are God's promptings, — not the Devil's seductions. If it were possible to annihilate any one of them, our nature would only be stunted and dwarfed. Educate them, and they expand into flower and fruit.

It is strange that this hoary error should not have been extirpated long ago. The idea that this human life should be made so dreary, that the spiritual life may be made more heavenly, finds not the smallest countenance in Nature or in Christianity. The shining heavens, the green earth, every ray of light, every flower that opens to the sun, is a silent and ample refutation. And with these the teachings of Jesus perfectly correspond. If the impression is given that Christianity is characterized by a morose, gloomy, and litigious spirit, we must not wonder that religion itself should, with common consent, be banished from the parlor and the exchange, from the realms of literature, and wherever scholars do most congregate; that clerical gentlemen and strictly religious men should sometimes be jealously excluded from scientific, and even philanthropic associations. Even the illustrious Newton protested against The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge holding its meetings in the rooms of

the Royal Society, saying, "It is a fundamental rule of the Society not to meddle with religion; and the reason is, that we may give no occasion to religious bodies to meddle with us." We must not complain of empty pews and deserted communion-tables, if the one thing needful is presented as the one thing repugnant to all our natural tastes. The features of virtue should be radiant with celestial beauty; and we have always supposed that society was in no small degree indebted to Christianity for the amenities and graces of life; and that most men are quite as much edified by "glad tidings of great joy," and descriptions of the happiness of a true life, as by wailings over sin and its consequences. It is better to fill up the "army of the faithful" with loyal volunteers than with reluctant recruits by a forced draft.

If the only true Church is a Church in conformity with the spirit and life of Christ, then men must be brought into sympathy with the character of Christ. And it is in no cynical spirit that we say, that the expounders of Christianity have here often made only a one-sided representation of this character. They have dwelt too exclusively upon the suffering Christ, and too little upon the social and triumphant elements of his character.

The records of the Gospels are too full of Christ's active benevolence to suggest a doubt of his prevailing cheerfulness. The somewhat common impression, that he was severely serious, and had little sympathy with human life in its secular and social aspects, — with the glad feelings of human hearts, and the joy of festive occasions, — rests on very slender foundations. With the exception of the very brief period of his ministry when he was burdened with the heaviest cares, history and tradition are absolutely silent with regard to his character, except to hint that he was a precocious and remarkable boy. There is not a particle of evidence that he always wore a solemn and sad aspect, as some appear to think becomes a teacher from heaven. It was a very different type of men who long afterwards affected to walk in his steps, and, from the far-off loopholes of their sacred retreats, discoursed dismally of the vanity of this world.

But here we are met by the argument of phrases, — Was not our Saviour "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"? We hear of his weeping: do we ever hear of his smiling? Now, such questions as these, coming from some persons, savor a good deal of cant; and, coming from others, reveal a very miserable conception of the character of Christ. A few incidents gathered from the brief memoranda of the Gospels answers them all. On one of those occasions which call forth the most exuberant manifestations of joy, he went not only as one of the guests, but heightened the festivity of the scene by a miracle of love: and we know from the domestic history of the Jews, that, at such times, there was always music and dancing; and, if he had disapproved of all such manifestations, he would either have expressed his disapprobation, or absented himself altogether. It would not increase our veneration for the Saviour to know that he never smiled. When he took little children in his arms and blessed them, we imagine there was something in that divine countenance very like a smile. Men forget our Saviour's position while on this earth. They forget that very serious occasions call forth very serious emotions. It has been remarked of the greatest men, that their faces often wear the expression of profound sadness. It would be strange if it were not so; if, when their souls were filled with, perhaps, the salvation of their country, and they were perilling life, fortune, reputation, every thing, — with the risk of failure in their glorious enterprise, — strange, indeed, if their faces were wreathed with smiles. Now our Saviour was engaged in an enterprise to which all others were comparatively insignificant, not the temporal salvation of a single people, but the spiritual salvation of a world. He was a young man: his time was short. He had not one friend who thoroughly understood him, or upon whom he could implicitly depend. The cross, too, threw its dark shadow before him. No wonder that he sometimes groaned in spirit, and felt that he was alone. But though always serious, and sometimes sad, he was never gloomy. He sympathized with Nature in all her joyous aspects. He pointed his disciples to the raven fed by a care-

ful Providence, to the flowers clothed in surpassing beauty. The very fact, indeed, that he so constantly drew his illustrations from natural objects, is an indication, not of a gloomy and morose, but of a serene and cheerful piety.

We should not concede away all our integrity because our neighbor is virtuous, and can see nothing but sin. Because a man is sick with moral dyspepsia, or has a cataract in his eye, is not the light sweet, and a pleasant thing to see the sun? If *his* senses are dull, can *I* not enjoy the flowers, and bask in the sunshine?

We do not find, I think, in our human experience, that those persons are the most to be trusted, the most meek and heavenly in their dispositions or their lives, the bravest in the conflict, or the most victorious, who always wear a solemn face, and speak in a solemn manner, with their eyes lifted to heaven, and their hands on their hearts; who will eat no pleasant food; whose lives have no holidays; who prefer a fast to a festival, and, like the man in "Pilgrim's Progress," think that "religion consists in a great crying-out against sin;" who see God as the "King of kings," but seldom as God the Father; who delight in calling this world a wilderness, a prison, or a vale of tears, but never a home; and who almost justify the sarcasm of Byron, "What a pity that all things pleasant are sinful!"

We have quite as much confidence in that man whose piety is simple, natural and still; who rejoices in the sports and shouts of happy children; who believes that "God has given us all things richly to enjoy," and that we ought to enjoy them with moderation and gratitude; who sees God not only in the whirlwind and the fire, but in the still small voice of a ceaseless beneficence, and the million million tokens of a Father's love; "who no revenue has," perhaps, but "his good spirits" and manly soul, "to feed and clothe him;" who, in suffering all, seems to suffer nothing, and "whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, that they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger to sound what stop she pleases." This is the man we would seal for our friend. "His words are bonds, and his oaths oracles;" and he will pass for a true man the world over.

Surely all the benignant features of Christianity may be presented, without injury to the strictness or solemnity of its principles. It is a faith as exhilarating as it is pure and uncompromising. Its very genius is love. It flies on swift wings to the beside of the dying. With gentle hands it wipes away the mourner's tears, and points to a happiness in heaven "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Who but one whose soul was "touched to fine issues," thrilling to every humane and tender emotion, would have proclaimed principles which will cleanse the world of every social wrong? No home in Judæa, that Jesus of Nazareth entered, but was made more glad by his presence. The strongest faith would sometimes break down but for the words of "good cheer" that come from the pages of the gospel. There is none too much, we will not say of mirthfulness, but of good-humor and contented cheerfulness in human society. There is much of tragedy in this mortal life. Though there may be no skeleton in every family, there is enough of carking care, of disappointment, of sickness and bereavement, in almost any ordinary life to call for all the energy and fortitude and patience and faith of the stoutest heart.

If, as the traveller Dr. Clark tells us, when he looked upon the ruins of its massive walls, and saw their harmonious adjustment, it was no fable that Thebes was built by Amphion's lyre; and that, both in ancient and modern Greece and Egypt, stupendous labor was always carried on with the accompaniment of music, — surely we may resort to similar means to lift the burden from the weary soul. The song of Deborah and the timbrel of Miriam animated the religious patriotism of their countrymen; and Christianity recognizes, as not among the least of her auxiliaries, all those joyous instrumentalities that lift up the sinking hands and strengthen the feeble knees of her heart-broken disciples. You have done a good deed, friend, which will shine far in a naughty world, when you have charmed away, though for a brief moment, physical suffering, or "some sick offence within the mind;" when you have comforted an aching head or an aching heart

by even a pleasant word, or an otherwise insignificant act. "If," Emerson once said, "the lifting of a finger would save life, even that trifling action would be sublime." A sportive anecdote sometimes has a force as sacred as a Christian benediction. Every drop of cold water given to a thirsty disciple shall be counted to you for righteousness. Every ray of light which you send into the dark corner of a desolate soul shall illuminate your own soul with a glory caught from heaven. When you speak gently to the erring and the sinful, it shall be an assurance of pardon to yourself; for —

> "The quality of mercy is not strained:
> It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him who gives, and him who takes."

THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

THE wolves led the sheep such a life, that, at last, they could scarcely exist; and it was absolutely necessary that the Government should interfere to save them. To this end a council was held. It is true the greater number of those present were wolves, but it is not every wolf that has a bad name; and there have been instances, which must not be forgotten, of wolves, when they were satisfied, walking quite peaceably past a flock. Why, then should not wolves be admitted into the council? for though we must protect the sheep, still we must not be unjust to the wolves. Accordingly, a council was formed in the thickest part of the wood, where the members deliberated, debated, heard evidence, and at last made a law, which was, word for word, as follows: — "As soon as a wolf is found troublesome in the neighborhood of a flock, and begins to annoy the sheep, then any sheep, without distinction of rank, has a right to take the wolf by the neck, and drag him instantly before the bar of the council. And nothing in this law shall be added or taken away."

"But though it is said that wolves are liable to punishment," is the fabulist's conclusion, "I find that, let the sheep be accusers or accused, the wolves still devour them." — *The Russians at Home.*

THE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE.

A SERMON FOR NEW YEAR, BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D.

EZEK. xiv. 9: "I the Lord have deceived that prophet."

YESTERDAY the year was old, and ready to expire. Then the thoughts naturally looked backward. The space that had been traversed was measured by the reflective mind. The past spoke to us, and questioned with us, and seemed to shake its shadowy finger at us as it flitted away. Something of the solemnity that naturally belongs to age and the end, to the considerations of time's flight and nature's necessities, could scarcely fail to have fallen upon those hours. As we come together on this first day and first Lord's Day of the new year, a different train of thought is the one most readily suggested. We look forward rather than behind, when a fresh course of opportunity seems to be opening with a fresh account of time. Expectation now takes the lead, instead of memory. Hope and fear preside over what is but just begun. They are the angels of the future; and as they bend over the closed ark of its covenant, like the cherubim in the Jewish sanctuary, they touch each other with their shining and dusky wings. When a new era commences, — even such an era as the annual birth of the sun, — we all become prophets; some true ones, and some false. We wonder what the year will disclose for us. We surmise what may happen, if we do not predict what *shall*. What a wild sweep of conjectures, fancies, and desires, plays over that prospect! One person is calculating the probabilities of events. Another, without considering what is probable, is drawing largely upon fortune. The simple and credulous have been busy, perhaps, with arts of divination, such as the cast of an accident, the turn of a leaf or card, a spark in the fire-place, or a shadow on the wall. Are not these as respectable, though not honored so much, as the superstitions that led the Roman augurs to watch the flight of swallows, and moved the great King of Babylon to shake together his

arrows at the parting line of his march, that he might decide, by the fall of the lot, whether he should turn his arms against Rabbath of Ammon, or Jerusalem itself. The inquisitive, whether wise or not, whether trustingly or not, are asking after the signs of the times. The venturous and sanguine are projecting their plans over the uncertain months; some meaning to "go into such a city, and continue there," and some resolving to be prosperous enough at home. The light-hearted anticipate the joy that is in reserve for them. The public-spirited meditate the improvements that shall be carried forward in the community. The affectionate have been engaged in hopes and prayers that their friends may be spared and blest. Young persons look forward to the advantages of being a year older, which, by and by, they will not be anxious to count. The elders look forward also to the compensations and comforts, that, through God's mercy, the extremest age does not forbid. Important changes of condition fall within the view of many, so as to fill them with visions of the fairest hope. The ambitious breathe a new aspiration after eminence. The unfortunate will mend their condition. They who know that they have not done as they should, mean to retrieve their forfeits. They who are elated with the success that they have won already, say that the coming period shall differ from the present only by being "more abundant." The imaginative build shining houses out of the cloud, that may be driven away by the wind, or dissolve upon them in sorrows. These are they who foretell pleasantly. How many there are, on the other hand, whose dread prevails over their confidence! They forebode. They tremble. They would hold their minds back, if they could, from the coming days, that they do not love to contemplate, and of which they cannot discern the forms. But they are impelled to gaze, and they cannot choose but inwardly prophesy. We are all soothsayers and diviners now. Every spirit is a prophet, when there lies before its sight what it must venture on, and may guess at, but cannot decide.

Having dwelt thus long on this part of our subject, I pass to a second, — that we are all ready to complain, more or

less, in one way or another, of being deceived in our heart's wish and prediction by the courses of the world. Events do not correspond to our anticipations, and we call our state a scene of impositions. The illusions of life are a general topic of lamentation. The disappointed dwell on it, and even they who are only afraid that they shall be disappointed. Some take it up sentimentally, and with a sort of poetic sadness; while others repeat it bitterly, as if it were the hard lesson of many a wreck and disaster. Some, while they say it, reproach Providence; some but mourn over what they conceive to be the necessary order of things; and some hardly know what they intend to say. It is very observable that the youthful are more apt to enlarge upon it than they who have had a longer and wider knowledge of what they blame; and this looks as if the change arose rather from fancy-sickness than from any sober judgment of what actually takes place. But still the cry is, We are beguiled; we live in a condition of deceits; we were made but to be the dupes of unreal appearances and the sport of strong accidents. Now, we must admit something of what is here set down to be true; for it would not be so common a sentiment, if there were really nothing to sustain it. We do admit almost the whole; differing from the complainers chiefly in the different light, in which we set their complaint. We, prophets (and every one here is such), *are* perpetually deceived. We are going forward, and we look further than we step; and, as we bend our eyes upon the future, we shape it into a thousand things that will never happen. We devise projects that will come to nought, or that we shall lose even the will to execute. We expect what will not be bestowed. We promise, and there shall be no performance. We predict, and it shall be ordered otherwise. We shall find something different from what we sought. We shall accomplish something different from what we intended. The will of the Most High will be wrought, while we are pursuing our own. What we determine will be set aside. What we feel assured of will fail. Unlooked-for results will be likely to come out from the deep uncertainty that overhangs us. We may be dis-

appointed even in attaining our desire. If the past has not contented us, we have small likelihood of being content with what is coming; and if our whole being is an enigma, and what we have actually been through we but imperfectly understand, how must our view be at fault, and our contrivance baffled, when they presume to guess at the hidden, and touch the impalpable of distant days! Yet so presuming are we. We insist where we have no claim. We make compacts, as we think, with time and fate, and call ourselves deluded, if those compacts are not kept.

In saying this, it must not be forgotten that there is a good sense in which we may be diviners; that there is a sense, in which every one *must* be prophetic, or he is not human. Our natural understanding reflects, that it may the better foretell. Our natural affections, while they cling, aspire. Why do we observe, but to prognosticate? Why do we study the effects that have been produced aforetime, but to avail ourselves of that science in discerning and governing effects that shall be produced hereafter? Our knowledge has two faces, and one face is forward. We must not overlook that. We must not, from a sleepy humility and a paralyzing mistrust, deny our birthright. We are not carried along blindly. There is a spirit of prescience in us. The best part of our domain and dominion does not lie behind, but on. There are visions for the soul in that far distance,—visions that are neither shades nor fables; clearer than the sun ever lighted, more substantial than any golden treasures that ever flashed back that sun's rays. The majesty of our nature is not revealed till we recognize it there. Our reason, as it grows pure, is endowed with a divine eyesight. Our heart bears the imprint of an immortal seal. We may as well cease to breathe, as cease to predict. It is our distinction that we can do it at all. It is our highest skill when we exercise that privilege reverently and wisely. God forbid that we should throw any disparagement upon this great prerogative of our race, that connects us, as of one intelligence, with all the sages and seers of the oldest and the latest generations! I would not disclaim the rightfulness, or asperse the joy, of prefiguring what is to be-

tide us, of conversing with the spirit and fortunes of advancing days. I exclude nothing of this ennobling sort, when I speak of the presumption of those who are calculating selfishly, or making proud demands, or indulging in wild and indolent fancies, on that doubtful futurity, which we should all contemplate, but with submission. It is when a person has been thus venturous and thus simple; when he has encouraged himself beyond what our mortal experience warrants; when he has committed himself beyond what a holy prudence allows; when his imagination or wilfulness has run riot, or his feeble and timid disposition has shrunk away in a corner, to try after a dreamy slumber, — that he will be most inclined to be hard on the illusions of life, and to throw out dark hints as if the Lord of the world had deceived him. And he *has* deceived him, though not in a way to furnish any apology for the repining. As the text set it forth: "I the Lord have deceived that prophet." This will sound like a strange doctrine. How can it be, that the God of truth deludes his creatures? Is it not an inconsistency to say so? Is it not an impious reproach against his pure majesty? Not, surely, when we understand it aright; and we shall so understand it, when we divide the assertion into two points. The first is, God has so disposed the elements of our nature, that whoever puts them to irregular exercises, or disturbs the balance of their propriety, will be misled thereby, through the very sensibilities and faculties that the creating wisdom has ordained. The second is, God so guides the course of events, that they will inevitably deceive those who are pressing their own devices, and calculating selfishly their chances, and arrogating the fulfilment of their vain hearts' desires, without reference to his purposes, and in opposition to his commandments.

Look first at your own nature, and observe how that is constituted; how long-sighted it is, how long-handed it is; how benevolently endowed. What a noble distinction is that which sets before us continually an ideal perfection, that we must strive after, but never attain; an eternal reality, though nowhere but in the mind, and before which every

thing actual is trivial and poor! What a beautiful power is the imagination, as it paints its glowing pictures for us, and calls up its moving figures of enchantment for us, and sets a brighter world within the cloudy circumference of this! It crosses with its magic intervals the weariest life, and visits the wanderer and the sufferer and the darkened captive, with repose and rejoicing and the sweet free light. How blessed is the principle of hope! — that immortal tenant of shaking walls; proving that there is one thing at least on earth, which, like God's holy one, cannot "see corruption." It is always saying, "Be of good cheer." It is always pointing towards something better than the present. Who can tell how it invigorates the faint, and inspires the discouraged? It is a substitute for what we lose. It is an alleviation of what we suffer. It makes impossible what would otherwise be the utter prostration and despondency of the mind. But all these beneficent preparations for our advancement and happiness we may pervert, and do pervert. Because the ideal cannot be transformed into the actual, some say there is a deception, and fall into repining. They feel it as a wrong, that the absolute, the unchangeable, is nowhere presented in the vessels of earth and scenes of time. Others give the supreme place to the pleasant powers of the fancy. They set the chief value on what is not only unattainable, but altogether unreal and untrue. They live in a false state; and, when its spells are broken, they complain that they have been deluded. Others, again, give their expectations a wrong direction or an extravagant heat, and, because they are never satisfied, declare that they have been treacherously treated. In all these instances, they change to their hurt what was meant for their good. They turn their own nature into an impostor. They deceive *themselves* by their mistake and abuse of those laws which God gave that the faithful might be made to stand, while the disobedient are left to stumble in them. Again, and in a like way, with respect to the disposal of the year's changing fortunes, the Sovereign Ruler deceives those who trust in themselves rather than in him. That is, he gives them up to their *self*-deceiving. By

rapid movements, by unlooked-for disclosures, by the slow and secret workings of his providence, he disconcerts their enterprises, he crosses their expectation, he smites their pride. Those who are absorbed in their passionate interests, he abandons to all the mortification of their defeat or the emptiness of their success. There are no safes for their treasures, there are no vouchers for their promises, there is no security for their lives. Their comforts are defenceless, their feelings are open to ravage. Their swelling predictions will be struck dumb with shame. The Lord hath deceived those prophets. "He frustrateth the tokens of such soothsayers, and maketh the diviners mad." We know that nothing can content the insatiable; that nothing can bless the thankless; that nothing can accord with harsh tempers, or run even with crooked ways. Let us reflect also that nothing in heaven or earth engages to respond to unreasonable desires, or *can* go right, with a base spirit and an iniquitous intent.

The doctrine, which the discourse now submitted to your attention would impress, is, in few words, this. The soul, and the God who made it, and the order of Providence that rules over mortal things, are all true: their assurances are "yea and amen," if we are duly observant and subject. And, on the other hand, they will all appear delusive together, — the world a cheat, the heart a seducer, and the spirit of the Lord a mocking spirit, — as long and as far as we are obstinate in our errors, insolent in our claims, untaught and unreconciled. Let us lay this to our hearts, as we are entering on the new path and uncertain hopes of another year. Let us bring no charges of fraud or guile against our lot. Such charges do but recoil against the accuser. We must lie under laws, if we would inherit promises. The moderate and confiding will never fear being imposed on. They will be always looking rather on the most gracious fulfilments. "Covet earnestly the best gifts," and you will not be sent empty away. There are no fallacies but of men's own framing; men who, like the persons alluded to in the text, pretend to speak oracles while their lips are profane. Oh, be not like these! Give more pains to

prepare for the future than to guess at it. Therein is the best of prophecies, — prophecies that no events of time shall go counter to, and no length of time can bring to nought. They shall be the truest prophets, who read the future from the instructions of the past. They shall be the *happiest* prophets, who have lived that past well. God will not suffer such to be deceived in their judgment, or to be cheated of their hope. And consider that this very day, through which we are now moving, will, in a few hours, be with the past: turn your use of this, this single one, then, into a blessed augury. Mark it deep with signs of heavenly promise, signalize it with convictions of truth, with resolutions of duty. Think of the objects for which God gave you life. Think of the purpose for which Christ gave himself up to death. Let not the young year grow gray over any habit of transgression, making it but the more desperate. Do not put away a day's preparation for that world to come, whose duration makes the "pyramids but pillars of snow, and all that is past but a moment." Take holy vows upon you. Fix in your hearts the principles and the expectation of the just. Those principles submit to no changes of season or condition. That expectation will be fulfilled in eternal life, when all the beautiful forms of this world's delight shall lie in cold ashes.

We may make an idol even of truth; for truth, apart from charity, is not God: it is his image and a representation (*une idole*), which must not be loved or adored; still less must we love or adore its opposite, which is falsehood. — *Pascal.*

Nature has her perfections, to show that she is the image of God; and her defects, to show that she is *only* the image. — *Ibid.*

Faith treats of things upon which the senses are silent, but not of things opposed to their evidence. It is above, but not contrary to them. — *Ibid.*

Nature has a tendency to reproduce herself. A grain thrown into good soil multiplies. A principle planted in a sound understanding yields fruit. — *Ibid.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XX.

NEW YEAR.

"WIE VIEL WIR JAHRE ZÄHLEN."

Melody: "Nun ruhen alle Wälder."

So many years of living
As God has yet been giving,
Now fail from life's amount;
And strength is disappearing,
As age is nearing, nearing
Its work and gain of small account.

And as this year is failing,
The path the earth is sailing,
To shorter daylight grown;
So hastes, with it to perish,
What Time must breed and cherish,—
Time, by which all is overthrown.

As one year in its going
Has others in its showing,
The old points on to new;
The sun we saw descending,
And with the shadows blending,
Soon climbs aloft the morning blue;

So, too, though we grow older,
And hand and thought grow colder,
We forward look, elate.
The deeper the declining,
The nearer to the joining
With the unseen, eternal state.

Oh thou, the ever-living,
Through whose death we're surviving
All count of years and time;
With thee live all thou savest,
For whom thyself thou gavest,
And chosest to thy realm sublime. N. L. F.

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER I. — BIOGRAPHY.

I HAD passed the middle period of life when I first went to Morning Side. Adjoining it was an estate which had then fallen into my possession; and, as the place took my fancy, I resolved to make it my home. It was less than half a mile distant from Morning Side, — a fact which seemed to us no small attraction when we left the city to take possession of the farm.

I well remember that I had some misgivings as to the wisdom of this step. But I gratefully feel that I never made a better move in my life. I do not refer to the common-places about the advantages of freeing one's self from the perplexities of business, and of enjoying the quiet of a rural home. We like to be sure, first of all, whether, after the excitements of town-life, one can keep his nature alive in the country. Had it not been for an unexpected intimacy I formed there, which gave a higher pitch to the key-note of my life, I fear I should have followed the example of those who relinquish city activity for rustic torpor.

I think no traveller among the hills in the interior of New England can pass Morning Side, without noticing its picturesque situation. The house stands on an eastern slope of a long but gentle declivity, a few rods distant from the road; and the broad spreading elms each side of the chief avenues give a rich, sumptuous air to the place. It is elevated so high above the surrounding country, that, from its front door,

the spires of nearly a dozen churches are distinctly seen; and the entire outlook, from the cleanly cultivated fields close around, to the varied contour of the remote mountain-range, hardly ever fails to arrest and please the eye.

The old homestead itself has not much to boast of. It belongs to that class of dwellings which look as if the top half of each had obliquely slidden off, and been spirited away; leaving a long roof sloping almost to the ground. This style of architecture, very common a hundred years ago, brought by our fathers from England, and often seen, I am told, in the hamlets of that country, is not without an element of homely common sense. Presenting a wedge-like shape to the bleakest quarter, how the most furious blasts went careering over such a house, only holding it firmer to the foundation, without hazard of those accidents of unroofing and overturning which sometimes happen to more symmetrical and aspiring structures!

I believe I never asked how long the Ashtons had lived at Morning Side. I found them there when I first knew the place. The old folks had lately died, leaving a memory much honored for the manner in which they made the refinements of city-life shed a grace around that rural home, and, in the case of Mrs. Ashton particularly, for a strength of mind, and high culture, not often surpassed either in country or in town.

Arthur was their eldest son. He was his mother's boy, resembling her in delicacy of organization, in quickness of penetration, and soundness of judgment, and a sort of electric sympathy with the best side of every thing.

I used to think, when I saw his slight frame, his fine skin, his thin silken hair, his clear blue eyes, in which gleamed the force of a rare strength of will, that he had been dropped down in the wrong place. But I am not so sure of that. Perhaps we do not stop to think what we mean, when we say that powers are wasted which are not known and praised by the world. Who can believe that notoriety adds any thing to the greatness of a noble life?

On my removal into the country, I could not but notice

what a mark Arthur Ashton had already made on the minds of all who knew him. Not only in the village, — a mile and a half distant, — but far around Morning Side, there was a deference and affectionate respect with which every one approached him, altogether singular, I thought, towards a young man twenty-four years of age.

In my first estimate of his character, I hardly did him justice. To tell the truth, I thought it an easy matter to get a local country reputation. But I had not had a half-dozen conversations with him before I shared the general feeling.

Besides, I have somewhat changed my opinion of a judgment of character formed in the country. It seems to me to be under far less bias of factitious standards than in the city; and I believe we may pretty confidently accept for true steel what the free polarity of a hundred unsophisticated minds certifies to be such.

Arthur had been through college, which he left, as I have been informed, with much honor. He must have carried there the seeds of a wisdom which college-life in general, I fear, does but little to mature, and less to implant. He was something better than a knowing man. Of this the tones of his voice testified. I am not sure I can go so far as those who affirm that the voice is an infallible betrayer of character; that logic, sciolism, æsthetic culture, each mental and moral state, has a tone of its own, by which it is at once recognized: still, it must be acknowledged, that the ear has mystic and cunning ways of judging. While Arthur's conversation had the precision and ease of a cultivated man, there was a sort of undertone that had a strange fascination. It was at once felt to be the natural echo from a deep loving heart.

In Arthur Ashton, every one observed, also, a healthy and sustained enthusiasm in his daily employments. What he found to do, he did with his might. It was through the earnestness of his nature. Of course, at this late day, no one needs be told that farming is something more than mere physical toil, and gives scope to all the knowledge and science that can be brought to the subject. What surprised me in him was the rapidity with which he obtained and applied, at

the right moment, information relating to the manifold operations of dairy-produce, fruit-culture, cattle-breeding, hay-curing, root-raising, grain-growing; all of which were perpetually assuming varying interests, according to markets, and the general progress of agricultural knowledge.

He was not a mere book-farmer. He had that practical sagacity which culls success out of theory; and he appeared to me to be amassing and distributing a whole encyclopædia of information relating to that business, which, as it was the first natural occupation of man, seems to touch both nature and man at more points than any other pursuit.

What walks we have had together! A favorite stroll was to the rear of his house, then skirted by a forest, thickly wooded with oak, chestnut, and maple, through which avenues had been opened,—the scene of many a rustic merry-making, and of serious talks when he and I would stray there to catch the last rays of the setting sun, pouring its golden light through the Gothic arches of the grand old trees. Oftentimes we sauntered half a mile down the road to a brook that gathered the waters from a wide circuit; and as they poured over precipitous rocks, or glided along a pebbly shore, they formed a glad, sociable stream, in harmony with some of our varying moods.

One other attraction for our steps I must not omit to name. This was a glen two miles distant, where was an abrupt gorge amid the high hills, which on two sides presented a perpendicular wall, forty or fifty feet high, and twice as many apart, all covered with moss and ivy. Through its partial gloom from overspreading trees, and its silence, broken only by the cry of the cat-bird, or the dripping of water, it was as a solemn temple,—"fit for worship," as Arthur often said.

With like distinctness do I remember some of our walks over his farm. At every step, he revealed his manifold and exuberant life. In one field, he had tried a new agricultural experiment; in another, he had detected a sly freak of Nature; his fruit-trees were pets to which he imputed a sort of personal consciousness and will; there was not a note of the robin, the bluebird, the martin, which he did not observe,

and seem in his heart to respond to; nor was there a plant that we passed, from the dandelion and buttercup of the meadow, to the burdock and tansy that grew by the wayside, or the sunflowers that seemed to be always peeping over the walls to observe us, of which he did not have some pretty little bit of natural history to relate.

Ah! yes: those were happy days; and few pictures more dear have I laid away in my memory than those which Morning Side then supplied, when some bright, dewy sunrising saw Arthur drive his team a-field to overturn the greensward in long furrows, which yielded their fresh earth-smell at every step, or when, at the close of a warm afternoon, he came up the lawn with loads of the sweet-scented new hay, or when at eventide he would sit at the front door, with his brothers and sisters around him; and the full moon, and the scream of the night-hawk, and the distant note of the whip-poorwill, and the gleam of the lightning-bug, were the accompaniments of a scene of surpassing peace and joy.

These scenes have all passed away. It was only for a brief period that they were known. As we look back upon departed joys, we sometimes wonder they left us so soon; and to many a stricken heart it may even seem as if Nature at times shows herself to be a jealous step-mother, in snatching our blessings at the moment we are enjoying them the most.

It is but a passing feeling. We re-assure ourselves by the conviction, that her relation to us is primal; that her great maternal heart is without waywardness; that it is from the depth of her infinite love that we have had the blessing for a while, and then its precious remembrance for ever; that she allows nothing to pall upon the appetite; that this perpetual shifting of events proves how inexhaustible are her resources, while time may show the new to be even better than the old. After all, the only defect is with ourselves, who, dazzled by what has been so bright before us, can, for a while, see nothing better and nothing other than the old.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, AND UNITARIANISM IN ENGLAND.

(Concluded.)

THE external happiness of Dr. Priestley's life was now to be interrupted, though the inward, founded on the love of God and man, could never be. Notwithstanding his friendship for Franklin, and his well-known adherence to the liberal side in the discussions relative to America, he had hitherto incurred no especial hostility from the party in power. He had even twice been offered a pension from the government, by those who were supposed to have influence to obtain it; but in each case declined, preferring that the expense of his scientific researches, when it went beyond his own means, should be aided by the unasked contributions of his many friends, rather than risk his independence by becoming a pensionary of government. But now the world beheld with wonder and awe the commencement of that revolution in France, which, at once gathering strength, and goaded into madness by the opposition it encountered, was to deluge, not only France, but all Europe, with blood. At first, however, the progress of that revolution was hailed with delight by the noblest spirits in every nation. The destruction of the Bastile, the stronghold of time-worn oppression, was considered a suitable occurrence to be commemorated as the leading event of the mighty drama then in progress. On its third anniversary, the 14th of July, 1791, the friends of liberty in England hailed it with public celebrations. For that, in Liverpool, Roscoe furnished his famous ode, beginning

"O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France
See the day-star of Liberty rise;
Through the clouds of detraction unsullied advance,
And hold its new course through the skies.
An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
All Europe with wonder surveys;
And, from deserts of darkness and dungeons of night,
Contends for a share of the blaze."

But, while this triumphant strain was resounding at Liverpool, at Birmingham a mob, infuriated by political and religious bigotry, were laying sacrilegious hands on the temple of God, and destroying the house, the library, and the instruments of a peaceful Christian philosopher, because he was known as one of the champions of freedom.

About two years before, Dr. Priestley had preached and printed a sermon on the subject of the Test Act, — the harsh law, since repealed, by which Unitarians and other Dissenters were subjected to disabilities. This sermon led to a controversy with two of the clergymen of the town, in which they maintained those high doctrines with regard to the powers of government which seemed more worthy of the days of Charles II. than of a century after his time. This controversy served to mark Dr. Priestley and his church as the objects of popular hate. The mob found occasion for its violence in the celebration, by the liberal party, of the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. Although Priestley had little to do with this, the rioters, encouraged, it was said, by some persons in power, burned the meeting-house in which he preached; then another meeting-house, and then his dwelling, demolishing his library and apparatus. His own life, and that of one of his sons, were in imminent danger. He had to escape from Birmingham. He says himself: "If, instead of flying from lawless violence, I had been flying from public justice, I could not have been pursued with more rancor, nor could my friends have been more anxious for my safety. One man, who happened to see me on horseback, on one of the nights in which I escaped from Birmingham, expressed his regret that he had not taken me; expecting, probably, some considerable reward, as he said it was so easy for him to have done it." He was earnestly advised to disguise himself on his way to London; but this he would not do, consenting only to the necessary precaution, that the place taken for him in the mail-coach should be in another name than his own. Arriving in London, it was some time before his friends would allow him to appear in the streets, fearing that party rage would follow him even there.

He obtained from the laws of his country some reparation, though inadequate, for the losses he had sustained; and for three years continued to reside in London, and its neighborhood. His energetic mind was unbroken by personal suffering, and the sense of popular odium.

The hour of adversity brought to view the kindness of his friends and the zeal of his admirers. Liberal donations were made to repair his losses; addresses of sympathy were sent to him from various sources in England, and from abroad. In France, the privilege of citizenship was conferred upon him; and he was invited by several constituencies — as he says, from a mistake of his talents and disposition — to represent them in the National Convention. He was soon invited to become the successor of Dr. Price, at Hackney, near London.

Dr. Priestley now printed an Appeal to the Public, with reference to the outrage at Birmingham; and, as this was replied to by those who found themselves implicated, a second Appeal in defence of the first. But he soon rose above all personal subjects of controversy, to defend that religion which he was falsely accused of assailing. He published answers to Wakefield's attack on the institution of public worship, and to Evanson's book on the "Dissonance of the Gospels." Besides these, he brought out "Letters to the Swedenborgian Society," "Letters to the Philosophers and Politicians of France on the Subject of Religion," and "Sermons on the Evidences of Christianity."

He wrote also a "Reply to Mr. Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution." He shared, with thousands of the best of his countrymen, a deep interest in the progress of events in France; but France was still at peace with England, and Louis XVI., though with diminished power, was still recognized as king. When the French complimented Priestley with the offer of citizenship, he replied, not by a political essay, but by a series of "Letters on Religion;" thinking that the popularity he had gained with them might give weight to his words, when he spoke of that great theme. Had they followed such guidance, instead of that of atheists and de-

bauchees, the history of the next twenty years would not have been written in blood.

Dr. Priestley had established himself at Hackney, with the hope that there would be his home to the end of life; and with delight had entered a new laboratory, where his friends, and the friends of science, had provided instruments to take the place of those that had enriched the world with so much of chemical knowledge. But he soon found that a quiet home in England was not for him. The intolerance of party was now heightened by the advance of revolutionary principles in France, and the actual commencement of war with that country. Dr. Priestley found himself denounced and calumniated, the business prospects of his son injured, and his friends exposed to danger on his account. He therefore determined to leave England for the United States. He arrived in New York on the 4th of June, 1794.

His reception in this country was highly gratifying. Many persons came to meet him at his landing, and he received addresses of compliment from various societies, both in New York and Philadelphia, which was then the seat of the general government. At Philadelphia, he was offered the station of Professor of Chemistry, by a unanimous vote of the Trustees of the University; and from New York a request was sent him to return and open a place for Unitarian worship. But, declining these flattering offers, he chose a more retired home. The place he fixed upon was Northumberland, on the banks of the Susquehanna, in a region where his sons and other friends then proposed an extensive purchase of land, for the settlement of English emigrants.

In this retreat, to which he was attracted in part by the beauty of its scenery, he devoted his time, as in crowded Birmingham, partly to scientific experiments and partly to theological study and writing. He sent forth to the world, from time to time, the results of his researches in both these fields of labor. The defence of Christianity occupied no small portion of his thoughts. In 1796 he delivered in Philadelphia a series of discourses on the "Evidences of Revelation," which were numerously attended by the execu-

tive officers of the government, and the members of Congress. While at home, he conducted religious services on Sundays in his own house, for his own family and the few who sympathized with him. From this beginning, the number of attendants increased to the formation of a small society in the little town, which still holds its place on the list of our Unitarian churches. The design was at one time entertained of establishing a college at Northumberland, of which he was requested to take the Presidency. He accepted this proposal, with the condition that his labors should be gratuitous. He contemplated assisting the institution as lecturer, and by allowing it the use of his library and apparatus. The scheme, however, met with financial obstacles, and never went into operation. He was offered, some time after this, the Presidency of the University of Pennsylvania, but declined the charge.

Once more his name became connected with politics, when the great struggle came on which resulted in the downfall of the Federal administration, and the election of Mr. Jefferson. Dr. Priestley was in sympathy with the Republican or Democratic party of that day; and some political essays which appeared on that side, being erroneously ascribed to him, those of the opposite organization were excited to undue feeling against him. It was intimated to him, from high authority, that, by taking part in politics, he might come within the reach of the recently enacted alien law. He met this, not by silence, but by a series of letters expressing clearly his views, which removed from the minds of the candid any unfavorable impression respecting him.

The kindness of his friends in England followed him to America. Various donations, some of large amount, testified their respect for one who had suffered in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Among the tributes which genius offered him were these lines of Coleridge, who, then in earnest youth, sympathized with the views of Priestley in politics, philosophy, and religion.

> "Though, roused by that dark vizier, Riot rude
> Have driven our PRIEST over the ocean swell;
> Though Superstition and her wolfish brood
> Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell, —

Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell!
For, lo! Religion, at his strong behest,
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to earth her tinsel-glittering vest,
Her mitred state, and cumberous pomp unholy;
And Justice wakes to bid the oppressor wail,
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly;
And from her dark retreat, by Wisdom won,
Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil,
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!"

In the autumn of 1795, he experienced the loss of his youngest son, to whom he had fondly looked to succeed him in his philosophical and theological pursuits. Not long after, a still greater affliction came upon him, in the removal of his beloved wife, "who, through life," to use the words of one of their children, "had been truly a helpmeet for him; supporting him, under all his trials and sufferings, with a constancy and perseverance truly praiseworthy; and who, as he himself justly observed, was of a noble and generous mind, and cared much for others, and little for herself during life." These losses he felt severely; the more so, as till then, death had not entered his dwelling. But his habitual view of all events, as ordered by God for some good end, still sustained him; and he was enabled to continue that round of useful occupation which assisted his efforts to repel every murmuring thought.

At length the time approached when that incessant activity of hand and brain should cease. A severe illness, which came upon him in Philadelphia, in 1801, left him enfeebled; and that feebleness increased in the two following years. Yet, during those years, he was engaged in printing his "Church History" and the first volume of his "Notes on Scripture," in making philosophical experiments, and writing treatises. As, after an increase of illness, he became somewhat better, he said that he felt a return of strength, and with it there was a duty to perform. He resumed his reading, therefore, and afterwards gave directions to his son how to proceed with the printing of the work he had then in press, in case of his death.

The next day he was worse, but the day following again better; spent much time in reading, — among other things, some chapters in the Greek Testament, according to his daily practice. He corrected a proof-sheet of his "Notes on Isaiah." He felt worse, however, on going to bed, and thought it probable he should not live another day. At prayer-time he wished to have his grandchildren kneel by his bedside, saying it gave him great pleasure to see the little things kneel; and, thinking he possibly might not see them again, he gave them his blessing.

The next day, he continued, while in bed, his examination of the proof-sheets, enough to see how his son and the printers were likely to go on with the publication; and, finding the Hebrew and Greek quotations printed right, said he was satisfied they would finish the work very well. In the course of the day, he expressed his gratitude for the many blessings of his life, and that he was now permitted to die quietly, in his family, without pain, and with every convenience and comfort he could wish for.

The next day, Sunday, he was much weaker. He desired his son to read to him, from the eleventh chapter of John, the account of the raising of Lazarus. After this, he spoke with him of the advantage of daily reading the Scriptures; he gave to his son a pamphlet, which he recommended to him as expressing his own views on the limited duration of future punishment. "We shall all," said he, "meet again: we only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness."

At prayer-time, as before, he had the children brought to his bedside; and, after prayers, called them to him, and spoke to them each separately. He exhorted them all to continue to love each other. "And you, little thing," he said to one, "remember the hymn you learned, 'Birds in their little nests agree.' I am going to sleep as well as you; for death is only a good long sound sleep in the grave, and we shall meet again." He continued for some time his conversation, congratulating his son and daughter on the dispositions of their children, and expressing his confidence in a

happy immortality, — a state where there would be an ample field for the exertion of our faculties.

The next day, Monday, the 6th of February, 1804, began in great feebleness of body; but his active mind was engaged on some alterations he wished made in some of his pamphlets. When sufficient strength returned, he dictated these; and, when all was written as he desired, he said, "That is right, now I have done." About half an hour after, he desired, in a faint voice, to be moved to an easier position. About ten minutes after this change was made, he breathed his last, so easily, that his son and daughter, seated by his bed, could not mark the moment he expired.

Thus, having completed the term of seventy years, active, loving, trustful to the last, died this great votary of science, freedom, and religion. Few writers have equalled him in the amount of their literary labors, none probably in the variety of topics to which they were devoted. In electricity he took up the then recent discoveries of Franklin and others, systematized them for popular use, and added new and valuable discoveries of his own. In chemistry he was a most successful laborer. Says a writer of that age, "To enumerate Dr. Priestley's discoveries would, in fact, be to enter into a detail of most of those that have been made within the last fifteen years. The very air we breathe, he has taught us to analyze, to examine, to improve, — a substance so little known, that even the precise effect of respiration was an enigma until he explained it. . . . To him pharmacy is indebted for the method of making artificial mineral waters, as well as for a shorter method of preparing other medicines; metallurgy, for more powerful and cheap solvents; and chemistry, for such a variety of discoveries as it would be tedious to recite." In metaphysics, if he took erroneous ground, he occupied it in the spirit of calm, fearless, and yet reverent inquiry; and the doctrine of fatalism, as he presented it, is free alike from the immoral consequences that have been sometimes connected with it, and from the difficulty that attaches to it, as expressed in the scheme of Calvin, of reconciling it with the justice and benevolence of God. In theology, he wrote on every sub-

ject in that wide field, — history, criticism, doctrine; and, though his conclusions in some respects are different from those held even in the denomination which he did so much to establish, its debt of gratitude to him for its independent existence is far greater than has, at least in this country, been acknowledged. From the partial difference of his religious and philosophical views from ours, and still more from the prejudice which unjustly was attached to his name as a favorer of French revolutionary principles, Dr. Priestley was never a favorite with the Unitarians of New England. Justice has, however, been done to his memory in a small selection from his writings, published some years since, with a memoir from the pen of the younger Henry Ware.

In England, too, justice, though tardy, has been accorded to one of the most laborious searchers after truth whom England ever produced. After the Birmingham riot, his friend and pupil, Letitia Barbauld, whom he first encouraged to poetical composition, addressed to him some lines, among which are these: —

> "To thee, the slander of a passing age
> Imports not. Scenes like these hold little space
> In his large mind whose ample stretch of thought
> Grasps future periods. Well canst thou afford
> To give large credit for that debt of fame
> Thy country owes thee. Calm thou canst consign it
> To the slow payment of that distant day,
> If distant, when thy name, to Freedom's joined,
> Shall meet the thanks of a regenerate land."

In part, that hopeful prophecy has met its accomplishment. About four years since, the University of Oxford — the very centre and stronghold of that church establishment against whose exclusive claims, the clear, strong arguments of Priestley were directed — sought to embellish its proud halls with the statues of those who had deserved well of their country in the paths of science. Among them, a statue was decreed to Priestley; and churchman and dissenter joined together in conferring this honor on the memory of the man whom the blind fury of a former age had driven from the country which had been honored by his learning.

Of the personal character of Dr. Priestley, there remains little time to speak. Upright; without concealment and without severity, except when wrong called down his indignant rebuke; with the gentleness that made home delightful; and the courtesy that won even those strongly opposed to him in opinion to admire him as a man, — he crowned all these with an untiring zeal for the good of mankind, and a trustful piety toward God. His wonderful achievements as an observer of nature, a student, and a writer, were undoubtedly owing, in part, to a bodily and mental constitution of uncommon vigor; but that vigor was retained unimpaired by the faithful use he made of these advantages. He accomplished so much, not by self-destructive overtasking of the brain: no! with all his exertions, he had always abundant leisure for the society of his family and his friends. The secret was, that his industry was combined with order. No time was lost through want of method. All his labor was practically available; and his pursuits in their variety relieved each other. He presents in this an example worthy the attention of every student. He obeyed the precept of the Saviour, to work while it is called to-day; and the hope that cheered his parting hour was, that the privilege of faithful service should be renewed in heaven.

S. G. B.

In every thing we do, we should look, not only at the act itself, but at our own state, past, present, future, and that of others whom it may concern; and examine the connection of all these things. Thus shall we preserve circumspection of conduct. — *Pascal.*

If we subject every thing to reason, our religion will be stripped of all its mysterious and superhuman character. If we violate the principles of reason, it will become absurd and ridiculous. — *Ibid.*

All are produced and directed by the same hand, — the root, the branch, the principle, the results. — *Ibid.*

Numbers resemble space, though in their nature they are so different. — *Ibid.*

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

FAITH in immortality *almost* includes faith in spiritual apparitions; for it is hard to believe that millions *live* and are *invisible*, that the friend who walked with us yesterday has not ceased to be, but only to be seen. It is hard to believe that the love which overcame all other obstacles cannot, for at least some brief moment, overcome also the grave.

There is a natural preparedness in the minds of men to believe in the re-appearance of those who have died. So it was once believed that Nero had revisited the earth to curse mankind with his presence. So, possibly, Saul believed in the re-appearance of Samuel. So the disciples of Jesus, seeing him walking on the water, cried out, "It is a *spirit*." And so, again, when, after the resurrection, he appeared among them, "they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed they had seen a spirit." So Eliphaz the Temanite is represented as saying, "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a *spirit* passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence; and I heard a voice."

There is such preparedness and longing for the visible appearance of departed spirits, that it would require only a few well-authenticated instances of such appearance to awaken the universal faith. In view of this general tendency, the real wonder is, not that now and then in the annals of the race such an instance is alleged to have occurred, but that multitudes of such instances have not been alleged. The very infrequency of such allegations may be fairly urged in proof that, whenever made, they have been false.

The general course of human experience forces us to believe, against our want, against the sometime *longing* of our broken affections, that the loved ones who go from us can never more communicate with us while we remain upon

this earth. We must seek some other explication of the strange phenomena which, in the ancient times, were accredited to Apollo; in the time of Jesus, to emissaries of Satan; in later times were called witchcraft, and to-day are revived as spiritual manifestations. In the occult laws of the mysterious realm where mind and matter find their place of meeting, hidden now from human research, the true explication of these mysteries will some time be discovered. To refer them now to the agency of departed friends would be to forestall the judgment of a wiser age.

When those whom we knew in the flesh laid off the material form, they went beyond the reach of our present faculties. They give no tokens of their continued presence that we can either see or feel or hear. Even though, in the solemnity of the last hour, we may have exacted from them the promise, that, if in any way it shall be possible, they will continue their loving communications from the place to which they go; and thenceforth day after day we wait, with our ear inclined to the dread silence, for the promised token of the love which we *know* death has not reached, — we shall wait evermore in vain. We call, but there is no answer. No voice comes from the grave. There is no whisper when we listen long in the stillness of night; there is no touch; there is no vision.

For the expressions of the disembodied spirit are through instrumentalities too delicate to make resonance for the fleshly ear, to stamp an impress upon the retina of the mortal eye, or to start any of the slow susceptibilities of clay. All we can say is, they went away: the places which have known them shall know them no more for ever.

But we are not, nevertheless, abandoned wholly by those whom we can see no longer. Though there may not be *communication*, there may be *communion*. Among the living, communion is enjoyed chiefly through communication, — through the spoken or written word, the glance of the eye, the clasp of the hand. But are these media *necessary* for communion with our friend? Has he been so long time with us, and do we still need to be *told* what is in his heart?

As we commune still with our absent beloved, separated from us by the sea; so, though he were to go even farther, over beyond the seas which divide the spirit-world from ours, still, without communication from him, we may hold communion with him. As by an exercise of memory and imagination we can summon to our side our absent friend, and, by imagining his presence, enjoy something of that felicity which the actual presence would afford; so we may still have intercourse with those from whom no token reaches our yearning hearts. We can recall their characteristics which endeared them to our souls; we can bring up from the buried past, which opened for us on the opening of the new grave, the affections which they had expressed, and the subtile peculiarities of thought and feeling which distinguished them from all others. Believing in the deathlessness of their love, we can think of them as being very near to us, and as desiring, though unable to communicate as in other times, affection and counsel. Then we may forbid the barriers of the grave, and refuse to be separated from the friend whom it has claimed.

And what if it should be that these unseen dear ones come nearest to us in our holiest moods? What if it should be, that, in their purified vision, the evil thought and feeling to which we sometimes give ourselves appear abominable, and do actually remove their presence from us? Perhaps, as they hover near on viewless wings, they are able to see us only in the moments of our purest feeling, when the soul, estranged from the degrading importunities of the merely earthy life, ascends to meet the purity in which they dwell. Perhaps, on the other hand, when we are wholly engrossed in material things, an earthly miasma rises around us, shutting us out from the eyes which long to follow us. This, indeed, we do not *know;* but we are greatly in error if we think that our conduct either is or ought to be guided only by what is certain. So long as these possibilities are in *any* degree probable, who will not be constrained by them, even through the love he bears to the unseen loving, to so live that he shall not even *perhaps* withdraw himself from their wistful view?

RANDOM READINGS.

GREETINGS.

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-five comes upon us with rents through the clouds, and the land of promise in full view. The vibration of the national mind from fear and despondency to hope, confidence, and trust, has been sudden, but very decisive. It is not so much the triumph of an election, as the spirit of it, that gives us a joyous faith in the future. There were signs, not to be mistaken, that the spirit breathing through the people was the spirit of the Lord, who is leading us in paths that we have not known, and preparing the way for his more glorious coming. No such war has ever been known in history as we are passing through, taking into account, not merely the numbers that are engaged in it, but the marked influence on national and individual character. Our soldiers return to us, not corrupted and brutalized, but more manly, more gentle, and self-forgetting. Boys become heroic; and cases are not wanting where profligate men have become purified, and girded with moral strength. Of course, it is not always so. But it is always so where men have been drawn into the country's service, with a clear view of the great end to be achieved, and the desire to be given for it.

New times are coming, and demand of us to gird ourselves for them. The classes and peoples that make up the nation are to be more thoroughly fused; and, as a consequence, sects are to broaden towards catholicity, while the religious life is to be more deep and earnest. More work is to be done, and on a grander scale, in the education and evangelization of the masses, on whom the light has shone feebly before. Four millions of a race who had been enslaved and degraded, but whose acclamations and thanksgivings for freedom are already rising upon the air, are to be educated, elevated, and taught the use of their newly awaked faculties. As many more white people, ignorant, bewildered, misguided, will ask the same boon. Never before were such fields opening for a free gospel and its heralds. Nor is the great sacrifice complete. The war will last at least through the year,

demanding of us both faith and works. Half a million of men, our kith and kin, with arms in their hands, and their lives staked upon the issue, turn towards the old homes with asking eyes, which say: "Do not betray us by unfaithfulness. Work and pray for us, and for the country, — the dear mother whom we will die to save." Let us respond to the call made upon us, to send them books and tracts as angel-visitants. And let us enter upon a new epoch, both of our own and the nation's life, with fresh vows of self-consecration, and the consciousness that God is over us, and in us, and working with us; and that thousands of our brothers, who have risen from a hundred battle-fields, the martyrs of our hero age, — many of them as pure spirits as ever put on immortality, — are more than ever with us; breathing their souls into ours, urging us to devote ourselves to the glorious future that opens for the country on this New Year's Day. S.

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD: THE PROVIDENCES OF OUR WAR.

In former days, when the subject of slavery was brought up, there were many who said, — It is a matter which we cannot deal with; we shall do more harm than good by our words; we must leave it to the Providence of God, who, in his own good time, will remove what even those that are interested in it pronounce to be a curse. And perhaps we hoped that the way of the divine Providence would be less exacting of labors and sacrifices than any way which we might choose. The hand of God is doing it, — not, however, as we had hoped, without losses and tears and blood. Great elemental forces, over which we have no control, are working out for us a deliverance of which we have not as yet learned the full price, immense as we already know it to be. And we cannot fall back, save upon national destruction. Whatever perils may be before us, the perils behind are greater. We are under a certain divine necessity to succeed. It is not your opinion or mine, your will or mine, any more: it is what must be. It is the mighty swing of the ocean. It is the sweep of the tempest. It is the upheaving of volcanic fire. It is the grasp of the sun upon the planets. God in his Providence, not man in his

blindness and weakness and timidities, is refashioning this nation, and making us what he would have us; and what he doeth, needeth not to be added unto, or to be taken from.

"Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon his gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched hand!
Nor stint nor stay:
The years have never dropped their sand
On mortal issue vast and grand
As ours to-day."

If Whittier, the sweetest and most truly inspired of our American poets, could write these stanzas more than a year ago, the great truth which they teach has become more abundantly manifest with our added experiences. I turn, then, not in any mere holiday mood, but with deep and solemn gladness, and welcome the rich opportunities of a day which the Lord has been making, and shall yet make, for us. Is not our time so full of new life, God's answer to our frequent prayer, "Send the kingdom in our day, O Lord! Let us be able, though at great cost, to put more of the truth which we profess and love into our institutions, and the life of our world! Of course, we shall not see this, if we look only at the losses and desolations. There are those who turn their backs upon the sun, and mourn over the going-out of the stars. Whilst the summer tempest darkens the sky, and pours over the fields the destructive torrent, and sweeps down upon corn and vine and sapling, and threatens even the strong tree, you can only say it is a fearful time; and you look about eagerly for shelter and safety: but presently the wind is still, and the clouds fade away before the sun, and the fresh new earth lies out before you in calm beauty, as when God looked upon his work, and saw that it was good. So it shall be with us when the war-cloud shall have passed over the land; that cloud, which, alas! rains such precious blood. It is easy enough to see and say it is human passion, and it is spending itself at a frightful rate, and to our great grief and amazement; but what we want is to look at the positive side, at the new creation which is gradually rising from the ruins of

the old, the genuine Democracy, the social order which helps in all ways, and doth in nowise hinder the unfolding of mind and heart and spirit, according to the measures which God has given unto each man. Desolations, bereavements, straitened circumstances, heart-burnings, untold bodily sufferings, doubtless, for this generation, — it is no sport to be cast into the Lord's furnace, and to be laid upon his anvil, and, when men wait for Providence, they little think what they are waiting for, — and yet with these trials that deep joy which proceeds from the sense of an inflowing life, of new faiths, hopes, and loves, enlarging the heart: these losses and gains to-day, but what blessings unmeasured for the generation to come, for the little child upon whose forehead hath been dropped the sacred water which symbolizes the new life of divine purity and immortal hope; what comforting assurance of a peaceful and progressive civilization, in which there shall be only the generous rivalries of States eager each to outrun the other in blessed sun-paths that lead through earth to heaven! And an almighty and merciful and most wise Lord does not leave it for our weakness to choose simply between evil and good. He sets before us rather DEATH and LIFE, and bids us choose, that we and our children and our children's children may live. And we shall live. We have come of too noble and too Christian a stock that we should allow suffering, or the dread of suffering, to stand between us and the high good, which, with the help of God, we mean to confer upon this land, and not least upon those who are now opposed to us, and who shall only be benefited by the terrible war which they have brought upon this people. We have paid too large a price in lives that were amongst the most precious of the land, that we should lose the fair prize of a free, united, and peaceful country.

And now let our readers lay it to heart, that the year which the Lord has given us brings with it duties which no just person will decline to discharge, which no generous person will call by any lower name than privileges. The year of national revival and promise must be, to a great multitude, a year of outward hardship. It is, indeed, a high distinction to be counted worthy so to suffer, and a deep joy will mingle with a deep sorrow in many a heart, on these opening days of the new year, as the inward eye, the eye which sees visions, follows to the vacant place the dear one that went away in the body, and returns now in the

spirit. But, to these compensations, we must add our warmest sympathies, and, where need is, our most unstinted offerings of time and substance, — not charities but dues; and all the while, by maintaining our own spirits at the high level of this high hour, we must give to no mourner the least occasion to feel, — saddest and dreariest of all feelings! — that tears and blood, widowhood and orphanage, dwellings which henceforth shall always be lonely, mothers who can never be quite comforted, — all these sufferings and sufferers, have only been unto the increase of the vast ocean of human misery. If, at the end of these eventful days, and in the time of success, which is sure to come, they shall scarcely be saved who have done and suffered little or nothing, what place shall be found for those who have added, to the real burden of the hour, the weight of their heavy spirits? And let us not, in consecrating ourselves to solemn joys and highest privileges, forget any humblest duty of the season, or fail in our Christian remembrance of the poor, who are ever with us, and, whether in war or in peace, are still the poor! Let not the weight under which the strong stagger crush the weak; and, as one hand has been open for our brave and patient soldiers, so let the other be open for those whose bravery and patience at home are none the less real because they are so often and so much unknown. For this giving let there be no left hand: a hundred right hands would be all too few to finish the work of the Lord's great year. E.

MY CREED.

I BELIEVE in God, Infinite Fountain of righteousness, truth, and love, Creator of the universe, and Father of mankind.

I believe in his providential government of the world after a perfect purpose.

I believe that he has begotten man in his own image, with the nature and the power to grow in moral likeness towards him for ever, by partaking of his spirit.

I believe in his displeasure at sin, its righteous retribution, and his forgiveness of it upon repentance.

I believe in the power of prayer to derive help from God.

I believe that God has revealed his truth in the hearts and

consciences of all men, but most of all in the holiest, whose words become our holy scriptures.

I believe that the divinest life ever lived upon earth was that of Jesus the Christ, who is thus our highest revelation of God and of man, and whose spiritual attractiveness has power, under God, to draw all men into his likeness.

I believe in the endless life, the constant discipline, and the final holiness of all mankind.

I believe in heaven, whose life may be partly known, here and now, in the soul, independent of circumstance; but which is at last the home, in which all beings shall dwell in perfect satisfaction with their Father, God, for ever.

For my belief in these blessed truths, I thank God with joy unspeakable: I desire to live according to the light of them; and I would earnestly spread them to every creature. J. C. P.

MEASURE AND RHYME IN HEBREW POETRY.

Messrs. Editors, — Having recently had occasion to read some of the psalms in Hebrew, I have been interested, as others have been before, to observe how far there was any resemblance between their rhythmical cadence, and the measures of modern poetry. In the following translations, I have attempted to render the ancient words in the ancient measure, syllable for syllable, accent for accent, and rhyme for rhyme. I fear, indeed, that the ancient spirit has escaped in the process; and feel how feebly I have translated the strong, scornful words, which are best rendered simply,

"Our lips are our own;
Who is lord over us?"

But my attempt may at least convey some idea of what poetical measure and rhyme were, before Grecian genius gave laws to the one, and modern literature transformed the other from an occasional ornament to a regular form of composition. The rhymes in these two psalms are the result, in each case, of similar grammatical structure in successive lines: they seem to have come spontaneously to the writer, rather than to have been sought by him. No doubt, it was from such accidental rhyming that this great ornament of poetry was first discovered. The wonder is,

that so many ages should have passed before the importance of the discovery was appreciated.

In the "Shepherd's Psalm," one of the most musical lines has very nearly the cadence of that which corresponds with it in Montgomery's beautiful version: —

"Dishánta bashémen roshí, cosí rivayá."
"With perfume and oil, thou anointest my head."

PSALM XII.

Support me, Mighty One, for in thee I trust.
For faithfulness is failing the sons of men.
Vain is their speech, man with man talking;
Their lips are deceitful, double-hearted their accents.
The Lord shall cut off all the lips of deceit,
Tongues uttering proud and lofty words;
Who said, our tongues shall be means of conquest,
And our lips none restraineth;
Who o'er us reigneth?
Because of the meek,
For defending of the weak,
I now rise up, proclaims the All Just,
And set him free from the scornful foe.
The words of the Lord are the words of the pure,
Silver tried in furnace earthen-moulded,
Melted over seven times.
O Lord, thou wilt keep the upright,
And preserve them from this vile race evermore.
The wicked walk haughtily around,
When baseness rules among mankind.

PSALM XXIII.

Be my shepherd God, nought shall I want.
In a green pasture he me feedeth;
By waters of stillness he me leadeth;
Restoreth my soul, and precedeth
In paths of uprightness, because of his name.
Yea, though I walk in death's dark valley,
I'll fear no ill, for 'tis thou who art near.
'Tis thy rod, the staff is thine, that keep me and give me comfort.
Thou preparest my table before the face of my foes.
With oil thou anointest my head, my cup brimmeth o'er.
Yea, Lord, thy loving-kindness through my life's whole circuit goes.
I shall dwell in God's holy place for days unending. S. G. B.

A MODERN GREEK PREACHER.

ATHENS, November 7, 1853.

EARLY this morning I went to the Church of St. Demetrius, to hear a celebrated Greek preacher, Metrophanes. It is a great *fête* day, — *eortè*, as they call it in Greek; and the whole population of Athens put on their best clothes in honor of so distinguished a saint. I was at the church-door at eight o'clock, and had some difficulty in getting in, till a Greek friend who was with me whispered that I was an *Americanós*, when the crowd not only gave way, but some of them led me to a kind of stall near the pulpit, usually occupied by some ecclesiastical dignitary. The chants were performing; but I cannot say that I was much edified or delighted by the style of the singing.

If S —— is correct in supposing that the Greek Church has preserved, in part, the ancient Dorian and Æolian moods, why, then, I must think the Dorian and Æolian moods were not much better than that bit of Pindaric music which you once performed, but refused to repeat. After an hour and a half of this infliction on my delicate, musical sensibilities, varied by swinging censers, and perfuming the church (which needed it), and sprinkling perfumed water over the heads of the people (I had about half a pint dashed into my face over my spectacles, which I was obliged to take off and wipe), a strange-looking chap, with long hair hanging over his shoulders, and a grotesque, many-colored dress, mounted the pulpit, and began to chant alone. At first I thought it was the sermon, and I recalled various statements about the ancient fashion of pitching a tone at the commencement of an oration; but I soon discovered that he was not the preacher.

The preacher is one of the four authorized to preach in Athens; for the Greek Church very prudently permits only a small portion of its clergy to perform this function, thereby — an arrangement worth thinking of elsewhere — saving the heavens from a great deal of unnecessary vexation.

His sanctity, Mr. Metrophanes, is a good-looking man, with a fine voice, and an earnest, eloquent style. His sermon was excellent and practical, naturally arising out of the occasion, and treating of the proper use to be made of festivals. "You must not pass the day in drinking, in gluttony, in wantonness: you

must make it the occasion for kindness and charity, for mutual love, and the practice of all the virtues." Just at this moment, a crowd of Athenian women, just over my head, in a little gallery, began to chatter so loud, that, for some minutes, I could not hear a word. His sanctity turned in the direction of the noise, stopped a moment, and then said, to some lay functionary of the church, "Tell those women to hold their tongues, or I will come down." This, of course, put an end to the disturbance; and the sermon went on to the conclusion. — *Familiar Letters from Europe: Felton.*

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

STRONG in faith for the future,
Drawing our hope from the past;
Manfully standing to battle,
However may blow the blast;
Onward still pressing undaunted,
Let the foe be strong as he may:
Though the sky be dark as midnight,
Remembering the dawn of day.

Strong in the cause of freedom,
Bold for the sake of right;
Watchful and ready always,
Alert by day and night:
With a sword for the foe of freedom,
From whatever side he come;
The same for the open foeman,
And the traitorous friend at home.

Strong, with the arm uplifted,
And nerved with God's own might;
In an age of glory living,
In a holy cause to fight;
And whilom catching music
Of the future's minstrelsy,
As those who strike for freedom
Blows that can never die.

Strong, though the world may threaten,
Though thrones may totter down,
And in many an Old World palace
Uneasy sits the crown.

Not for the present only
  Is the war we wage to-day;
But the sound shall echo ever,
  When we shall have passed away.

Strong, — 'tis an age of glory,
  And worth a thousand years
Of petty, weak disputings,
  Of ambitious hopes and fears;
And we, if we learn the lesson
  All glorious and sublime,
Shall go down to future ages,
  As heroes for all time.

Strong, — not in human boasting,
  But with high and holy will, —
The means of a mighty Worker,
  His purpose to fulfil.
O patient warriors, watchers!
  A thousand-fold your power,
If ye read with prayerful purpose
  The Lesson of the Hour.

Continental Monthly.

"SEMI-EVANGELICAL."

THE "Congregationalist" and the "Recorder" seem doubtful whether the Methodists are entitled to the full name of Evangelical Christians. The reason is, that two Methodist ministers in Boston have exchanged with Unitarians. It is well known that Rev. Dr. Huntington, while yet a Unitarian, preached in Orthodox Congregational pulpits. One of the editors of this Magazine has done the same repeatedly at the invitation of Orthodox clergymen. Therefore, by the rule, Orthodox Congregationalism is "semi-evangelical." We hope the rule will not work both ways, — and that, when Orthodox ministers preach in our pulpits, it will not make us *semi-Calvinists*. Can we not understand that Christianity is larger than Congregationalism, Methodism, or Unitarianism, or all three of them together? S.

THOSE who dislike the truth make a pretext of the multitudinous differences among those who oppose it; which shows that they love neither truth nor charity. Thus they are without excuse. — *Pascal.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sermons of Consolation. By F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D.D., late minister of King's Chapel, Boston. A new edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

They are what their name imports, and multitudes have found them to be so. Out of print here, it had been found necessary to import the English reprint. Our own is better, and it is better to have our own. A sweet, gentle voice of trust still speaks to us in these well-remembered words. It is a volume which one finds it hard to keep, so many are the occasions for giving it away. Of such books we can never have enough. E.

The Rules and Exercises of Holy Living. By JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D.

The Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying. By JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D.

Selections from Jeremy Taylor. Little, Brown, & Company. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

No better service can be done to our young men and maidens than to put into their hands the words of this prince of divines, and Christian of Christians. For ourselves, we never turn to him in vain for inspiration, instruction, encouragement. Some of the forms in which he thought have become, or are becoming, obsolete; but, even now, we are not cramped much by them, because they were so enlarged and illumined by his divine spirit. Continually, as we read him, do we say, he speaks better things than he knows. Like the prophets of old, he rises above his time, and is gloriously, grandly inconsistent, as most large-minded and large-hearted men are. Dr. South entertains and occupies the intellect, but often sadly disappoints the heart. Taylor edifies, builds up the soul, kindles devotion, awakens and strengthens a pious trust; and, in reading his pages, we are reminded how much the understanding is enriched by affection, and what a vast difference there is between a glowing and a glittering eloquence, between those imaginations of vain man which are mere impertinences, and the

words spoken in a figure, because no other words are in any degree commensurate with the thought. Why are not such books written now? We cannot say, perhaps. It may be that it is not given to our busy and so-called practical age so to write. At all events, such books are not written. The best are thin, shallow, limited, compared with these. Let preachers and hearers read, study, mark, and inwardly digest Taylor. What we want, amidst all our speculating and criticising, is the religious spirit, — the spirit that has found God, and been found of him.

These editions, in the larger and in the smaller forms, are beyond praise. If the difficulty of obtaining English books is to be the occasion of our obtaining such American editions as these, there will be some compensation for the high rate of exchange. Mr. Abbot, whose exceeding accuracy is well known, has been at pains to verify the quotations so freely scattered over Taylor's writings, and has corrected many errors. What a testimony to the unimpaired strength of our country, that such books as these should appear in war-time! They may unhesitatingly be pronounced the best editions of the "Holy Living" and "Dying" which have ever been given to the world. E.

The Holy and Profane States. By THOMAS FULLER. With some account of the author and his writings. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

A beautiful edition of an English classic. Fuller is always stimulating, suggestive, and instructive, — so full that it is not good to read him very largely, but rather according to measure, as one resorts to tonics and condiments. So you will lay this book (if you are fortunate enough to have it) upon your table, and take it up from time to time, in your spare moments, to find yourself greatly refreshed. E.

The Seer; or, Commonplaces Refreshed. By LEIGH HUNT. In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers, Publishers, 143, Washington Street. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

"The Seer" does not see with the inward eye, — did not mean to do so. His report is not of deep things, or distant. There is much in the volumes which is superficial, — some easy writing, which is not very easy reading. The Commonplaces have not

always been sufficiently refreshed: some of them were hardly capable of it. And yet, it is a work that will afford a great deal of instruction and entertainment in moments of leisure. The essay on "The Beauties of St. Francis De Sales" is especially interesting. The externals of the volumes are admirably adapted to attract and hold the reader. E.

Shakspeare's Sonnets. Ticknor & Fields. 1865. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Only the sonnets; and these are just what many a reader asks for. As we need not say, they are full of beauties and of mysteries. The little square volume is very fascinating. E.

A Tribute to Thomas Starr King. By RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. Ticknor & Fields. 1865. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Mr. Frothingham has brought together, in a very happy way, many precious memorials of one whose death we must note as one of the greatest losses of the year which has just closed. We shall not soon forget the twelvemonth that was darkened so early by that dying, and yet so enriched by the faith, which, as it had wrought mightily in the day of strength, was found altogether sufficient in the hour of weakness and the moments of dissolution.

E.

Enoch Arden. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L. Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

We have already briefly recorded our estimate of this charming poem, and of the other contents of the volume; and we shall only add, that the copy before us is one of the blue and gold series, and is enriched by a pleasant little biographical notice. E.

Following the Flag from August, 1861, to November, 1862, with the Army of the Potomac. By "CARLETON," author of "My Days and Nights on the Battle-field." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

It is refreshing to have a "fact-book," — and such this seems to be, — not fictions, but the deeds and the sufferings of our own heroes. As such, the boys will welcome it, and lay up its contents in faithful memories. E.

Our Young Folks: An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Edited by J. T. TROWBRIDGE, GAIL HAMILTON, and LUCY LAR-

COM. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New York: The American News Company. Philadelphia: T. B. Pugh. Chicago: John R. Walsh. Price, twenty cents. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

It is the first and a very attractive number of what promises to be a very pleasant and useful journal. Mrs. Stowe opens with a charming little paper, all the more interesting, perhaps, to the present writer, from his familiarity with the *locale*. She is well followed by the editors, and by other deservedly popular writers. Amongst the rest, Dio Lewis contributes admirable suggestions upon the physical training of the young, with drawings that make it all plain. The illustrations are spirited and appropriate; and the picture of the author of "Tom Brown" is a most auspicious herald and earnest of the new enterprise. Any person of common sense will see at once, that to sell such a journal for two dollars a year will be impossible, unless the list of subscribers shall be very large. E.

Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political, Social, Literary, and Scientific. By HUGH MILLER. Edited, with a preface, by PETER BAYNE. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Hugh Miller was for sixteen years editor of "The Witness," a religious paper, in the interest of the Presbyterian Church, published in Edinburgh. The present volume is made up of articles written and published in the "Witness" during that time. They are models for editorials, written in Hugh Miller's terse, vigorous, and picturesque English, and embody a mass of thought of more than passing interest on a great variety of themes. They were thrown out from a mind of inexhaustible wealth, both scientific and historical. They are addressed more to Scotch and English than to American readers; but many of them are of general interest, and all of them are memorials of a most remarkable genius.

S.

The Gypsies of the Danes' Dike: A Story of Hedgeside Life in England in the year 1855. By GEORGE S. PHILLIPS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

This book is claimed to give a correct representation of gypsy life and character, and of the scenery between Yorkshire and the German ocean, which forms the background of the story. The

story itself is wild and romantic, with an infusion of the supernatural and the improbable. Its weird strangeness and wildness, and a phasis of human life never before wrought into romance, are the chief elements of interest. S.

The Autumn Holidays. By the COUNTRY PARSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Is in the author's free and easy and most genial style. Farther notice, with extracts, will be given. Also of *Dramatis Personæ*, issued by the same publishers; the latest poems of Robert Browning. They are not holiday reading, but the highest metaphysics of poetry. We are on "Mr. Sludge the Medium." S.

Tragedies and Poems. By T. N. TALFOURD. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

"Ion" and "The Athenian Captive" are old favorites of the American reading public, which had become out of print. We are exceedingly glad to greet their re-appearance in a handsome duodecimo volume. They are written (chiselled, we might say) with exquisite classic grace, and contain some of the finest passages in English literature. To these are now added the tragedy of "Glencoe." Look up the facts in Macaulay's History of the Reign of William the Third, and a trenchant review of the same in "Blackwood's Magazine," some three or four years since, and the reader will have a full view of one of the most disgraceful transactions in English history; of a stain which remains crimson red on the English character and government; of the same dye as the rebel murders and piracies which it helps on and sympathizes with. Having full possession of the facts, the reader will have a most vivid appreciation of Talfourd's "Glencoe." The author's sonnets and shorter pieces are subjoined, making a most welcome volume of two hundred and sixty pages. S.

The Ocean Waifs: a Story of Adventure on Land and Sea. By CAPT. MAYNE REID. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The public are indebted to the ROBERTS BROTHERS for the republication of Jean Ingelow's sweet poems; and now they have to thank the same firm for a prose volume from the same author, which will be heartily welcomed by her many admirers. For sale by W. V. SPENCER, 134, Washington street, Boston. E.

Watch & Wait; or, the Young Fugitives: a Story for Young People. By OLIVER OPTIC. Boston: Lee & Shephard, successors to Philips, Sampson, & Company 1864.

Dramatis Personæ. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

A new volume of Robert Browning, of 262 pages. We have read them only three times. We shall not pretend to expound them till after the sixth reading. Some of them, however, break upon us in spots. Some of the shorter ones — "Prospice" and "Apparent Failure," for instance — have become nearly enucleated; and the bright nodes in "Mr. Sludge, the medium," enlarge themselves with every new revolution. Spiritualism is raked by a very scathing satire. Quadratic equations are recommended as an excellent study for cultivating the power of attention and concentration. We recommend Robert Browning for the same object.

S.

Honey-blossoms for Little Bees; and The Grahams. By JANE GAY FULLER. New York: Published by M. W. Dodd, 506, Broadway. 1864. Sold by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The former, for very young readers; the latter, for those who are older, but still young, — each good in its way. The type of the "Blossoms" will make it especially attractive to the "Bees." The Grahams are true patriots. E.

The Tiger Prince; or, Adventures in Abyssinia. By WILLIAM DALTON. With illustrations. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Gascoyne, The Sandal-wood Trader: A Tale of the Pacific. By R. M. BALLANTYNE, author of "The Young Fur-traders," &c. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Helen and Her Cousins; or, Two Months at Ashfield Rectory. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The Pigeon-pie: A Tale of Roundhead Times. By Miss YONGE, author of "Heir of Redclyffe." All by Roberts Brothers, Publishers, 143, Washington Street, Boston. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Of these books, the first and smallest is most to our own taste; but the children would outvote us, and give the preference to the

"Sandal-wood Trader," or the "Tiger Prince." The latter volume contains a great deal of valuable information. "The Pigeon-pie" affords a glimpse of the days of the English Commonwealth; but the impression which may be made upon the minds of the young readers will need to be corrected by a few good Puritan words.

E.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

THE young folks have abundant reason to bless the publishers, who have spread out a feast for them unusually rich and enticing. We have dipped into some of the children's books pretty deeply, and find them very absorbing to children of larger growth.

CROSBY AND AINSWORTH have a charming variety for boys and girls, among which the following are fresh from the press. *The Adventures of Rob Roy*, by JAMES GRANT, Esq., with illustrations: a book which no one, old or young, will lay aside till finished, after once taking it up. It gives vivid sketches of the wonderful highland chief, with a solid basis of historical fact, and picturesque descriptions of highland scenery. It corrects some wrong popular impressions about Rob Roy and his Helen, brings out the nobleness of his character in full relief, illustrates highland manners and customs, and ought to be placed beside the "Rob Roy" of Sir Walter Scott, and always read in connection with it. — *Life in the Woods*, edited by JOHN C. GEIKIE, with illustrations, is a delightful book for the winter evenings. It takes the boys from England over the sea, lands them in Canada, familiarizes them with Canadian life in the backwoods, the climate and country, the bears and the rattlesnakes, the farms and the farming, the people, the lakes, and the scenery, with incidents of adventure told in lively sketches. — *Freaks on the Fells, or Three Months' Rustication; and Why I did not become a Sailor*, by R. M. BALLANTYNE, with illustrations, make a volume in two parts. In the first part, Mr. John Sudberry and his family go from London to rusticate three months. Mr. John Sudberry is a very amusing character, and the family exploits in Scotland are a series of very amusing adventures; and the characters are individualized with much spirit and humor. The second part of the book is the dream of a boy who was cured of the disposition to run away. — *Romantic Belinda*, by Mrs. L.

C. TUTHILL, is a book for girls. It is a very good book, as are all we have seen from the pen of this writer. Some ridiculous notions which get into some girls' heads, it puts clean out, and puts good sense in the place thereof. Let the girls read and practise. — *Grace's Visit; or, the Wrong Way to Cure a Fault*, illustrated with engravings, is a book for both boys and girls, is a good story, with amusing incidents, and teaches a good lesson pertaining to playing tricks to frighten children.

J. E. TILTON & Co. publish *Dora Darling; or, the Daughter of the Regiment*, which we can assure both the juveniles and their elders, will be a darling book with them, to be read with alternate laughter and tears. Dora had a Secesh father and brother, and a Union mother in a Virginia home. The mother dies, the father and brother enlist in the rebel army. Dora, and Pic, the faithful old negro, — faithful, that is, to "Missus," — run away, are hunted in vain by a bloodhound, and find their way into the Union camp. Dora is adopted by an Ohio regiment; and both Dora and Pic are famous characters drawn with graphic power. Pic is every way the equal of Uncle Tiff in "Dred;" and the story holds the reader's unflagging interest to the close. — *The Life-boat:* a Tale of our Coast Heroes, with illustrations, by R. M. BALLANTYNE, is from the same publishers, a story of romantic peril and bravery in the rescue of shipwrecked sailors.

LEE & SHEPARD publish *The Sailor-boy; or, Jack Somers in the Navy:* a Story of the great Rebellion, by OLIVER OPTIC. It is founded largely in fact, and illustrates the brilliant deeds of our naval heroes in our present national struggle, especially upon our western waters. It will give young readers a vivid picture of naval life, will inflame their love of country, and their pride in its glorious achievements, and help educate them in a self-devotion to its cause. It belongs to a class of books which should be in the hands of all young readers, upon whose fidelity the destiny of the Republic is so soon to devolve; and with whom the largest patriotism should be not only a sentiment, but a burning passion. S.

Real and Ideal. By JOHN W. MONTCLAIR. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt.

A book of poems by a poet, who makes now, we believe, his first appearance before the public. The poems are partly original, partly translations from the German. The translations are the best. The work is commended by Fitz-Greene Halleck, John

Neal. Sarah H. Whitman, by the "New-York Evening Post," and others, we presume because they see in the writer promise of what he may yet do. We can see grace and culture in what he has already done; but we do not trace the spontaneous workings and inspirations of higher genius. S.

LIVES OF FAMILIAR INSECTS is a very interesting and useful volume of the Summer-house series, by the author of "Violet." They can be bought of TAGGARD & THOMPSON, 29, Cornhill, who also have for sale a nice little book called A TEACHER'S GIFT; and very pretty and convenient slates, of stone and of paper, for writing, arithmetic, and drawing.

THE MARTIN AND NELLY STORIES are very pleasantly written, and very beautifully illustrated; and the tone of the books is excellent.

THE DIARY OF KITTY TREVYLYAR, by the author of the "Schoenberg-Cotta Family," will interest the reader — so we judge from a slight taste of the contents — as much as the charming book, the title of which we have just written down. Published by M. W. DODD, 506, Broadway, N.Y. It is for sale by W. V. SPENCER, 134, Washington street, Boston.

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR is as familiar as it is dear to Christians of every name in England and America, as we need not say; but we do wish to remind our readers that they can find a most choice edition of it at the bookstores of E. P. DUTTON & Co.; and that no better gift can be selected for a valued friend.

Clever Stories of Many Nations rendered in Rhyme. By JOHN G. SAXE. Illustrated by W. L. Champney. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

This is in every way a charming book for young or old. The stories are good and well told, whilst paper, print, and binding are admirable. The illustrations are abundant and spirited. We only wish that we had received the volume in season to commend it as a Christmas gift. E.

If our readers will step into SPENCER'S, 134, Washington street, and buy a copy of CHRISTUS VICTOR, they will be very likely to go again and get another, to give to a friend as a word in season, — "a leaf from the tree of life," — which indeed the book is. E.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIII. FEBRUARY, 1865. No. 2.

THE GREAT CIVIL WARS.

With nations, as with individuals, there is a fierce and dangerous crisis to be passed through, before they attain to profound and perennial peace. Hence the great nations and peoples have all had their civil wars. The events transpiring to-day will enable us to read all past history with new eyes; and portions of the old annals which had seemed to us fabulous and unreal will cease to appear so. Our place in history will be better understood; our views of the progress of society will be exceedingly modified; and a comparison of our own with the civilization of the olden times will be more intelligently made.

There have been three great civil wars, previous to our own, which determined the courses of history through the long lapse of centuries.

What is generally known as the Peloponnesian War, which began B.C. 432, and continued through twenty-seven years, interrupted only by a short and feverish truce, and ended with the fall of Athens in the year B.C. 405, decided the fate of Grecian civilization for all time. It was not a civil war in the strictest sense of the word, though it was virtually so; for it was between peoples of the same religion, the same traditions, the same language and lineage; and nearly all the States were represented, though feebly, in one assembly called the Amphictyonic Council, and in the Olympiac festivals, which, like the Jewish festivals at Jerusalem, had a unitizing

tendency, and preserved, to some extent, the consciousness of national life.

During the fifty years preceding the Peloponnesian War, — that is, from the last Persian invasion by Xerxes to the age of Pericles, — Greece attained the acme of her prosperity and splendor. Athens had a navy, and ruled the seas. She brought under her sway, and made tribute to her, the islands of the Ægean, and the Grecian cities which studded the coast of Asia Minor; and tribute and commerce poured wealth into her lap, which she expended, not in luxury, but in the choicest treasures of art. Hence arose the Athenian Empire, embracing Attica and Ionia, and the fairest islands protected by her navy. Then the Acropolis was crowned with the Parthenon, and the statues of her divinities. Then the long way leading from the Piræus to the foot of the Acropolis gleamed with exquisite works of sculpture; and, standing as Paul did afterward upon Mars' Hill, the spectator, even at this early time, would see the chiselled forms of heroes and divinities flashing all over the city through an atmosphere of brilliant transparency, and from shaded walks and verdant groves. Now Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides wrote their immortal tragedies; now Herodotus wrote his history, and read it to applauding multitudes who thronged at the Olympian games; now Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle were born; now Aspasia charmed statesmen and philosophers by her conversation; now Pericles arose, and guided the State by his masterly statesmanship, and swayed the people by his matchless eloquence. It was the period when the Greek mind awoke to the fullest consciousness of its power, and Grecian civilization rose to the summit of its glory.

Sparta was the strongest of the States of the Peloponnesian peninsula, and made them the satellites of her power. Always sullen and arbitrary, her eye blinked at the glories of Athens. It was a splendid conception of Pericles to form all Hellas into one grand confederation with a single capital, — very much after the fashion of our Federal Union, so as to secure peace at home, and protection from foes abroad. What might have been, had this great idea been realized! What a long career

of greatness in art, in science, in philosophy, transcending the dreams of Plato! One thing only prevented. The notion of *autonomy* possessed, even to madness, every petty State and principal city. That meant in Greek politics exactly what "State sovereignty" means in American; and it kept them dashing against each other as bruised and bleeding fragments.

It was this madness for autonomy which brought on the Peloponnesian War. Athens was charged with aggrandizing herself by abolishing the autonomy of her allies. Sparta formed the States of the peninsula into a confederacy which declared war against her; the real motive of which was malignant envy of her prosperity and greatness. The government of Sparta was oligarchical: that of Athens was democratic; and it made her the patron of liberal ideas and studies. Sparta drew towards her the sympathies of the oligarchical element in every Grecian city, finding always in Athens itself a party rife for treason. There was ever a pro-Spartan faction among her people, and sometimes the arms of her generals were made nerveless by these secret sympathies. The same phases in war and in politics meet us again and again in Grecian history, which we have had for the last four years. It was a war to the death between the oligarchs and the Demos, between autonomy and federation; and, for twenty-seven years, the entrails of Hellas were torn by it, till her States sank exhausted, their life went out, and foreign invaders trampled them to the earth together.

This long and deadly warfare could not have been prolonged through twenty-seven years, except for the fact, that both Sparta and Athens were based on slavery. The slaves tilled the soil, — the citizens waged war. Slavery not only supplied the munitions, but it gave to the war a savage ferocity and brutality. Athens alone had four hundred thousand slaves to sixty thousand freemen. But Sparta was made preeminently barbarous and inhuman by the habit of domineering over slaves. During the progress of the war, fearing an insurrection among her Helots at home, she proclaimed liberty to such as would come forward, and join her armies. Two thousand brave men sprang up at the word "liberty," and

presented themselves. They were never heard of more. They were led off secretly, and massacred; and, by this fiendish treachery, the oligarchs rid themselves of such slaves as would be most likely to prove a dangerous element at home.

It is interesting to note the numbers engaged in the most decisive battles. We select two. One of these was fought in the harbor of Syracuse. In an expedition against Sicily, Athens had strained every nerve, and equipped a magnificent fleet and army. They sailed out of the Piræus with sound of trumpets, pæans, and libations of wine from gold and silver cups. This *great* army consisted of *five thousand* heavy-armed infantry. It was re-enforced by another of about the same number. When gathered at Syracuse, they numbered in all — heavy-armed infantry, natives of the island, and slaves who were light-armed, and only employed as skirmishers — *twenty thousand men*. This, in the language of Thucydides, made her power appear "stupendous;" and her resources, "beyond calculation."

The final and decisive battle was that of Aigospotami, when Athens lost her fleet, and nearly her whole army was surprised, and taken prisoners. The numbers engaged in battle are not told; but the number of prisoners, who were native Athenians, is recorded as *three thousand*, which seems to have made up the bulk of her army in the last decisive engagement.

The great civil war by which Rome ceased to be a republic, and passed into a despotism, lasted, with varying fortunes, through twenty years, from B.C. 52 to B.C. 32. This, too, was a war between the oligarchs and the people, or rather military chiefs, who claimed to represent the people, and became their favorites. Popular suffrage and sovereignty were unknown. The question to be decided was, whether the Roman senate should be the dominant power in the commonwealth, or the Roman rabble (who voted in the Comitium) through some military leader whom they could make dictator. The latter alternative undoubtedly became an urgent and dire necessity. It was a choice between one tyrant and many. The Roman aristocracy proved totally unfit to govern. They

aimed at nothing but to gorge themselves with luxury, by farming the provinces and fleecing the people. Slaves by the hundred thousand crawled in the streets of Rome. Ignorance, ferocity, and licentiousness had become frightful in the mass of society; and the populace were kept under by gladiatorial shows, largesses, donatives of corn and land; or, when these could not soothe them, by bloody proscriptions and massacres. The oligarchs were supremely selfish. The populace were brutalized and venal, and unfit to govern themselves. Julius Cæsar was an historical necessity, and he came in due time.

The population of the Roman Empire was, at this time, probably three times that of the American republic.* It extended from the British Channel to the deserts of Africa; from the Atlantic Ocean to the Euphrates. And yet it is a most remarkable fact, that the greatest military commander the world ever saw, fought his decisive battles with comparatively small armies. He avoided being cumbered with unwieldy masses, and aimed at celerity and precision of movement. The battle of Pharsalia, between Cæsar and Pompey, — one the popular hero, and the other the champion of the senate and the nobles, — was fought in the year 48, B.C. It was one of the battles which turn the channels of history. Pompey fought with *forty-five thousand* infantry and ten thousand cavalry. Cæsar had *twenty-two thousand* infantry and one thousand cavalry. Pompey was completely routed with a loss of fifteen thousand slain, and twenty-four thousand prisoners. Pompey was a commander of consummate skill. But Cæsar's veterans had unbounded enthusiasm and confidence in their general: he could wield them with quickness and exactness, and always hit the mark; and hence he took little account of the mere numbers opposed to him. It is remarkable, too, that he never fought twice to complete a victory. He kept striking, till he finished his enemy, and did not allow him to rally. The single battle of

* That of Italy alone was about 17,000,000. — See Merivale.

Pharsalia gave him full possession of the East. The single battle of Thapsus gave him complete possession of Africa. The battle of Munda, in Spain, gave him the whole West; and then the Roman Empire was at his feet. These three victories told the whole story. It is only ignorant generals, says a competent authority, who keep fighting battles. The skilful ones save from great slaughter. Cæsar was a great statesman as well as general; and but for his assassination, to all appearance, the Augustan age of peace might have dated from him, and the world been saved the sixteen years of anarchy and crime which followed. But Cæsar was murdered by pretended "liberators," and the civil war had to be fought over again. It ended in the conflict between Octavius Cæsar and Anthony, which occurred at Actium B.C. 32. There were about a hundred thousand on either side; but it is remarkable that only a small portion of these troops were engaged in the struggle. A sea-fight off the coast decided it, and the slaughter was inconsiderable. Octavius conquered his foe, not by a great slaughter, but by watching and waiting for the mistakes of his adversary, and by drawing over his legions, till he was deserted and left alone. Then followed the long peace of the world, sung of by Virgil as the "golden years" that run in "radiant circles," — golden, indeed, in a sense that the poet hardly dreamed of; since in this peace of the nations the Saviour was born, and the first glad tidings of his reign proclaimed to all people.

The great civil war of England, known as "the Great Rebellion," was also a conflict between the oligarchs and the commons; called again the Cavaliers and the Roundheads; called again, more appropriately, the King and his Parliament. It divided England horizontally, — the king and the lords and the bishops on one side, the commons on the other; and it decided the question for ever, whether constitutional government was a possible boon to the English race.

The war opened in 1642, and continued seven years. It would probably have been finished in half that time, but for the hesitancy and half-measures of Essex, the first parliamentary general. The first conflict of Edgehill has its exact

parallel in Antietam. It was a drawn battle: both parties lay all night upon their arms; but, in the morning, Hampden came up with four thousand fresh men. Julius Cæsar would have followed up quickly the former day's work, and, with blow upon blow, finished the royalists and the war. Instead of this, the armies "looked at each other," dreaded to renew the fight, and drew off, each by itself, much to the chagrin and disgust of Hampden. Five thousand were left slain upon the field, — slain to no purpose, as nothing was decided. So things went on, till Oliver Cromwell came with his "ironside regiment," and, at the decisive battle of Naseby, dashed upon the king's forces, and shivered them in pieces.

We may smile, on reading over these great battles, at the numbers engaged. They varied from twenty to twenty-five thousand men on each side, never exceeding the latter number. The battle of Marston Moor was the most obstinately contested, between "the most numerous armies that were engaged during the course of these wars;" and in that battle, as Hume laments, fifty thousand British troops were led to mutual slaughter. Such was the price paid: the end achieved was free government for the English race everywhere.

The contrasts which force themselves upon our observation, as we compare our own with the great decisive struggles of past history, are of striking interest.

1. As to the numbers engaged, the little State of Massachusetts has furnished more men in our present struggle than fought on both sides in the great English Rebellion. It has sent more men into the field than Julius Cæsar commanded to gain the empire of the world; more than all the troops of Hellas put together in the long struggle that rent her in pieces, when her sun went down in blood. The State of New York has equipped more soldiers than all the troops of Cæsar and Pompey put together, though drawn from every province, from the Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules. The whole army of Cromwell would only serve as skirmishers, or as a detail for a "raid" from the army of Grant or Sherman. His great military fame was gained by managing twenty-five

thousand men; and its marches and evolutions were within an area less extensive than the State of Virginia.

2. The reason of these contrasts is obvious. Our civil war is the first in history which is emphatically one which the people imposed upon the rulers, and not one which the rulers imposed upon the people. Even the English commons were not the people, but the land-owners; and Cæsar's armies were either mercenaries or conscripts, to be paid by the fruits of plunder, confiscation, and the robbery of temples. No general system of *self-taxation* had ever been practised or heard of. Hence there was a limit to the raising of men. They must be paid well, or they would not fight. They could not be paid well, if too numerous. The great American idea never inspired a people before; the millions of all classes giving their blood and treasure for the government which they love, and the country which they cherish with filial reverence and pride. Hence, at the call of the president, they spring to arms by the half-million, and with an unquenchable instinct that the command of God breathes through them, and must be obeyed.

What was called an election at Rome was the vote of such a hungry and turbulent rabble as might crowd the wards of that single city. Cicero, having carried the senate, went into the Comitium, and harangued the *people*. It was as if so many voters as could jostle each other should choke the Battery of New York, — half of them bribed by the demagogues, — and there decide the great questions of the republic. No such spectacle as our late election was ever before given to the world; a whole people, whose territory stretches from one ocean to the other, assembling, each man in his place, and voting to give treasure and life for a government, whose blessings shall fall, equal as the dew and the sunshine, upon all beneath it; and the election passed, singing hymns and thanksgivings to God. There is nothing so sublime in all history.

3. We had flattered ourselves, that Christian civilization had mitigated the cruelties of war. We had read the atrocities of ancient warfare, without dreaming that they could

occur again in the nineteenth century. The worst feature in the ancient civil wars was putting prisoners to death. It was not generally done; but it was not considered a violation of the laws of war. The captor had his choice, to kill his prisoners, or to sell them into slavery; and the latter alternative was usually chosen, but not always. What student of history has not sickened at the proscription which followed the coalition between Octavius, Anthony, and Lepidus, when they marched upon Rome, and the proscribed leaders of parties hid themselves in their houses and villas to be dragged forth at midnight, when its awful stillness was broken by the shrieks of the victims; when the head and the hands of Cicero were stuck up over the senate-house which had echoed with his magnificent periods? But there is one extreme of atrocity and cruelty which was left for our civil war to develop. We never read in ancient civilized warfare, whether Greek or Roman, of the wholesale torture and starvation of prisoners. We never read of the wanton murder of women and little children. Even Herod found a motive for the slaughter of the innocents, in the safety of his throne. To shut up prisoners by the thousand, and starve them to death, and that as a deliberate and settled policy, is a measure which the most inhuman monster, whether Roman or Spartan, would never have attempted. It reveals a depth of infamy in the American slave system, and shows a demonizing influence over the heart and character, such as had never been brought to light in the darkest epochs of the world.

4. It is a capital mistake of the peace-societies, that to discourage the military spirit and repress military genius, is to save the shedding of blood. Wars unskilfully waged are the bloodiest of all. The civil war between the Cæsareans and Pompeians continued but three years, with only three battles of any note, which, however, decided the empire of the world. They had no Sanitary Commission, and we hear little of the wounded. But Cæsar lost fewer men in those three years than McClellan lost on the Peninsula in a single campaign. Nay, the men who there found their graves would have more than filled up Cæsar's entire legions. In

the three and a half years of our civil war, more men, we presume, have been sacrificed than in all the three great civil wars together, which we have now reviewed, and which determined the course of nations and empires. The reason of this is not alone to be sought in the relative numbers engaged. Within certain limits, the numbers wielded are inversely as the skill and genius of the military leaders. If the North had been a military people, with a commanding military genius, the war would have continued but a few months, and with little sacrifice of life; and England never would have dared to become the patron of pirates and slavemongers. Or, rather, we might say, the war never would have occurred at all; for a military eye like that of Cæsar or Cromwell would have commanded the whole field, and crushed treason in its small beginnings, without reaping its deadly fruit.

5. It is well to look into the gulf of ruin from which our present civil war is to save us. Resolving the Union into thirty-six State sovereignties would place us exactly where the Greek Autonomies were placed in their struggle of twenty-seven years. It means mutual slaughter and final collapse, until some stronger third power comes in, and adjusts the bleeding fragments. Persia finally "intervened" in favor of Sparta; and her hateful despotism was pressed down upon all the States of Hellas and her lovely islands. Thebes finally rebelled against it, led on by the great Epaminondas; and a second series of civil wars brought on a more complete exhaustion, and a more deadly collapse. Philip of Macedon next "intervened," and crushed them still lower into the dust, amid the dying thunders of Demosthenes, and the fading glories of the Grecian name. Next Rome "intervened," and conquered Macedonia; and both Macedonia and Hellas went down together under her iron heel. Next the Turk "intervened;" and Rome, in all her Eastern empire, involving Greece with her ancient States and beautiful isles, was eclipsed in a more baleful despotism and in heathen night. Such are the last results of autonomy, — dismemberment, mutual hate and slaughter, national extinction and death. So the loveliest form of ancient civilization, in a

democracy just rising to the glories of empire, was sacrificed to the insane notion of petty "State sovereignty;" and, when we now ask, Where is Hellas? we are only answered by poets, who sing her elegy: —

"Ask the Paynim slave,
Who treads all tearless on her hallowed grave;
Invoke the spirits of the past, and shed
The voice of your strong bidding on the dead!
Lo, from a thousand crumbling tombs they rise, —
The great of old, the powerful, and the wise!
And a sad tale, which none but they can tell,
Falls on the mournful silence like a knell.
Then mark yon lonely pilgrim bend and weep
Above the mound where genius lies in sleep.
And is this all? Alas! we turn in vain,
And, turning, meet the self-same waste again, —
The same drear wilderness of stern decay;
Its former pride, the phantom of a day;
A song of summer birds within a bower;
A dream of beauty traced upon a flower;
A lute whose master chord has ceased to sound;
A morning star struck darkling to the ground." S.

WHETHER the ideas of the coming age upon religion were true or false, they would be real. "In the present day," I said, "mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions, which escape from destroying one another by being diluted into truisms, . . . this is your safe man and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of No-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Ay and No. — *J. H. Newman.*

THE Catholic Church does not teach that human nature is irreclaimable, else, wherefore should be sent? not that it is to be shattered and reversed, but to be extricated, purified, and restored. — *Ibid.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXI.

"AUS TIEFER NOTH RUF' ICH ZU DIR."

[The famous One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm, "De profundis clamavi;" paraphrased by Martin Luther, 1524.]

FROM lowest deeps I cry, O God!
In thee all hope doth centre;
Do not with me, who dread thy rod,
Into strict judgment enter.
For if thou look severely through
The sin and wrong that mortals do,
What flesh could stand before thee?

There's nought avails but sovereign grace,
To cover our transgressions;
And man's deserts fill little place
In the best life's confessions.
No claim is heard, and boasting none;
But fears before thee every one,
And lives to Grace, Grace only.

On God alone my hope I plant,
And nought on my deserving;
To thee committing my sore want,
In thee my spirit nerving.
The promise of thy precious word
That trust and refuge must accord,
On which I wait for ever.

And though delayed till falls the night,
Delayed till breaks the morning,
I'll not mistrust the Heavenly Might,—
All other succor scorning.
Such is the true believer's way,
Who, of the Spirit born, can say,
"I live this true believing."

Although our stubborn sins prevail,
God's love much more aboundeth;
His power to help can never fail,
Whatever harm surroundeth.
He only the good Shepherd is,
Who will from all their trespasses
Redeem his people. Amen.

XXII.

"MEINEN JESUM LASS ICH NICHT."

Christian Kenmann, 1656.

My Redeemer quit I not,
Him for me his life bestowing;
Owe I not my grateful thought,
To him cleaving, in him growing?
He's my portion and my lot;
My Redeemer quit I not.

Jesus will I never quit;—
When this mortal life is closing,
Full of faith my soul shall flit,
Yielding all to his disposing.
Heart and tongue the strain have caught:
"My Redeemer quit I not."

Let it go, the strength of sight,—
All the powers of sense be failing;
Let the latest beams of light
In the feeble eyes be paling;
When the frame its death has got,
My Redeemer quit I not.

I shall ne'er his presence quit;
When I reach the heavenly dwelling
Where the faith of Holy Writ,
Turned to sight, its joy is telling;
What shall veil his glory? What?
My Redeemer quit I not.

H. L. F.

SUPERNATURALISM.

[An extract from Edmond Scherer's "Mélanges de Critique Religieuse;" being part of a conversation between himself and an antisupernaturalist, Montaigu.]

"For the rest, my dear sir," said Montaigu in closing, "there is one point on which you will certainly agree with me. Belief in the supernatural is not a little weakened in men's minds. Right or wrong, our modern culture repels miracle: it does not precisely deny it, it is indifferent to it. Even the preacher knows not what to do with it. The more serious he is, the deeper and more vital his Christianity, so much the more does the miraculous disappear from his teaching. Formerly, miracles made the power of a religious discourse; to-day, they are its secret embarrassment. Everybody vaguely feels, in presence of the marvellous narratives of our sacred books, what one feels in regard to the legends of the saints: This cannot be religion: it is only an excrescence upon religion. Look at the place which the resurrection of Jesus Christ holds in the theology of St. Paul, and then at the place which it holds in our own! Such facts, believe me, are just what the unbeliever wants, and what the serious man is greatly disturbed by."

"It is true," I replied, "we no longer believe in miracles: you might as well add that we no longer believe in God. And the two things hold together. Much is said, now-a-days, about Christian spiritualism, about the religion of the conscience; and you yourself seem to see a progress of religion in giving up the miracles. Ah! could I only say strongly enough how the deepest experience of my heart protests against such an opinion! When I find my faith in miracles wavering, then also I see more dimly the image of my God: he ceases gradually to be for me the free, living, and personal God, the God with whom the soul converses as with a master and a friend. Let this sacred dialogue be interrupted, and what have we left? How sad and disenchanted does life then appear! With nothing to do but eat and sleep and lay

up money, with no wider horizon, how puerile does our mature life look, how melancholy our old age, how aimless and absurd all our agitations! The more mystery, — that is to say, the more of the unknown, — the more of the infinite, the more of heaven above us, the more poetry everywhere. Ah! you may rely upon it, the unbelief which rejects miracle tends to unpeople the heaven and to disenchant the earth. The supernatural is the soul's natural sphere. It is the essence of its faith, its hope, its love. I know very well that criticism is specious, that its arguments often appear victorious; but I know one thing besides, — and perhaps I might appeal here to your own testimony, — in ceasing to believe in miracle, the soul finds that it has lost the secret of divine life; it is henceforth impelled towards the abyss; an accelerating fall draws it away from God and the holy angels; it loses successively piety, rectitude, genius; soon it comes flat to the ground: yes, and sometimes lies extended in the mud."

I spoke with a good deal of emotion. Having myself known what doubt was, I described these dangers as one who had incurred them; as one whose own eyes had, in some sort, measured the abyss in question. I thought I had made some impression on my interlocutor; and so I experienced a feeling of pain when I heard his answer. "It is not necessary," said he, "to exaggerate things so. Perhaps, in point of fact, the supernatural was a necessary form of religion for less cultivated minds." He had himself known men who had become serious, devout, practical Christians around the turning-table from which they were demanding oracles. In all this there was a psychological phenomenon to study. But, after having spoken in this way for some time, Montaigu turned towards me with an animated and earnest look: —

"For the rest," said he, "I should be sorry to push the discussion further. I am of your opinion at the bottom of my heart. I know but too well that miracle is the proper element of faith, and that, with the disappearance of miracle, there would be great risk of the disappearance of heaven and hell, and Jesus Christ and God himself, and the distinction of good and evil, and all that has raised us above Paganism.

Yes: we must have a living and present God; and the supernatural alone gives him to us. The God who cannot or will not descend upon our earth, and there manifest his power and his glory, — this God is the God of deism, a machinery hidden in the heavens, an abstraction of the mind, a dead God."

"Are you jesting," I said, "and do you not see how you contradict yourself? A moment ago you were presenting the miraculous as a heterogeneous element in religion; and now you make it the very foundation of faith."

"I do not contradict myself, for I was speaking before of religion according to its idea; and now I am speaking of faith, that is, of religion as it produces itself in reality. Perhaps the future will undertake to reconcile the fact with the idea, by remodelling the Christian beliefs. If Christianity is imperishable, it is on condition of being the same identical principle which gives rise to successive transformations. As for us, our task is to collect all the facts and to welcome all the truths. It is the way to keep sincere. Now, one fact is manifest in our day, — this conversation of ours has just made it apparent, — I mean the antagonism between criticism and faith. We cannot renounce the latter, without abdicating that good which is no other than the very truth of life; and we cannot renounce the former, without falling into superstition. In losing faith, we lose our souls; in abandoning knowledge, we abandon the dignity of reasonable beings. And yet knowledge tends to dissolve faith, and faith maintains itself only by forgetting or despising knowledge; so that we are reduced, like Jacobi, to being Christians through the heart, and Pagans through the understanding. But man cannot rest in this contradiction with himself. Hence perpetually renewed efforts at reconciliation, — efforts which serve only to render the opposition of principles stronger or more manifest. So far has this gone, that society is divided into two camps, — a minority of zealous but narrow-minded Christians, and a majority of intelligent unbelievers; on the one side the materialism of modern science, on the other the religion of the immaculate conception. Do you see what we

need? First and chiefly, a refutation of the thousand objections which science has given birth to, such as those, if you please, which I have just now been raising, and which have seemed to us so grave. But, if this task appear too difficult, let some one give us, at least, a good theory of mysticism. The Church will be in danger as long as it shall have failed to make *a criticism of criticism*, — as long as it shall not have shown, on the one hand, that rationalism is itself affected with uncertainty; and, on the other hand, that faith has its own method and its special lights. Science makes certainty depend on investigation: let it be shown to us that the certainty is illusory, and the investigation incompetent; and, as a subordinate work, let us have a renewal of the demonstration of Huet, of Pascal, of Lamennais. Will it succeed? I cannot tell. At any rate it is clear that this is the only chance of saving Christianity as it has been hitherto conceived, — the religion which devout souls still maintain. Indeed I cannot comprehend the Orthodox. When I see them waste their time in refuting first one objection, then another, I am reminded of the old woman who thought she could sweep back the rising tide with her broom.

Then, after a pause, he resumed: "You are suffering, and do you think that I too have not suffered? Is it easy or pleasant to find one's self outside the communion of the Church, past and present? Can one with indifference behold the simple beliefs of his childhood vanish away, or, might I not rather say, the supports of his moral being fall down? Who would not be discouraged in presence of the great problems which rise up, of the darkness which thickens around us? I am sometimes struck with the rapidity with which the most obstinate Orthodoxy is itself carried away by the spirit of the age, and with the concessions it makes, without suspecting it, to the opinions which it abhors. At other times, on the contrary, it seems to me that the Church, society, and all that we call civilization, still rest on beliefs which are no longer mine; and then I feel myself isolated, as a waif which the sea, in retiring, has left upon the shore. I experience in a Christian temple what the Protestant must

experience in a cathedral, when the sacrifice of the Mass and the mystery of transubstantiation are celebrated there.. I feel myself an intruder. Oh, how I envy those who can still repeat the *Te Deum laudamus*, that magnificent hymn to Christ, the God of the Christians, in which the believer associates himself with the company of the apostles, the fellowship of the prophets, the army of martyrs, and the Church universal throughout the world! It has often happened to me to be determined to believe at any cost. I have resolved that I would doubt no longer, that I would know no more, that I would submit henceforward. Alas! the question soon came, Submit? But why? And then I in vain alleged the happiness of believing, the beauty of faith, the virtues of the faithful: virtue, beauty, happiness, are still not truth; and is not truth the proper object of belief? Can he be a serious and earnest man who believes at will?"

As I did not conceal from him that these words agreed with my own prepossessions, Montaigu continued: "I cannot help thinking sometimes, that the history of humanity goes on somewhat after this fashion, — the world commences with religion, and, referring all phenomena directly to a first cause, it sees God everywhere; then comes philosophy, which, having discovered the connection of second causes, and the laws of their action, reduces to that extent the direct intervention of Divinity, and, based upon the idea of necessity (for necessity alone falls within the domain of science, and science is only the knowledge of what is necessary), tends by its fundamental axioms to exclude God from the world. More than this, it proceeds to deny human liberty as it has denied God. The reason is plain. Liberty is a cause outside of the chain of causes, — a first cause, — a cause which is its own explanation; and hence, as philosophy cannot explain it, it is irresistibly led to deny it. A rigorous philosophy will always be fatalistic. But, by this very fact, philosophy becomes corrupt, and perishes. When it has no other God than the universe, and no other man than the chief of the mammalia, it is nothing more than natural history. Natural history is all the science to be found in materialistic epochs;

and this, by the way, is our present condition. But 'materialism' is not the last word of the human race. Society, corrupted and enfeebled, is crushed down by immense catastrophes; the iron harrow of revolutions tears open humanity like the clods of the field; new generations sprout forth in the bloody furrows; the tearful soul believes anew; it recovers faith in virtue; it finds once more the language of prayer. To the age of the revival of letters succeeded that of the Reformation; to the Germany of Frederick the Great, the Germany of 1812. It is thus that faith is for ever born anew out of its ashes. Alas! humanity rises again, only to recommence the course which I have just described. Does it, like our globe, while revolving upon itself, advance in space as well; and, if it advances, towards what point does it gravitate?

"'Whither, oh whither, Lord, the way
Our earth is wandering through the skies?'"

Montaigu ceased. I found no occasion to reply. We were both deeply moved, and parted with a pressure of hands. As soon as I had returned to my room, I endeavored to recollect what had passed between us, and to fix in writing a conversation which had left me in an indefinable feeling of sadness. I am not made, as I am well aware, for an epoch of universal transformation like ours. My sympathies are for the past, and yet I feel that "there is a certain declivity in human affairs, which one never surmounts." Thus I behold myself drawn by the convictions of my intellect towards a future which inspires neither interest nor confidence.

THE Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse. — *J. H. Newman.*

PROOF OF IMMORTALITY IN CHRIST.

THE Scriptures do not treat the subject of man's immortality as a problem. They offer no arguments in support of it, but simply assume it; just as they assume the being of God. Only "the fool," it is said, "hath said in his heart there is no God." No solution of the difficulties of the subject is attempted. It is amply unfolded and illustrated, but this is all.

There are reasons in support of the doctrine, strong, clear, and independent, in a large measure, of Christian teaching.

For example, man's perfection is an end to which all objects and circumstances in nature and life administer. God has given him dominion over the creatures, the elements and forces of nature. He rules them: he turns them to use; and they perpetually contribute to the development of his capacities and powers. They appear, indeed, to exist for this sole purpose.

But, if death is the annihilation of his conscious being, no proper end can be ascribed to this wonderful array of means and agencies.

Then, indeed, nothing is permanently accomplished. What life brings forth, death destroys; and no permanent result follows.

Moreover, the human soul predicts its own immortal destiny; as blossoms in spring predict the coming fruit; as the eye predicts light before it is opened to receive it; or as the unfledged wings of the bird predict its future flight. Nature abounds in these analogies; and, true to them, the soul puts forth strong and beautiful prophecies of its immortal being and destiny.

(1) *It worships.* In some sort, it is ever, in all ages, under all circumstances, a worshipper. But whence this tendency, if it is framed only to a mortal existence? Might we not expect lower orders of beings to be worshippers as well? Must it not, indeed, bear some *kindredship* to the being it adores, —

from which this instinctive prompting springs, — *and so share essentially in the permanence of his being?*

(2) *It hopes.* "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and this hope takes hold on immortality. It beats in every pulse of humanity. It glows brightly in all its consolations, and perpetually feeds the flame of its aspirations. It bears the burden of immortal anticipations. If, then, man is inherently incapable of realizing the ultimate fruition of this hope, why does he hope? Why these unutterable longings and divine anticipations? *Can* hope have birth and being in natures not equal to its greatness, or capable of its durableness? *Can* it transcend the soul's capacity? If not, then hope bears strong and beautiful testimony to the soul's immortality.

(3) *It expects also "the judgment to come,"* which means simply the ultimate triumphs of justice; and this also is universal. Wrongs shall finally be righted. Innocence shall not for ever suffer. As well are the darkest forebodings of guilty fear prophetic of a coming judgment, as are the brightest anticipations of virtue. In each human soul is an *inborn feeling* that it is connected with the verities of another world. Hence its interests in all times, — in ages past and to come. Hence men offer their body's life for the sake of the triumph of a cause.

Why, then, these noble promptings and unbidden interests in men, if it is all of life to live here in this "body of death"? *Can* it be all an illusion, a fancy, a dream? Must they not have a cause, a basis in man's immortality?

(4) Man also is made separate from other orders of being in nature. He multiplies his attainments by permanent acquisitions of knowledge; whereas the animal races do not. They knew as much ages ago as they know now. They never pass a certain limit. The birds sang their different capacities of song as sweetly and well in the centuries past as they will in the centuries to come; but man ever improves upon the past, and no limit may be set to human progress. The best lives even are incomplete, and therefore require another sphere for their perfecting, if ever their capacities are unfolded; if ever their ideal of perfection is attained.

Such, briefly, are some of the reasons referred to in support of the doctrine of man's immortality. They were urged with force and eloquence ages before the Christian era. They are strong with proof, but fail fully to meet our human need. Something more vital than arguments merely, is needed. They were exhausted centuries ago, and still men longed for somewhat more, — longed as men *now* long to be certified in some way that they have reasoned truly, — longed to *feel* their immortality. Not so much *logic* as *light* is wanted; not so much reason as *direct discernment*. Exhaust the last resource of argument, and still this void in the mind remains. Men may reason well upon the subject, who have not the spiritually unfolded power of discernment to behold and sense it as a verity. They cannot soar above a mental conviction, or get beyond a rational conclusion. They cannot reason themselves into this spiritual power of discernment. The end of their endeavors is simply a deduction or an inference.

For the same reason, the popular phenomena of "spirit manifestations" brings no effectual help. How many, who affirm a belief in the genuineness of the phenomena, are yet really brought no nearer to a consciousness of spiritual verities than they were before their new belief! It fails to renovate and elevate human character, as a *true* revelation of immortal verities ought to do; and persons everywhere deal so lightly with the phenomena that it becomes simply frivolous, — too trifling to bear the stamp and character of such a revelation of eternal verities as shall be to men everywhere a soul-elevating assurance.

The difficulty, observe, belongs to a spiritual state. They who are not in any measure regenerate, nor in the endeavor to become so, surely cannot be helped to any clearer discernment or better apprehension of the great truth by arguments, however strong or clear or forcible; nor by any *external* appliances or phenomena, of whatever character or sort.

To convince the mind is not necessarily to remove spiritual blindness or cure the soul's malady. Before we can rest in a full assurance of the truth, we must have the power of seeing and feeling it *spiritually*.

It is true, death, as it casts its shadows over the future existence of the departed, more or less sensibly affects all; for our senses tell us, that all there was vital of those we loved has expired. But we may not consistently demand more concerning our cognizance of them, now that death has set its seal upon them, than was possible to our mortal vision before. We never did see or know them in their substantial, spiritual form and character, nor ever shall, till we will see and know them in the immortal land.

How manifestly has God in mercy veiled from our mortal vision the verities of the immortal life! We could not look upon them now, and live, much less continue to be the same free agents we are.

We have said the Scriptures nowhere offer reasons in confirmation of the doctrine of man's immortality, but everywhere assume it.

In our Lord Jesus Christ it is brought to light, and rendered real and radiant to our discernment.

First. We see him, after his crucifixion and burial, *rise from the dead*, and minister to his disciples and church as he did before. To those whose spiritual vision was open to discern him, he brings *thus* demonstrative evidence of the immortal life. Death had wrought its last work upon his bodily frame. It had been openly committed, as all are committed, to the earth, "dust to dust." And yet in that same form he moves amongst those whose visions were prepared to behold him, rising though but to ascend shortly to purer regions.

We bear in mind the doubts which some entertain of this event. But it is as well attested as any of the facts of the gospel narratives. And to those who receive the central truth of Christianity, — the divine character of Jesus, — his resurrection seems no strange event, but what we might expect.

We propose not to argue the point; we assume that thus hath he brought immortality to light. And how many have been so affected by this evidence as to be drawn to the highest spiritual discernment and consciousness of the truth, — to "the witness within," — the evidence of experience!

It is the life we live which precedes this discernment, even as life in Jesus *precedes* the immortality brought to light in him. We see it verified in him as an indwelling reality. We become aware, by apprehending him, that what he said and did would be imperfect without it. "He walked in its light." "His whole being savors of the celestial courts whence he came." He thus abolishes or dissipates the fear of death *by assurance.* As we are changed into his likeness, we obtain the spiritual discernment and consciousness so fully unfolded in him. It is a gift to those, who, by a believing acquaintance, walk with him. Therefore the exhortation, "Let this same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Doubts of the reality of the immortal life, and as a consequence the bondage of the fear of death, is the inheritance, the inevitable experience, of the spiritually unrenewed. They may have rational convictions upon the subject, — may reason well *about it;* but there remains to them *a spiritual blindness,* — a want of power to apprehend the truth, — a power which sweeps the soul's horizon permanently clear of doubts, banishing every dark cloud, and bringing full assurance to our need. That power is unfolded from within, and only by a humble walk with Him who. is "*the* way, *the* truth, and *the* life."

It is a new sense of the regenerate heart; a perception of faith and love. Therefore, to the sensual, the worldling, the unregenerate, it is excluded. They have no power to sense it, no capacity to realize it. The verities of the immortal life to them are as dreams, — as nothing. They walk in darkness, — in the fear of death and of retribution after death.

This is their "bondage;" for it is only by newness of life in Christ that men may have the discernment in question, and be enabled of a truth to say, in the apostle's exultant words, "O death! where is thy sting? and O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

As, in the light of this discernment, we look to the world above us; as we catch clearer glimpses of the glories there to be revealed, — the great realities upon which we are to enter,

yea, already are entering, — death loses its terrors, and becomes indeed to us an angel of mercy.

Arguments are no longer needed. We have the witness within, the power to apprehend the thing itself, and no longer need to *reason about it.* This assurance is vitally unfolded, and therefore brings a joy and peace inexpressible and full of glory. "Whosoever," said Jesus, "liveth and believeth in me shall never die." They shall not suffer spiritual death or the fear of temporal death; for it shall have no more power over them. "Life and immortality" is their inheritance.

TRUE LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A VIOLET, in the meadow green,
Bowed down its head with modest mien:
It was a charming flower.
There came a lovely maiden there:
With happy heart and joyous air
She came, she came
Blithe singing in the meadow fair.

Ah! thought the violet, could I be
The fairest of all flowers to see! —
If 'twere but half an hour,
Till, charming my beloved's eye,
She plucked me, on her breast to lie,
And, withering there,
In ecstacy of bliss to die!

Then nearer came the maiden fair,
Nor saw the violet blooming there,
But careless crushed the flower.
It sank, and, dying, sweetly said:
No pain to die beneath her tread;
No pain to die
Through her, and at her feet lie dead! H. T.

A SERMON ON COLD.

BY REV. J. C. KIMBALL.

Ps. cxlvii. 17: "His cold."

COLD is one of those agents in nature that we are apt to look upon as tending neither to the glory of God nor the comfort of man. The associations connected with it are, for the most, gloomy, sad, and desolate. It comes to us after the close of summer, as the ruthless destroyer of all its wealth and beauty. Its reign is marked with suffering and death. It rides madly over the land on the fierce coursers of the North. The orchards groan and sigh, and toss their limbs, at the stroke of its lash. The thousand springs of life in the meadow and forest are sealed up by its breath. It lays siege, with shriek and hiss and bugle-blast, to the little barriers of brick and iron that are built up to resist its dominion. And through the texture of our garments, through every crack and crevice of the house, it inserts its long and swift and viewless lances, keener than the blade of Soliman, ready first to sting the sleeper into agony, and then to wrap him in the iron peace of death. It is classified with famine, disease, and blight, as the great natural enemy of mankind, and is warred against with all the thousand appliances of art. The mythology of the Norse Edda makes it to be the great source of torment in the world to come. It is used in our common speech as the symbol of stupor, formality, indifference; the negation of love and zeal and strength, and of all those qualities which belong to the highest life.

And yet this frigid visitor, in spite of its bad reputation, is sent forth into the world as the wise and faithful servant of our heavenly Father. Its icy arms are laden down with blessings. The Psalmist, with a special significance, calls it "His cold." And, though in itself an unpromising subject, it may help to enlarge our conceptions of the divine economy, if we give our attention a short time, this winter day, to its manifold uses.

First, it has an important part to perform in carrying on the operations of the material world. Winter is the night of nature. The blast which sweeps down from the north, stripping the forest of its leaves and the meadows of their verdure and flowers, is no ruthless destroyer, but a kind mother undressing her children, and preparing them for a season of rest. The snow is their coverlet. She tucks them in with the ice. The clouds are drawn around them as curtains; and their lullaby hymns are sung with the voices of the storm. Meanwhile, it is busy in other forms preparing for them on awaking, a new supply of nourishment. It inserts its fingers into the tough rocks, and rends them asunder. It loosens the soil about the roots of the trees. It opens deep fissures in the solid earth for the penetration of moisture. And with its frosty spade, more delicate than any of art's creation, it makes the whole surface of the ground light and porous, and ready for the morning rays of spring-time. It is the sunlight's pioneer in the great work of progress; and it is through its faithful service that Nature is enabled with each new year to come forth, as a bride from her chamber, ever blooming and ever young.

It is one of the great agents which is employed at all seasons of the year, equally with heat, in the circulation of that fluid which is the life-blood of the material world. The water is lifted up, day after day, from the vast reservoir of the ocean, and carried, in the shape of clouds, far and wide over the land. This, however, is not enough. The thousand forms of nature's life are waiting to have it brought down to their very pores; and the question arises, How shall they get it? It is here that the cold comes in to solve the problem. The space outside the earth is all a region of the intensest winter. The atmosphere, which is wrapped around us as a warm blanket, is only a few miles in thickness; and, as soon as the clouds have risen to a height where it begins to grow thin, the cold currents of air rush down, and seize them in their mighty arms, embracing leagues at a time, and, with a power like that of God's might, wring them out in copious and refreshing showers over the dusty city and the parching field.

Then, apart from what it is doing at the present time, the surface of the earth is covered with the traces of a still mightier agency, exerted by it in some age of the past. It is well known to geology, that the glaciers, which are now found in Switzerland and in Northern Asia, were once extended over large portions of the globe. They were piled up by the cold on the summits of high mountains, and then forced by the power of gravitation over all the surrounding valleys. In their course, they operated as gigantic harrows and ploughs, furrowing the steep sides of the mountain, rasping away the solid rock, transferring immense boulders far down over the plains, and mingling those various elements which go to make up the fertility of the soil. Their agency is one of the most powerful that has ever wrought on the globe. And to this Titanic system of agriculture, all superinduced by the cold, we owe, in a large measure, the richness and beauty of our modern earth.

Cold, however, is subservient to the material world, not only for use, but also for beauty. Its realm, though different in all of its features from that of summer, is not by any means a scene of desolation. The same touch of divinity which pervades all the other seasons of the year, is found also in the works of winter. What can be more beautiful than the first falling of the snow! Softly and slowly, like the beating of angels' wings, it comes down through the still air, disporting and fluttering and trembling, the emblem of all that is holy and gentle and pure. There is a great hush of Nature, as if her children had stopped from their works to give a welcome to their heavenly visitor. And, as it falls white and soft on the earth, not breaking the bruised reed, nor bending even the tiniest leaf, wrapping the brown and naked earth in the best of all comforters, who is not reminded of the Psalmist's words, "He giveth snow like wool"? Each particle is a crystal, regular in its shape, and formed with as much care as though it were the shaping of a world. The forms into which it is drifted by the rising wind, being determined by some of the most complex laws of motion, are such as to exhibit, in every possible variety, the beauty of lines, showing

how God is able, from the wildest commotion of the elements, to evolve, by strictly natural laws, the most exquisite forms of grace. And then, when the storm has cleared away and the sunshine breaks over the scene, what a spectacle! The whole wide landscape is inwrapped in a mantle so white and spotless, it might well seem to have fallen from the spirit world. The dead leaves, and broken soil, and sharp rocks, are concealed in its soft folds. The stains and filth and blemishes which belong to earth by nature, are buried, as in the robe of divine forgiveness. And far away, over valley and hill, over wayside and waste, it stretches out in billowy luxuriance almost as boundless as the mercy of our Father's heart.

Then, besides what it is doing for the use and beauty of the world at large, there are many blessings and comforts which it is the means of bringing directly into the possession of mankind. It is the great antiseptic of nature. Its presence puts a stop at once to all kinds of putrefaction and decay. It sweeps down from the North in the fall of the year, — the season when the human body is the most exposed to disease, — and begins its work of purification. It seals up the vapors of the swamp. It drives away miasmas from their lurking-places in the mould of the forest. And, proceeding downward yet farther in its course, it meets in battle the great armies of the Fever and the Pestilence, and with its sharp thrusts, more powerful than all the appliances of medicine, puts them to a speedy rout. The cities of the South hail it as a deliverer. It brings energy and health and strength to frames which are wearied and enervated with the heats of summer. The children sport on the new play-grounds which it spreads for them on the pond and the hillside. And it stores up a wealth of ice, to be carried as a luxury into the burning days of August, cooling the hot brow of fever, warding off decay from the viands of the table, and, by its invigoration of the human frame, reminding us of the beautiful proverb, "As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him; for he refresheth the soul of his masters."

Yet all these blessings are of slight value, in comparison

with what it does for us in the promotion of our domestic happiness. It is to this agent outwardly, hardly less than to the religion of Christ inwardly, that we owe the institution of home. The people of countries where it is impossible to remain for a long time under the open sky, are led naturally to seek for their chief comfort in the domestic circle. Its attractions are found in their highest perfection, only among the nations of the North. Greece and Italy and France and all Southern climes, where the inhabitants are able to spend the larger part of their time in the open air, may have houses, places in which to eat and drink and sleep; but they do not have homes, places in which to live and upon which they can look as the shrines of their highest earthly enjoyment. It needs the touch of the cold to crystallize our dwellings, and make them refulgent with the light of love. The barbarous nations of the North, as far back as the days of Julius Cæsar, were noted for the cheer of their homes. The difference which is made in this respect by the cold is manifested even in the mythology of the Northern and Southern nations, — Olympus, the heaven of the one, being only a court or a council-chamber in which the gods occasionally assembled; while Alpheim, the blessed region of the others, was literally the home of gods, a social and domestic place in which they lived together as a family. The very word "home," signifying that which is close or protected, implies the occasion of its origin. And Cowper in speaking of winter, has well sung, —

> "I crown thee king of intimate delights,
> Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
> And all the comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
> Of long uninterrupted evening, know."

And how great are the blessings, which, under the name of home, are thus derived from the cold! The hearth-stone is the symbol of all that is most sacred and cheerful and sweet in human affection. Children grow up with healthy souls under its light, as plants do with healthy leaves under the blaze of the sun. The mother blooms in its ruddy glow to all the beauty of womanhood. The father's heart is saved by

its influence from the chill and numbness of the outward world. And, in its genial warmth, the spirit of the aged parent ripens the more sweetly for the great harvest of eternity. It is the Paradise of human love. The virtues of religion flourish in its atmosphere hardly less than in that of the Church. And if there is one place peculiar to earth, on which the angels of God look with a shade of envy, it is, on a winter's night, into the cheer and comfort of a Christian home.

Once more: it is the means of calling into action the energy and spirit and the highest powers of the human mind. The balmy atmosphere of tropical climates, and the superabundance with which all the materials of life are produced, tend to breed sloth and effeminacy and vice; but within certain limits, those limits in which the icy gales of winter are able to act on man side by side with the breath of summer on nature, we find that the cold tends to brace up the system, and to inspire the soul, and to urge on the whole man to energy and enterprise. All the great nations of the earth, all of those which have overrun and outstripped their companions, — the Tartars in Asia, the Goths and Vandals in Eastern Europe, the Normans and Saxons in the West, and the Indian tribes in America, — all these have originated in the cold North. I do not remember a single case in history, where a Southern people, in the long trial, have been able either to overcome or to resist the dwellers of the North. The great currents of humanity, unlike those of the ocean, are all to the West and to the South. If we wanted any better pledge as to the issue of the present Rebellion than the progress of ideas from slavery into freedom, we might find it in the historical progress of so many nations from the North over the South.

Then, too, it is the colder regions of the earth which have given rise to all of our great discoveries in science and art. It is Northern genius which whitens the sea with commerce, and yokes the mighty powers of nature, and reads geology on the rocky tablets of the earth, and marks out the courses of the stars. It is out of their home in the North that have come our civil liberty and our free institutions and our great moral

and social reforms. It is out of Northern ports that sail our missionaries with glad tidings of great joy to be carried over all the earth. The origin of religious liberty and of the Reformation was in the Germanic North. And if we now draw a line which separates Protestantism from Catholicism, progress from conservatism, faith from form, and Christ from Antichrist, we shall find it to be, in a large measure, the line which divides the North from the South, the realm of cold from the realm of heat.

We ought to thank God for the providential care which brought our Puritan Fathers, in spite of their intentions, to the ice-bound shore of New England. The frozen air which they drew into their lungs on that cold December morning, when they landed on Plymouth Rock, is yet inspiring the hearts of their children. It has not hurt us in the past, and we need have no fears of its doing so in the future, to be left out in the cold. The snow which has fallen from year to year on our shores has been to us a richer blessing than ever came from the cotton-fields of the South. The cold blast which has frozen up our rivers and our lakes has set free our thoughts and our speech. Letters and science and art have flourished on the wintry side of our hills. Whatever may have been our climate for the raising of grain and cattle, we have had three months, every year, that were good for raising men. And, while the icicles have been growing downwards to the earth, our church-spires have been lifting themselves all the faster upwards to heaven.

This reminds me to say, finally, that the cold is a blessed means of calling forth our Christian benevolence, and of aiding in the culture of our moral and spiritual nature. It does, indeed, bring to some of our fellow-creatures suffering and want. It creeps into the homes of the poor. It blights the weak frames of the houseless children found in the city's streets. It chills the traveller in his lonely path. And to the soldier on the night-guard, far away from the light of home, it comes with a wail and a thrust, which no arms and no vigilance are able to resist. But these sufferings, though painful in themselves, are the very things which appeal the

most powerfully to all the nobler sentiments of our nature. Christianity, in a world where there was no want and no woe, would lose half its beauty, and more than half its power. The human spirit is so made, in the divine economy, as oftentimes to feed the most bountifully on those very things which cause the body to die. It is conquered evils which make the best servants of virtue. And not the least of the many reasons which lead us to regard this world as a place of probation, is the fact that we are surrounded with so much that in itself is bad, and yet is made to enter largely into our moral and spiritual growth. The winter weather is the seed-time of the soul. The furrows in which we plant for the harvest of eternity are made through the snow to the homes of the poor. It is in the midst of its cold winds that the flowers of mercy and love and kindness are able to bloom the most beautifully. God builds him a temple out of the ice, in which there is paid him a diviner worship than any which ever goes from mortal's proud cathedral. It is on the frosty air of winter that the angelic song of our Christmas-eve goes echoing the most sweetly over the earth. The snow is not only an emblem of moral purity, but is also one of its instruments. The majority of our great revivals in religion have commenced in the winter. It is in cold countries that we find nearly all of our asylums and charitable institutions. The first blast of the icy North is the signal, in many of our large cities, for hundreds of gentle feet, seen perhaps only of God's omniscient eye, to start forth into their by-ways and their wretched homes on the mission of love. It is indeed a bad heart that never, in the storm, lifts a silent prayer for the sailor on the sea, or never, in the depth of winter, looks around the more carefully for a child of want. And though I am conscious that we perform only a small share of what is our duty, yet, in the great day, I doubt not that the most precious part of the sheaves that we lay at the feet of our Lord, will be those that were ripened amid the cold and snow of winter.

Surely, then, it becomes us, in view of the manifold service which this agent is performing for the world at large, to be

careful how we murmur and complain at the harm and inconvenience which it may bring occasionally to our individual selves. The Psalmist was right in calling it emphatically "His cold." It is the same loving heart which kindled the torch of the sunlight, and gave to the flower its dewy breath, that has laid up the treasures of the hail, and said to the snow, "Be thou on the earth." Its wild trumpet is blown ever to the glory of God, its myriad keen blades wielded always in the strictest accordance with eternal law. There is no malice even in its most blighting breath. With all the ruin which it brings to the richness and splendor of autumn's treasures, it goes forth to its work in the true spirit of a Reformer, — breaking down the useless old, only as a foundation for upbuilding the nobler new. Every winter's blast, equally with each summer's breeze, is an instrument of Nature's progress, both together being but the plying back and forth of that mysterious life-shuttle which weaves the world. And as now in the harvest of each year, so in that great harvest of the ages, when the ripe earth shall hang from God's field as a head of grain from its stalk, and the souls of men be gathered into eternity as the wheat is to the garners of time, we shall have reason to praise, as its means, not only summer's sunshine but also the winter's cold.

THE LESSON OF A DREAM.

I SAW in a dream a little picture representing a person riding in thick darkness, while another walked by his side, carrying a candle, which threw a little gleam of light along the road. Thus it was signified to me that one, who has not power to lead, may still be able to aid, his fellow-travellers by throwing some ray of light upon their way. Be thy intellectual gifts and attainments great or small, be thy station high or low, let thy pure and saintly life shed its light as an unerring guide through the dark places of the world! †

XAVIER'S INDIAN MISSIONS.

The life of the Apostle to the Indies has never been adequately written; his claims to the reverence of mankind have been put on false ground; he has been set upon the pedestal of the supernatural, as a miracle-worker; his character, so benevolent, energetic, intrepid, has been as necessarily buried from notice as the Roman girl was said to have been buried under the shields of those to whom she had betrayed the city. Of late years, Xavier's own Letters have been studied, beginning with his student-life, in 1535, at Paris, and ending with a Letter only three years before his melancholy end at Malacca, in 1552: being written with great care and considerable length, they deserve more notice than they have received.

As the Roman-Catholic missions claim immense superiority over the Protestant; as this enterprise of Xavier has ever been proclaimed the most successful of its kind; as a halo of unearthly glory has been thrown around his whole vast field of labor, — we have a motive for closely scrutinizing these remarkable confessions: we feel bound to estimate them dispassionately in connection with the well-known result, — that Christians of any name are hardly as numerous in India today as they were three centuries ago; and that, by building his Asiatic Church upon the Portuguese throne, Xavier insured its decay when the power of that third-rate kingdom came to decline.

Xavier went into the missionary-field with every advantage. The Asiatic Heathen were just waking up to the superiority of Christianity: they had detected its thousand imperfections in practical development, — the fire-arms it would use without stint to avenge even imaginary wrongs, the fire-poison with which it would degrade these feebler children of Infinite Providence, the grasping selfishness of many of its consecrated servants, the flagrant profligacy of official representatives of the most Christian majesty of Portugal.

This readiness for the gospel was so remarkably manifested

971500

just then, that Japan (whose gates have just been burst open by the war-thunder of European nations) was actually seeking some interpreter of the new faith among its distant isles, through a wanderer who was brought into Xavier's presence by one of the most remarkable providences on record. All India, too, was welcoming Roman-Catholic missions before his arrival who has been called the "Light of the East." Emissaries from the universal Church of Christendom were meeting the Heathen on their own level, — Franciscan and Dominican friars, inured to a life of privation, embarrassed by no family cares, inspired by the thought that as many as they baptized were saved from rolling in the endless flames of a physical hell. Those who have witnessed these devoted men in Oriental lands cannot question their enjoyment of a seeming advantage over the heralds of Protestantism, as their expense of maintenance is unspeakably less, their ease of motion unspeakably more, their capacity of endurance obviously greater, than the delicate New-England lady who is sharing her husband's Burmese ministry, or the fair children who seem only to waste their sweetness on the fever-smitten air. The Romish missionary has no wife but his Church, no children but his converts, no home better than the hearts of those he has brought from darkness into light.

Besides these two advantages, one of which was reproduced of late years in the Sandwich Islands seeking after the gospel, and the other has been surpassed by the organization of the Moravian missions, a third, peculiar to Xavier, was his being the front wave of a new spiritual tide. He was one of the six original Jesuits, the bosom-friend of Loyola, the admiration of all the more fervent Romanists, the manifestation of its new zeal upon a field where Jesuitism meant to put in the shade all previous triumphs of Christianity. The fact that Xavier made it his first business in India to dispossess all earlier Christian laborers, and intrust every thing to the exclusive care of his Jesuit brethren, shows that he felt himself to be the leader of a new sacramental host about to win more glorious victories than had been dreamt of before. The immense enterprise which he put forth, without any

knowledge of the native tongues, without any thought of carrying his influence deeper than baptism and the catechism, betrays to my mind the fresh burst of religious enthusiasm. Worldly men would call it fanaticism. The most gifted Protestant missionary, even if a born linguist, would never dream of dividing ten years' labor among as many different languages, through nine thousand miles of territory, and fifty-two separate kingdoms. He would object, that this was scattering the seed altogether too thin; that the result could be nothing more than a transient excitement of curiosity here and there, followed by profounder slumber; that the most ardent of Christian apostles confined his ministry to classic lands, where he could use his native tongue, and, but for the providential severity of persecution, would not have wandered as much as he did, while the other anointed missionaries of the Cross were mostly confined to some single spot whence they rayed out light as from the sun of a central system, — this, too, with miraculous gifts such as put an infinite distance between them and their modern successors. Xavier hardly attempted to penetrate beyond the sea-coast of the countries he visited; he allowed sometimes but a few months to a whole community; he made feeble endeavors to grasp the foreign language which he needed to know; he did little to erect permanent institutions; moreover, at the very root of his tree was a worm, placed there by himself, certain to consume its beauty and destroy its life.

This was the last advantage, as he thought, of his position; as I think, the chief source of its many troubles and final failure. He was the royal commissioner to the Indies; he represented the majesty of Portugal, then as powerful in those seas as the England of to-day; he went out with a fleet as a convoy; he assumed to direct in temporal and spiritual affairs at once; he essayed to open seaports as well as establish missionary stations. It was a task entirely unfitted to his nature, certain to raise up enemies, and utterly alien from the spirit of Him who declared that his kingdom is not of this world. As his monarch held rights of dominion over all east of the Cape, as this commerce-loving sovereign sought to extend his profitable trade throughout Asia under

special sanction of the pope, Xavier's influence was impaired by this effort to serve God and Mammon at once, — to start commerce, for instance, under the best auspices at Japan, and build up a Jesuit institution in connection with the Portuguese government: so that he was naturally led to lean on this arm of flesh; one of his Indian Letters stating that he "owed much of his success to the viceroy, who lately gave four thousand pieces of gold to those who profess the truth in the Christian cities." More than any missionary before or since, he required to be backed by the civil power; and the ultimate overthrow of that most promising effort in Japan was owing to the very principles he had introduced of interfering with the government of a country which had opened its bosom freely to his spiritual influence. After ninety years, the mission was destroyed, in fire and blood, by the jealousy of the Japanese emperors: they justly considered it as endangering the peace of the State. Xavier had sought to unite it as closely as possible to Portugal; had conciliated the confidence of one ruler by presents, had won the favor of another by diplomacy, had established political intercourse between the two governments. When, therefore, his Jesuit successors intrigued, according to their nature, with one party against another, is it strange that they became suspected, then hated, then doomed? In 1637 another emperor than him who knew this Joseph of Jesuitism thought he discovered a traitorous conspiracy to dethrone him, and smothered it in the blood of thirty-seven thousand Christians.

The astounding fact, settled beyond question by Xavier's one hundred and forty-two Letters, is, that with all these unexampled aids; with the advantage of representing a then universal Church; with the impulse of a new aggressive religious organization (which hesitated at nothing that could accomplish its aims, not even at the fiery terrors of the Inquisition); with the tendency of Oriental Heathenism to embrace a faith of whose shield it saw only the golden side; with the authority of a royal commissioner of the leading maritime power of Europe, and the energetic assistance of its viceroy, — his success was exceedingly limited. He did not strike beneath the surface, nor cover much of that. In India, in

Ceylon, in the Spice Islands, his labors were confined entirely to the sea-coast, where he was under the protection of Portuguese guns, and sustained by Portuguese governors. Even there, knowing nothing of the language, and approaching the natives through an interpreter, he was reduced to baptizing the children, and hearing the catechetical repetitions of those who had been made disciples by the previous missionaries whom he supplanted. In 1790 the Abbé Dubois writes, that Xavier left India in disgust, after a stay of about two years, disheartened by the immeasurable obstacles which everywhere met him in his apostolic career. Instead of his eulogist's statement, that, "in ten years, all the regions from Goa to the extremity of Asia were overrun, instructed, converted," his own declaration is, that he left India "in utter disgust at the thick-headedness of the natives, and their propensity to enormous vices." On the fishing coast, Catholic writers doubt his adding one to the list of previous converts. But a single Brahmin embraced Christianity under his influence; and that one because of the salary, it was said, which he actually received. At Malacca he accomplished nothing whatever. China he was prevented from visiting by his early death. In 1548 he writes to his sovereign, that he must severely punish any governor in whose district converts are not made; that any such officer neglecting to spread the faith must be imprisoned for many years, his goods confiscated, and all his property devoted to charity; thus making the progress of Christianity depend upon the systematic persecution condemned by the spirit of Christianity, — upon the lust of gold, and the ambition of preserving official honor. The very next year, he writes to his spiritual master, Loyola, "All our labor at present is to guard those already Christians. The natives so abhor Christianity that they have no patience to listen when we introduce the subject. Hence, since there is not the least need of my efforts in these parts, I have determined to start for Japan." How strangely this contrasts with the profane assertion of a late Jesuit eulogy, that "Xavier abandoned himself to God, and God abandoned his power to him"! But the divine judgment has been long ago passed upon his work in Japan, — that his maxim, of missionaries

doing nothing without the aid of muskets, was radically false; that besides the error of resting a religious enterprise upon the authority of a foreign State, of employing, to build up the kingdom of Christ, what Christ repudiates (the bribe of worldly advantage and the terror of the magistrate's sword), he had not learned even so much charity as to welcome the co-operation of Roman-Catholic brethren who had distinguished themselves by years of efficient service in the Asiatic field; but replaced them in every important post by new comers, who must have entered on their strange task under every disadvantage. More than this: his method, like every Jesuit's, seems to have been utterly worldly, — to gain the favor of influential people, as he wrote to Father Melchior Nugnez, by frequenting hospitals and prisons, and turn it to the credit of the order, as he wrote not many months before his death. Loyola himself had become dissatisfied because the neophytes relapsed to Paganism — had accused Xavier of being precipitate in administering baptism, — had demanded his immediate return to Europe.

The legends which Catholic eulogists have gathered around this sainted name, of converting a million of heathen in a month, of putting to flight a hostile army by a word, of raising the dead and saving multitudes of lives by some gift like his chaplet, are inconsistent with his own Letters, with his confessions of failure, and his dependence on the civil authority for success. It is an unspeakable pity that these biographers have not rather drawn attention to his beautiful character; to that rare modesty which made him write to Loyola, "Since I myself can do nothing;" to that noble forgiveness which sent help to a governor who had deeply injured him, but would not humble the fallen man by a personal visit; to that self-sacrifice which made him relinquish his brilliant prospects in Paris to bury himself alive on a Paynim shore; to the real intrepidity which made him the advance-guard of Christianity in far-away Japan; to the sublimity of his death, when, utterly alone in a shed of sticks, amidst the seaport din, without so much as the sympathy of a dog, his uncompromising spirit took its flight, leaving his body to be buried, without prayer or tear, in the adjoining

sand. That body now receives reverence at Goa; that name is enshrined in a magnificent church at Gotala; that right arm, so often enervated with baptisms, is embalmed at Rome; that soul, I doubt not, has long ago deplored the sensual man-worship which has so long obscured a character of rare beauty, a life of sublime dedication. F. W. H.

SUNBEAM.

Not from Loss, preceptor stern,
Will affection wait to learn,
Sweet Home-Sunbeam, how thou art
Dearly precious to the heart!

There is light transfigures form
In thy glance of lustre warm,
Gleaming from the oval brow
And the bright cheek's earnest glow.

Work thy rhythmic hand has wrought
Wears artistic grace of thought,
Industry's ideal measure
Moving like a round of pleasure.

Use and ornament combine;
Hands of love and labor twine,
Sending a diviner beauty
To the willing forms of duty.

Rooms arranged by thee become
All the poetry of home
Where the children's cheery faces
Shine with thy reflected graces.

Long may meekness earth inherit,
And late heaven,* loving spirit!
Cynosure of home! delay
On thy culminating way! R. F. F.

---

* Sero in cœlum redeas!

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER II. — INTERIOR LIFE.

It may be thought that a close intimacy would hardly grow up between persons whose ages were thirty years apart. I should have said so myself, before I knew Arthur Ashton. But, in conversation with him, I forgot the disparity. His life had had a so much better start than mine, that I never felt more painfully the deficiencies of my early education. By his thorough culture and habits of reflection, he had reached the questions which were then interesting me. It was like adding thirty years to his life.

Besides, as I came into his neighborhood a stranger to the persons and business of the place, I was, to some degree, dependent upon him for advice; which he always was as free to give as I was to ask. This served still further to abate the difference of age. Our intercourse at once took the form of equality. I think it would have puzzled any one to say, whether he felt the more respect for my years, or I the more respect for his insight.

Perhaps the knowledge that, in our rural retirement, we were dependent on each other, disposed us to take some special pains in mutual adaptation; and I have noticed that friendships which grow up in this way are apt to be both more useful and more lasting than those formed upon less consideration. At any rate, we met and talked with rare freedom and sympathy.

Among my first visits to Morning Side, I remember one which gave me a glimpse of his interior life. I have good reason for being able to recall the precise day. I had resolved to reset a bank-wall front of my house, and for this purpose had engaged one or two extra hands. On their arrival in the morning, the sky looked threatening, and the air felt icy; but we determined to begin our work.

We had one of those raw, soaking days, which often mark a backward spring. A snow-squall was succeeded by a few gleams of sunshine, and these by sheer torrents of rain; and

then the lighting-up of the horizon again disappointed us with mist and sleet that drizzled all day. Twice my men abandoned their work, only to renew it again amid the discomforts of handling slippery stones, and shovelling mud.

It was not without some disturbance of my equanimity, and some incipient dislike of my new country-life, that I went over to pass the evening at Morning Side.

I found Arthur sitting in front of a fire that blazed up in the old-fashioned chimney-place, and gave an air of cheerful comfort to the room. I learned that he had anticipated foul weather; and, providing some indoor work for his hired men, he had himself been all day over his books.

"A long storm," said he, "makes a red-letter day in my calendar. I contrive to get twenty or thirty such days every year. They come as peaceful and holy as a sabbath! The rain that patters against my windows gives me a delicious sense of security from intrusion, and then for some communion with those old master-spirits whose thoughts lift up our daily life! Now, neighbor," he continued, giving me the name by which he always addressed me, "if you had lived long in the country, you would not have tried any out-of-door labor to-day. However, you will soon learn to read the signs of the weather. Country people always expect heavy rains at this time, — a provision of Nature to fill the wells and streams, and to saturate the earth against the droughts of summer."

Neighbor.—Do you think that Nature has made any provision against a too liberal supply of this element with which I have got so well acquainted? because, judging from the soaked garments I have worn to-day, from the spongy state of the ground, to say nothing of five inches of water in my cellar, perhaps that extreme needs some limitation.

Arthur. — Ah! I see you have fears of being drowned out. But take courage; our hillside is high; if the worst comes, you may grow amphibious, perhaps reach the honor of gills and fins. Meanwhile, wait till next August to see how the adjustment of supply and need comes out.

Neighbor. — Oh! of course. But that is a curious fact you have just alluded to, — the secret faith which every one has in the beneficent processes of Nature. All indications of a primitive sympathy with that faith are full of interest.

Arthur. — I think so too; and country proverbs and traditions reveal numberless indications of that sort. No doubt we should find that every one feels the yearnings of that faith, could we only reach him. But country people, for the most part, know not how to express their feelings; and a consciousness of verbal inability to discriminate and describe ties their tongue. One cannot get into them, at least with here and there an exception, like Uncle Eph, whom every body likes, in spite of his oddities.

Neighbor. — I have not yet become acquainted with Uncle Eph, as you call him; but I have often thought what an explanation of superstition is this sympathy with an occult will and power behind what we see.

Arthur. — Yes; and here at Morning Side I have talked with many an unlettered laborer, in whom I easily recognized the promptings of that same instinct which of old peopled the groves with fawns, and the brooks with naiads, and gave a god to every tree and rock, and a voice to every breath of wind. Who will gently apply his ear to listen to the half-breathed articulations of that instinct here among the hills of New England? What a book of poetry he might give us! So irrepressibly does this tendency to the unseen bear us all, either to true religion or to superstition! And even of superstition, was it Burke who said, that it is "the religion of feeble minds"?

Neighbor. — I think I have heard the remark before: at any rate, it strikes me as somewhat suggestive.

Arthur. — So it strikes me. The fruits of an enlightened faith, and even the vagaries and cruelties of superstition, alike show us how deep planted is this tendency of our nature, which the lowest civilization has not smothered, and the highest civilization has not outgrown.

Neighbor. — Outgrown? If we expect that, we must not smile at the rustic who waited for the river to run by.

Arthur. — Quite so; for the same stream of humanity is ever flowing on. We should not think one talked very sensibly, who should speak of our outgrowing a love of music or nature or art. Who can doubt that the sentiment of religion is just as much in the make of our nature as these? If it be the tendency of all higher culture to prune away unworthy offshoots, and give a freer play to the better part of our nature, religion must come to be more and more thought of among men. We may outgrow our animalism, our doubts, our neglects; and every man come to see

that he is religious because he is a man, and that, by as much as he divests himself of religion, by so much does he divest himself of his manhood, and of its highest and noblest part.

And then, what a sense of the reality of religion does this view give us! showing that it is not an outside, artificial thing; not a badge or fashion or pretence; not an invention of priestcraft, or an instrument of police; but a living, indestructible need of the soul.

Neighbor. — "A still small voice;" and I think there must be few who have not heard it.

Arthur. — Perhaps not one. And who has not noticed how responsive to culture is our first fresh feeling about religion? We may trifle with it, and invest it with disparaging associations, so that it shall be impossible to restore it to our regard, and there shall be no more hope of us than of an Atheist; or, on the other hand, we may guard it from all aspersions as we would the name of our mother: it may give direction to our thoughts and reading, transfuse and shape our character, and become in time about as real as any thing in our whole life. We all have known those who have given years to its culture; and, perhaps, if an angel walked at their side, they could hardly be more guided and lifted up into a world of beauty and of infinite love.

Neighbor. — The common objections to the reality of religion do not seem the most valid things in the world, when viewed in the light of such facts as these.

Arthur. — Especially since objections probably come from those who have given no attention to the subject. In other things, we do not ascribe a preponderating importance to the judgment of those who know nothing about what they talk. A single case where a man can truly say he has given serious attention to religion, and knows, from his own experience, there is no foundation for it, might be a novelty.

Neighbor. — As to that serious attention you allude to, what is it, even in the case of devout men, compared with the amount of time and effort given to other things?

Arthur. — Ah! indeed; and this, too, when we see that all the higher susceptibilities of our nature are moulded only by long-continued care. Thus, the man who knows something about music, perhaps gives ten or twenty years of laborious study to the discipline of his taste; and then feels that he has but placed his foot on the threshold of that temple of harmony which is to be understood only by higher processes of culture. So, also, he who

has an eye for beauty in art or nature dèvotes his life to one branch of his subject; and then finds that two or three lifetimes are necessary to be able to measure that. What attainments can be expected in a subject higher than music, higher than art, if men never undertake its study with a resolute purpose, and give little attention to it, except at odd intervals, when they have nothing else to do?

Neighbor. — Perhaps you have here stated the chief cause of doubt as to the reality of religion, — that it receives so much less attention than is due to it if it be true.

Arthur. — And yet, neighbor, it does not follow that those are the best things which a primary school most develops, or that those may not be infinitely better things which that school, in the majority of its pupils, hardly awakens into conscious life. And, as this world is the primary school of humanity, who will say, that a germ of our nature is to be valued by the development, or want of development, that is witnessed here?

Soon after this conversation, I returned home, with the understanding that, in the course of a few days, I should meet Uncle Eph; the allusion to whom had somewhat awakened my curiosity.

On my way back, I could not but reflect upon this interview. It was not so much the substance of Arthur's conversation that impressed me, as his manner, — very simple and quiet, but with a look and tone that implied both sincerest conviction and profoundest feeling. The things upon which he had been speaking, he regarded as real: his farm, with its forests, hills, and rocks, was not more real.

I thought I saw a great way into his soul; and I am sure a dozen years' talk about politics and the weather could not have made him seem so near to me, — a fact, perhaps, somewhat suggestive of the direction in which our closest and most vital sympathies may be found.

Nor must I hesitate to add, that I went along the narrow path that led to my house with some feelings of self-dissatisfaction. The retrospect of a large portion of my life, though it presented no particular act for which I reproached myself, yet would have looked different, I felt sure, had I earlier pondered the destiny and meaning of humanity. What

might I have been, had I, when a young man, settled upon the plan of life which I saw in Arthur Ashton, and thus had, for the last thirty years that "good angel walking at my side," of which he spoke?

(To be continued.)

DE REPUBLICA BENE SPERAVI.

A MILLION years ago
(Possibly more, — great the uncertainty
Reading the rock-dial of history),
The earth lay hid in snow.

In mountains skyward piled
Nearest the pole, sliding thence southerly,
Blasting all life, regions now tropical
With not a floweret smiled.

The moon looked down and sighed:
"Beautiful earth! dazzling in brilliancy!
Gone are thy flowers, vanished thine animals!
Though bright, how dark!" she cried.

Ten thousand years rolled by.
Melting away slowly or rapidly,
Mountain of ice, snowfield, and glacier
Had gone; the earth was dry;

And countless graceful flowers
Sprang from her lap; over her continents
Animals roamed; man, as a sovereign,
Exulted in his powers.

The moon spake out again:
"Foolish my dream, thinking that history
Closed with the ice; 'twas the machinery
To fit the earth for men.

That awful march of ice,
Rounding the hills, smoothing the plains for them,
Grinding to loam richest materials,
Has made earth Paradise." H. T.

REV. JAAZANIAH CROSBY, D.D.

Of all the picturesque villages which line the banks of the Connecticut, we have long thought that Charlestown, N.H., is the gem. Every traveller who has visited it, will recall the spacious street, hedged with venerable elms, which runs through the centre of the town. He will remember the neat and tasteful dwellings which gently retire from the road, and the towering peak of Ascutney, which looks down upon them, like a protecting "genius of the place."

As if courting still greater retirement, in consonance with the spirit of its inmates, there long stood, just round the corner of the noble avenue to which we have referred, a cosy two-story dwelling, nestling under the shadow of sheltering maples and elms. Hither, three and fifty years ago, as the young minister repaired, not very long after the flock at Charlestown had been given into his hands, he must have often said, "Truly the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."

The war with England came, and found him there; the second French Revolution came, and found him there; the third, and still he labored on in peace; the war with Mexico came, while, in his sequestered nook, he still prayed for the coming of peace and good-will among the nations. Nay, the echo of the guns pointed against Sumter still found him there, and was answered, as of old, upon the Lord's Day, by the accents of his favorite hymn:—

> "No longer hosts encountering hosts
> Shall heaps of slain deplore:
> They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
> And study war no more."

From the time, when, as a boy, his eyes dilated, as he sat down before the coveted dish of baked pumpkin and milk, "eaten from the shell" as a saucer, and then went to bed to count the stars which glimmered through that log-cabin roof at Hebron, his peace-breathing spirit was manifested; since,

even then, he seemed to be made wretched by any approach to bickerings among his brothers and sisters. In college, whither he walked all the way, with his "basket and his store," an eager pilgrim to the halls of Harvard, he was watchful of every opportunity of improvement. He had, too, the power, through the attraction of his own noble nature, to fasten to him friends, whom to know was to honor, and whose love for him, when fifty years and more had tested it, was inherited as a priceless heirloom by their families.

A man who could win such friends, could not fail, when he entered on the coveted work of the ministry, to endear himself peculiarly to the people of his charge.

Radiant with sympathy, he went from house to house, among his flock, ever ready to "rejoice with all them that do rejoice," and "weep with them that weep." The fathers, one after another, passed away. The children, whose cheeks he had patted on their way to school, became fathers in their turn, and entered into the inheritance of the same heart-felt sympathy which had gladdened an elder generation.

Indeed, his passion for the companionship of children was one of the marked traits of his character. In the parishes which he visited, when "making his exchanges," there are young people who will always delight to remember that they were among Dr. Crosby's pets.

"Clothed with humility," he was seldom heard to speak of himself; but, out of an unfailing repository, he was glad to pour forth stores of anecdotes or reminiscences for the entertainment of his friends.

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorned the venerable place."

A living embodiment of the love which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," his simple and pertinent counsels could not have been lost upon the successive generations of his hearers.

Well do we recall the earnest solemnity of his manner, as he preached, some ten years since, the only sermon we ever heard him deliver, from the words, "Never man spake like this man." Dr. Crosby's manuscripts, moreover, down to

his latest days, were singularly neat; and there was a peculiar felicity in his way of expressing his thoughts, even in writing the simplest note of friendship. Thus the delicacy of his tastes seemed to be impressed upon the slightest work which he undertook.

When fifty years of this Christian laborer's loving service had gone by, his parishioners and friends gathered around him in thankful recognition of the guileless manners, the unwearied cheerfulness, the stability of purpose, and the Christian integrity, which had made him such a cherished pillar in the house of the Lord.

"Ah!" one of the unthinking may say, "it is easy enough to stay on so, hidden away in that peaceful vale, no storms to shake his peace: how would this quiet spirit have borne peril and hardship?"

As if to anticipate this carping questioner, behold how a sharp, stern trial of his faith and patience comes, and in a way his friends might have least expected! The dim daybreak of a bleak December morning discloses the pleasant parsonage in flames, and the inmates, scantily clad, fleeing from it at the peril of their lives. Yet, once again, the patriarch encounters the stifling smoke and thickening flames, that he may rescue something which is prized by his best friend; and then, —

> "They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
> Of Paradise, so late their happy seat
> Waved over by that flaming brand: . . .
> Some natural tears they dropped, then wiped them soon;"
> Then, "hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.
> The world was all before them where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

And now, from a neighboring window, our good doctor beholds books, sermons, raiment, rapidly perishing, only to recall some genial anecdote, and to tell it in his own simple-hearted way. Truly he did not "think it strange concerning the fiery trial which was to try him, as though some strange thing had happened unto him, but could "rejoice, inasmuch as" he was "partaker of Christ's sufferings."

The kindred and friends, the faithful flock, moreover, who had felt as if there were a peculiar atmosphere of joy and welcome about that house, "made with hands," the home of three and fifty years, were now enabled to see how much more noble than ever seemed the inmates of that dwelling, when torn away from those smoking ruins.

Truly "the fire" which "shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," had bravely tested theirs.

And when, a fortnight after, in a son's house, in another State, the crumbling walls of the house of clay fell also to the ground, who can doubt, that, to the glorified intelligences of another sphere, the spirit once enshrined within them bore the test of this sterner separation, and soared away peacefully into an atmosphere of love congenial to itself?

Dr. Crosby died Dec. 30, 1864. On the succeeding Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1865, the village gathered itself once more (as if no schism of theology had ever intervened) within the walls of the South Parish.

The services of commemoration * ended, borne by the hands of men, as in the simple, primitive times, the bier is taken to the wooded cemetery on the hill-side.

There, may there be many to find that he "being dead, yet speaketh," as they seem to hear the waving branches tell, in the words of Scripture, the lesson of his life: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God, as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." W.

NOTE. — Jaazaniah Crosby, son of Jaazaniah and Elizabeth (Gilson) Crosby, was born in Hebron, N.H., April 8, 1780. He graduated at Harvard College, in the class of 1804; studied theology with Rev. Jesse Appleton, D.D., at Hampton, N.H.; was ordained over the South Parish, in Charlestown, N.H., Oct. 17, 1810, and retained his connection with the society until his death, a period of nearly fifty-five years. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard College in 1858. In June, 1855, he was relieved from the active duties of the parish, by the settlement of a colleague, Rev. Adams Ayer, who resigned his charge after a little more than four years. In June, 1864, Mr. Livingston Stone was ordained as colleague, and is now sole pastor.

Dr. Crosby died, Dec. 30, 1864, in Cambridge, Mass., at the residence of his eldest son.

* A very appropriate sketch of Dr. Crosby's character was given on this occasion by his colleague, Rev. L. Stone.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The great organ which was placed in Music Hall with appropriate services, and whose marvellous powers have been so fully and graphically described by Dr. Holmes in the "Atlantic," has been followed by others of American manufacture in our churches and public halls. Chief among these may be mentioned the one in the Catholic Cathedral of this city, the new instrument in the South Congregational Church, and the organ in the public hall in Worcester. The Methodists, not long since, held a musical convention in New York, made up from the leading singers and organists of their churches. The occasion was one of unusual interest, and gave rise to an animated discussion of the question whether the people should join more in the singing. More recently, the lovers of sacred music have had their attention drawn to a series of choral festivals in Trinity Church, New York. These were conducted after the manner of the great choral gatherings in England, such as have taken place at the cathedral in Norwich, Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, and St. Paul's. In the English cathedrals, male voices alone are employed; boys, with pure soprano voices, taking the part usually assigned in this country to women. This plan was adopted in these choral festivals. The chorister boys of Trinity, of the Advent choir in Boston, and of the Holy-Trinity choir of Brooklyn, N.Y., numbering some forty or fifty, were subjected to a severe training for months. The city press contained, at the time, full reports of these festivals. The vocal music was accompanied by Dr. Cutler, on the new chancel organ, assisted by Mr. William H. Walter, upon the large organ in the gallery. The combined effects of the two organs has been described as grand and impressive. The selections were chiefly from the great works of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn. Among the solo performers were some of the most distinguished singers in the country. The new chancel organ, although not large, is, we are told, superior to

all organs of its class. The choral festivals proved a brilliant success. The lovers of music, both fashionable and devout, attended. Though there was an admission-fee, the spacious edifice was thronged, and the listeners were highly delighted.

All these events have served to stimulate the choirs of our churches, and excite a desire to use elaborate and artistic music. This is now carried to such an extent, that we often have snatches of the opera introduced into our churches; and the performers during the week, at the Academy of Music, sometimes occupy the chief places in the sanctuary on Sunday. We believe there is a danger that devotion be sacrificed to taste, and feeling give place to culture and effect. There has always been a connection between music and religious devotion. When the heart is deeply stirred, it utters its various feelings in holy song. The chant, hymn, and anthem form an important part of Christian worship. Thus far all agree. Now, it is because this elaborate and highly artistic music often robs the service of its religious effect, that we call attention to this subject. We think the tendency now is to sacrifice simplicity and natural emotion to elaborate and highly wrought music. The quartet has driven out the old-fashioned choir. Often the whole arrangement of the music on Sundays is in the hands of those who are destitute of any vital religious convictions or feeling. Do we gain by this in the great object for which music in the Church is established? To answer this question, it is well to be guided by the light of past experience. Among no class of Christians has religious devotion expressed itself in singing, more than among the Methodists and Moravians. Probably they have not carried sacred music to that degree of cultivation which it has reached in the Roman-Catholic Church; but these Christians have made it the means of a deeper and wider popular influence. As a counterpoise, then, to the tendencies of the times, let us glance at two of the most distinguished representatives of the Methodist and Moravian communions, — Charles Wesley and James Montgomery.

The early period of the eighteenth century is memorable for a marked religious movement, which, beginning in England, soon spread itself throughout the British Empire and the whole Christian world. At this time, religion had lost its hold, to a great degree, on the convictions of the people. In the intellectual classes, scepticism was rife, while formalism and indifference had crept in and overpowered the Church. At this period, a young student could be seen at Oxford, who, apart from his fellows, was meditating on the deepest themes of the soul. Endowed with unrivalled powers of logic, he was careful always to use his skill in the service of truth, and for the defence of justice. But, with this clearness and force of logic, there was united a deep and ever-growing enthusiasm. While other young men were spending their leisure in reading light literature, this youth was absorbed by the ascetic visions of Thomas à Kempis, or the healthier piety of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." Feeling more and more the stirrings of a profound piety, and witnessing the prevalent religious coldness and indifference, his soul wrestled in agony, and was touched with the Spirit of God. Under the inspiration of aroused and quickened religious emotion, he began a series of efforts, out of which was born that great up-rising of religious devotion, — Methodism. This young man was John Wesley, a name which will always stand forth as one of the most prominent in the Church. He and his brother Charles may be called the parents of Methodism. Doubtless, the movement had its birth from a higher parentage. It was born of the Holy Spirit. But they were the human instruments of this deep and earnest phase of piety. It is the gospel of love, and derives its greatest strength from the intensity of feelings it excites. Its great ideas are the nearness and presence of God to the soul, the need of repentance, and the religion of personal experience. It is an appeal to the popular heart; and the type of piety it has produced is marked by a hearty zeal and overpowering feelings. It is, in fact, an emotional religion, and aims to approach men through the heart. Hence its sacred poetry has been distinguished for its fervor,

and power to excite and stir. Truly aware of the influence which music exerts over men, the Methodists have always used, with great efficiency, the agency of melody. Not content with one kind of music, they have played on the varied strings of the human heart. Hence there is no type of religion which has excited and thrilled men more than the Methodist. While John Wesley was busy, organizing this religious body, his brother Charles, under the influence of an imagination baptized into Christian piety, was writing sacred hymns. The latter, with justice, has been called the Poet of Methodism. As this religious movement may, with propriety, be called lyrical, Charles Wesley was its representative. His conceptions were vivid, and his spiritual experience deeply emotional and varied. In his own religious life, he had felt the alternations of gloom and transport; been plunged into despair, or raised to ecstasy. He had passed through the dark valley of doubt, and risen to a glowing perception of the cross and its expression of divine love. Hence he was eminently fitted to embody the lyric piety of Methodism in hymns for sacred worship. As a poet, he was far richer in endowments than Watts. He had more power of imagination, — the faculty of throwing his whole soul into the composition, so as to make the feeling he expresses a real transcript of what was going on in his own soul. The varied Christian experiences which were real to him and the early disciples of Methodism were rich in inexhaustible themes. So his verse ranges from the "deeps of affliction, through all the gradation of doubt, fear, desire, hope, expectation, to the transports of perfect love, in the very beams of the beatific vision." — "As the Poet of Methodism, he has sung the doctrines of the gospel, as they are expounded among that people; dwelling especially on the personal appropriation of the words of eternal life to the sinner or the saint, as the test of his actual state before God, and admitting nothing less than the full assurance of faith as the privilege of believers."

Charles Wesley surpassed Dr. Watts, not only in the power of imagination as a poet, but in depth and vividness

of feeling, in the melody of rhythm, and the splendor of diction. As his soul was steeped in the spirit of Methodism, his hymns have a deeper intensity and fervor. His Muse ranges from the dark pits of despair to the highest ecstasy of joy and seraphic love. It has all the tumultuous heavings of the spiritual movement out of which it sprang, and is a lyric expression of this rich experience of religion. Numberless of the afflicted have found consolation in this sweet singer of Methodism; and the pious gratitude of generations rises up to bless his memory, and rejoice at his lofty strains of devotion, trust, and love. Who has not felt the deeper responsibilities of the soul, as they have repeated the well-known lines, —

> "A charge to keep I have, —
> A God to glorify"?

The Moravian brethren are among the most interesting people to be found in the Christian Church. Historically, this body of believers can look back to a period before the Reformation; but, in their present form and organization, Count Zinzendorf may be regarded as their chief leader. The Moravians have been among the most efficient missionaries, and have given rise to a piety redolent with all sweet graces and beautiful traits of character. Their devotion has always charmed the lover of goodness: and the heart that can fail to be touched by the simple, humble, but truly heroic labors of these disciples for Christ and the good of men; the man who can fail to give them the warmest tribute of esteem and love, — must be insensible to all that is lovely in piety, and all that is sublime in action. The Moravian brethren, like the Methodist, are largely influenced by religious feeling. The great central truth which underlies their Church is that of brotherhood. They are a sacred fraternity; and no communities have come so near realizing the idea of the true kingdom of God as the Moravian brethren. As their religion is largely an emotional one, their piety has uttered itself in sacred song. In their public and social worship, music is an important part. Their poets, stirred by the love of Christ, have written some of the sweetest and

most beautiful hymns in the whole range of sacred poetry. As a whole, they have not run into the excess of rapture and intoxication of feeling which belongs to some phases of Methodism. The strain has been more sustained; its melody, calmer and less violent. While their hymns have glowed with the fire of intense feeling, their fervor has been free from the lurid blaze of fanaticism. Those hymns which are expressive of religious consecration, or seeking after God, such as —

"Oh! draw me, Father, after thee,"

or —

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows," —

these, as well as those which sing of the love of Christ for the soul, are among the best of our devotional hymns. There is an aroma of exalted piety which pervades the poetry of the Moravians, while their sweet and simple music touches the heart. They unite, in their religious worship, chants and hymns; and, as they sing these in daily devotion from childhood, the sentiment of the hymns and the notes of the music are as household words. From the hamlet of the peasant, as well as the lonely hearth-stone of the missionary, the voice of sacred melody daily ascends in the praise and worship of God. Among the Moravians, the lyric tone of piety is full, harmonious, and rich. Their music is simple, such as comes from the heart, and is admirably fitted to awaken the purest sentiments. These pious men have enriched the Church by their contributions; and many of the Moravian hymns will live as long as the heart shall vibrate with joy and sorrow, lift up its voice in aspiration or prayer, be torn by human woe, feel the pangs of remorse, or yearn after the living God.

Among these sacred poets, James Montgomery is enrolled. He was born in Scotland, 1771. He was a poet by nature, and early gave evidence of his natural bent. Apprenticed to a mechanical trade, it became so distasteful to him, that he threw it up, and started for London. Soon his money failed him, and his strength gave out. Before he reached the English

metropolis, he was so reduced in his finances as to hire himself out as a shop-boy. Yet here the spirit of song haunted him. He could not rest. Soon after, he took up his tramp again, and entered London with no money, but only a manuscript in his pocket. His career, at this stage of his life, had the usual vicissitudes of the man of letters. We do not find that his poems were printed till 1792. After this, he goes to Sheffield, and connects himself with a newspaper. He died in 1854.

But it is not with these events of his outward life that we are concerned. Doubtless, on the day the lad, James Montgomery, with dusty feet, entered London with scarcely a penny in his pockets, there were many like him, who had first trod those noisy streets. Had he not, out of the inner life of thought and feeling, spoken to the heart of man, this youthful vagrancy would have no uncommon significance. It is the deep and lofty strain of sacred minstrelsy in which the soul of this Scotch Moravian uttered itself, that now gives interest to his biography. The light and glory of the inner life shines, and throws its bright radiance over the circumstances which surround him, and the events with which his outward life was connected.

Montgomery's hymns have the mark of finish and elaboration. Though simple in metrical structure and in their subjects, they were not dashed off in a moment's heat of poetic inspiration. After they were first written, they were subject to revision. His genius did not scorn to labor; and he aimed after the best possible expression and the highest finish consistent with simplicity, truth, and fervor. His poetry is a transcript of the heart in its religious moods. His Muse treats mostly of the feelings of the heart, instead of the sublime conceptions of God. Hence it may, perhaps, be said he does not indulge those daring flights of the imagination which belong to many hymn-writers, and among them Charles Wesley. His preface to the sacred hymns and poems, which was published with an introduction by John Holland, has the stamp of his humility. He was first universally known as a hymnologist by the "Christian Psalmist," which he compiled,

and to which he added introductory essays. He expresses himself as humbly thankful that any imperfect strains of his should be employed in giving glory to God in the highest, promoting peace on earth, and diffusing good-will towards men. That he has done this, a large number of Christians will testify. Many of his hymns will never die. From age to age, they will move and elevate the soul to loftier spiritual moods. We might give many examples, but will only recall that never-to-be-forgotten one, — "What is Prayer?"

There are others equally as gifted, if not more so, both in the Protestant and Roman-Catholic Church, — Cowper, Bishops Ker and Heber, Doddridge, and a host of holy men and women, — who, with the saints of the universal Church, have joined in the composition of hymns. In the Romish Church, special attention is paid to the music. It is more elaborate and various. But, in the vast range, there is much that speaks to the universal heart. From the fresh melodies lifted in the morning air of the Christian ages; "from the secret cells and the high cathedrals of the continental worship, where scholarship and art and power joined with piety to raise the Lauds and Glorias, the matins and vespers, and the choral harmonies of a gorgeously appointed praise;" from the solitary worship of the Huguenots, and the simple mission-house of the Moravian; from the sweet, devout hymns of the Unitarian Mrs. Barbauld, and the rapt melody of the Methodist, — out of every form of belief, from the time when angels uttered their first Christian chant in Bethlehem to the present hour, have the voices of faith uttered themselves in sacred harmony. All honor, then, to the sacred poet, who, in his hymns, expresses the lyric movement of the human heart, and gives interpretation to the deepest experiences of the religious affections and human wants! S. W. B.

Now that I have been in the Church [Romish] nineteen years, I cannot recollect hearing of a single instance in England of an infidel priest. — *J. H. Newman.*

RANDOM READINGS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

It has been the privilege of the writer to speak of him more than once since the hour, when, to our great sorrow, he was taken from us; and yet he cannot allow this Magazine to go to press, without setting down, at least, a commemorative word. We may say of him also, what Merivale, the historian of "The Romans under the Empire," says of Cicero, that "indeed he really swayed the commonwealth, not by the splendor of office, or the terror of the imperium, but by the influence of his character and the charm of his genius. It was the noblest, as it was the purest triumph, that any Roman citizen had attained since the days of an Africanus or a Camillus." * When such a man dies, the commonwealth mourns. Who is there upon whose eloquence we can call, when we come to need for Mobile and Charleston what was needed for Savannah? Large-minded, well-instructed, charitable, incorruptible, patriotic in the highest and most Christian sense of that word, a believer in the future of the nation, hopeful from the first to the last as to the issue of our struggle; as conscientious in his boldness as in his caution; as relentless in his warfare against slavery, since it placed itself outside of the law, as he was tolerant of the evil, so long as it kept inside of the law; consistent in the under-currents of his life, though seemingly inconsistent in the surface movements, which are so often exclusively regarded; cognizant beyond most persons of the thoughts and feelings of both parties in our great struggle; able to speak with authority of the past, not likely to be despised as a prophet of things to come; dear to the people, as the emotion which his dying called forth abundantly testifies, beyond most if not any of those whom they are wont to honor and admire and love, — it is hard to speak extravagantly of the loss which we sustained, when he, who was more than orator, scholar, diplomatist, legislator, educator, — great as he was in all these functions, — went the way of all the earth, and

* Vol. iii., English edition, 127th page.

we lost our first citizen; the man, too, who commended himself to us, not less by his private virtues, and the singular sweetness of his spirit, and his pure household conversation, than by his high manhood in our years of burden-bearing and tears and blood. That voice which rose so clear and hopeful above the din of our conflict is hushed! The Christian, scholar, and patriot is dead!

It was a wild, cold, wintry night. The storm was in the sky. The snow swept through our streets. It was not morning yet. Three hours must pass before that lingering dawn. He had been, he was still, ill, — but not unto death. His faithful attendant had come and gone, and found and left him sleeping; but, even then, the last golden sands were running swiftly out. He had passed under the death-shadow, soon to be changed for the brightness of the everlasting light. God sent, in his great love doubtless, one of his swiftest angels. The time was to be very short, — moments, not hours. Why not? The threescore and ten years had been given, and months and days besides. Each day had been filled with labors. The last days had been crowded with works destined to live in grateful hearts, and to be graven upon a nation's memory. The exhortation to charity had been pronounced, and had been heeded. What need of delays, and what mercy in a long season of waiting and weariness, and possible decay of that regal intellect, and dimness of the light in that kindling eye? Why should there be more than a step between that life in which there had been so much performance, and that death in which there was so much hope? It should be a sudden dying; and, since those who remained knew that his love for them was very great, there should be no parting word or look. So, in great mercy and unerring wisdom, he was called, in a moment, to close his eyes upon the earth, to open his eyes upon the sky which is never clouded, and to keep that holy time, that Lord's Day, which we called the 15th of January, in the house not made with hands, of which the Lord himself is the light. It was all right! but, nevertheless, it was with a very heavy and unreconciled heart that we returned to our chamber, when the faithful servant of the departed brought the sad tidings to our dwelling, in the early morning, and went his way, and we knew, and yet tried not to know, that EDWARD EVERETT was no more with us in a world and in a time which are not famed for their great men.

E.

CHEERFULNESS.

MRS. CHILD has an excellent chapter in her late charming volume, "Looking toward the Sunset," entitled "Moral Hints;" in which she describes the effect of a cheerful mind in prolonging life, and keeping the body in a good and healthful condition. Southey is quoted as saying, "I have told you of the Spaniard, who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and, though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.

Wesley said, when eighty-two years old: "It is now eleven years since I felt any thing like weariness. I dare not impute this to natural causes: it is the will of God." One year later, he wrote: "I am a wonder to myself. Such is the goodness of God, that I am never tired, either in writing, preaching, or travelling."

Thomas Fuller, whom, though he never lived to old age, we oddly enough call "Old Fuller," had a fine humor, which was the never-failing nourisher of cheerful benevolence and health of mind. His memory was as wonderfully retentive as his wit was quaint and sparkling. His biographers say he could repeat five hundred strange words in their order, after once hearing them, and had a sermon by heart on hearing it preached. His great-hearted kindness, which flavored all his jokings, drew all hearts to him; and it was said, "The windows of his small chapel were crowded, as if bees had swarmed to his mellifluous discourse.

He made a visit once to the "Committee of Sequestrators," sitting at Waltham, in Essex. The committee had heard of his wonderful memory, and asked him to give an instance of it. "I will," said he. "Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbor, and committed him to prison; he has a large family of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent; if you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his parish, *I will never forget the kindness as long as I live.*"

His "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," lately published, is a good book to be read in *our* bad times, for its tinge of humor and cheerful piety in the darkest days. "Music is sweetest," he says,

"near or over rivers, where the echo thereof is best rebounded by the water. Praise for pensiveness, thanks for tears, and blessing God over the floods of affliction, make the most melodious music in the ear of heaven."

Even death he could not look upon with a right solemn face, and is said to have selected the words as a fitting inscription on his monument, — "Fuller's Earth!" S.

FEAR OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

THE "Country Parson," in his late work the "Autumn Holidays," contends that the fear of future punishment in another world has little influence in deterring from crime. He ought to have added, that the reason may be, that there is so little belief in any spiritual world whatever, among men of grosser sensuality; and that future punishment, as it is preached in the old theology, is so arbitrary as to seem unreal, and is losing its power over all thinking minds. The following case is cited from the experience of a Scotch minister. No ministers, let it be remembered, preach the literal flames of a local hell in tones more awful than they: —

"His parishioners were sadly addicted to drinking to excess. Men and women were given alike to this degrading vice. He did all he could to repress it, but in vain. For many years he warned the drunkards, in the most solemn manner, of the doom they might expect in another world; but, so far as he knew, not a pot of ale or glass of spirits the less was drunk in the parish, in consequence of his denunciations. Future woe melted into mist in the presence of a replenished jug or a market-day. A happy thought struck the clergyman. In the neighboring town, there was a clever medical man, a vehement teetotaler: him he summoned to his aid. The doctor came, and delivered a lecture on the *physical* consequences of drunkenness, illustrating his lecture with large diagrams, which gave shocking representations of the stomach, lungs, heart, and other vital organs as affected by alcohol. These things came home to the drunkards, who had not cared a rush for final perdition. The effect produced was tremendous. Almost all the men and women of the parish took the total-abstinence pledge; and, since that day, drunkenness has nearly ceased in that parish. Nor was the improvement evanescent: it has lasted two or three years."

"THE HORRORS OF BULL RING."

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Christian Register," over the signature "W. H. R.," — initials which indicate a perfectly responsible and reliable source, — describes the prison at City Point, in which Union soldiers are incarcerated, charged with crime and awaiting trial. It is more horrible than Libby Prison or Andersonvill. Men are frozen in these horrible barracks, and kept immersed in filth and vermin. An officer, who has been a prisoner at Richmond, says he had rather be confined in Libby six months, than in Bull Ring *one*. In this horrible place was *a boy only twelve years old*.

It is no excuse that these men are supposed to be criminals; some of them awaiting military execution. It does not palliate, in the least, this abominable cruelty; for the torture of criminals, not merely *before trial*, but before execution, is execrated in any civilized country: and the disclosures of "W. H. R." should impel every Christian man to denounce these shocking barbarities, and bring them to the notice of the proper authorities, till a speedy end is put to this disgraceful inhumanity. S.

"DRAWING OUT INTELLIGENCE."

THE "Country Parson" has a sensible passage about conducting examinations, and ridicules the way in which persons sometimes try to *draw out* the minds of children by leading questions. We think we have witnessed examinations of the same helpful kind, — not, however, in Scotland.

"Wahl, deer cheldrun, what was it that swallowed Jonah? Was it a sh–sh–sh–sh–shark?" — "Yahs," roar a host of voices. "Noa, deer cheldrun, it was not a shark. Then was it an al–al–al–alligalligalligator?" — "Yahs," exclaim the voices again. "Noa, deer cheldrun, it was not an alligator. Then was it a wh–wh–wh–whale?" — "Noa," roar the voices, determined to be right this time. "Yahs, deer cheldrun, it was a whale."

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIII. MARCH, 1865. No. 3.

THE CHURCH OF THE NEW AGE.

An Address before the Ministerial Union, Dec. 12, 1864.*

BY E. H. SEARS.

The letter of your committee, which invited me to address you, indicated a subject which they supposed would be of interest, — "The New Church; or, the Church of the New Age, in its Relations to, and its Bearings upon, the Cause of Liberal Christianity." Before entering upon such a theme, we must come to some understanding as to what we mean by a new Church, and what we mean by that form of thought or belief which deserves the name of Liberal Christianity.

I presume no one will doubt, in view of all that is taking place around us, and within us, too, that we are in one of those transition periods which are called eras, — a period, that is, when an old state of things is passing away; when old institutions have had their day, and are tumbling into ruins; when old beliefs have become stale, and, from being the vital substance of the tree of life, have become the outer bark and covering, to be pushed off and crumble away. It requires very little sense of any sort to apprehend the signs of dissolution, both in Church and State, the rumors of wars, and the earthquakes in divers places; but it does require a sense more finely touched to see the sign of the Son of man in heaven.

* Published by vote of the Union. A few paragraphs, mostly near the beginning, were omitted in delivery, for want of time.

It is a fair question, whether we have not done with churches of any sort. Why may we not suppose such a new dawning of the life of God in the soul of man, that every one will be priest and temple unto himself, and our common humanity the only Shechinah of the Lord? Why not have done with priests and ecclesiasticisms, since every man is to know God by the intuitions and inspirations of his own spiritual nature?

There are two plain answers to this. The more clear and full becomes the dawn of God in our common consciousness, the more shall we be impelled to worship, and the more completely must the social element enter into our worship; and any number of human beings organized for social worship gives you the definition of a Church. Old beliefs and institutions will not require a priesthood any longer to defend them. New ideas, starting up through the common heart, or passing from the new heavens into the common mind, will unquestionably make common men kings and priests unto God. All literature, art, and science will be the priesthood; and we ministers must be satisfied to see our function, if not abolished, yet mightily diffused, and the distinction between clergy and laity well-nigh done with. But churches must be, whatever becomes of the priesthood; organizations for social worship and communion, and the furtherance of the great ends of human brotherhood.

Yes, and for another reason,—for aggression upon old evils and errors. The signs do not indicate just yet that human nature is everywhere becoming the tabernacle of the Living God. And the new truth not less than the old must be embodied and armed with both spear and shield, if it would be a power in the world, and cleave down its ancient corruptions, instead of being cleft itself, and trampled into the dust beneath them. Called by whatever name, an organization which embodies religious ideas is a Church; and, the more compactly it is organized, the more living it will be, for the simple reason, that the more life it will give unto others as an efficient force to change the world, and re-form it from the ancient ruins.

There are three modes of apprehending Christianity.

There is the Christianity of the sects, with whom it has become fixed in the old effete forms of faith. With them, it has no future. All its life has run into dogmas which the synods have defined and settled. Then there is the new Theism, which regards all that is distinctive in Christianity as becoming obsolete, and as a thing of the past. It is not an absolute religion, but one of the superstitions of the world, — useful in its day, but outgrown by the new age. It has elements of truth, as had all the old superstitions. These will be preserved and taken up in the new *cultus*, when a universal religion will emerge out of the traditional beliefs, leaving behind Mosaism and Christism and Islamism and Brahminism and Buddhism, and all other isms, as its cast-off and abandoned shell.

I need not say that neither of these is *liberal Christianity*, as its fathers understood it, or as we must understand it, unless we mean a flagrant abuse of language. It meant with them a faith whose wealth and power were not only not expended, but which had but just begun to unfold. They held it as the absolute religion, whose truth the nations had as yet only seen in twilight, and whose ever-increasing glories would reveal the fact, that in it were gathered up all that was good and true in the old superstitions and philosophies. It would supersede them, but would be superseded by none other. So they held it. It was Christianity freed of the old fetters, — greater than the creeds, and melting them and transforming them in its unfolding light and love. To be a liberal Christian was to be free of the bondage of sect; the mind open and receptive towards all the undiscovered wealth of the gospel, which eighteen corrupt centuries had only partly found. It was to be liberal, both in faith and fellowship, but a Christian still.

If this be so, then the Church of the new age must be in the direct line of Christian development. It will not abolish Christianity, but will be its consummate flower and fruitage. It will not abolish Christianity, any more than the stems and the leaves and the fruitage abolish the root and the trunk out of which they are produced, and whence come the juices which diffuse themselves in leaf and blossom. The newest

Church will at the same time be the oldest; having all the centuries to rest upon, and all the divine revelations as its background.

Of course, the question now comes, what and where is this highest and latest Christian development, casting off the old corruptions, and constituting the catholic Christianity of a new age? We shall not find it, I am persuaded, by a lo here! or a lo there! There are sects which claim this consummation; but the very claim is sure to breed the self-conceit and arrogance which falsify all their pretensions. On the other hand, looking away from denominations and bodies of men, all of whom share more or less the littleness of schism, we cannot help distinguising the *four* great currents of thought that are sweeping onward, each wearing deeper its own channel, each bearing its own systems and theories, which refuse more and more to blend with the other three. Our theologies are not of half so much consequence as our methods of theologizing. Our theories of religion are of vastly less importance than the life-current of thought that underlies them, and out of which they spring as the foam and the bubbles on the stream.

In distinguishing these four methods of theologizing, which characterize the systems of this day, and, indeed, of all days, I do not claim that the division is perfectly exhaustive. I think it nearly so. It is sufficiently so for our present purpose; and let us try to discriminate the marks and features of each.

It is plain enough that a man's theology is not something accidental and arbitrary. There is a philosophy of religion, which lies back of it, and a cosmology which is back of this even, which, if he did not think out himself, somebody else did for him.

I. The popular religion — what goes just now for orthodoxy — starts with a theory of creation which determines every article of its faith. It cogitates its creed in this way: There is a boundless region, which it calls infinite space. There is a series of ages, without beginning or end, which it calls eternity, which is simply infinite time. In this infinite

space, God dwelt through vast ages as the sole inhabitant. At length, tired of this boundless solitude and desolation, he rose in his might; sent forth a loud voice into the void; and, by a sudden divine magic, created the worlds out of nothing. Then the fields of space became peopled, and God was no longer alone. As he created the world, so he governs it, — not by laws which cannot be broken, but by perpetual prodigies. The system of nature is a grand machine, which was set going at the beginning; and the author reaches across now and then to stop or retard or hasten its wheels. These interferences are the miracles of the Jewish and Christian revelations. Hence heaven and hell are localities somewhere in this infinite space; hence the method after which all Christian doctrine must be cogitated. Since heaven is a *locale*, one can be let in or shut out by arbitrary conditions; somebody else can be my substitute, and bear the punishments which I deserved. Hence the resurrection, — not of the dead, but of dead bodies. Death turns us into spectres; and we remain such till we get our bodies from the graveyards, when we shall ascend, and bring up somewhere in the upper skies. Hence the punishments of hell, from which orthodoxy draws its pulpit machinery to convert the wicked; hence the orthodox eschatology, the second coming of Christ through space, and the destruction of the world in space. As it was made out of nothing, it can be burned up, or turned into nothing again. Every article of the creed, — the doctrine of Providence, the Holy Spirit passing from place to place, miracles, the atonement, retribution, the resurrection, and the destruction of the world, — all flow from the orthodox cosmogony, which determines its method of theologizing; and not only every article of the creed, but every conception of the believer about spiritual things.

It is very true, that this system is not always held unmixed and pure. Conceptions from other realms of thought get compounded with it; but, when they do, they always threaten its disintegration and destruction, and its converts have a sure instinct of it. For example: eliminate the heaven and hell which are conditioned, by the laws of space, and you imperil

the vicarious atonement; or eliminate the latter, and you imperil the two former, — the machinery in the conversion of sinners. Or take away the resurrection of the flesh, and the orthodox eschatology, with its theatrical displays to an assembled universe, loses its substantial basis; and, indeed, the whole system falls through the flooring, and disappears. Hence the tenacity with which every one of these is held and mortised into its place. The first chapters of Genesis must conform to it, though in defiance of all scientific discovery. The whole structure is mechanically seamed and jointed, and stands or falls together. Hence, too, the reason why this kind of theology admits of no progress, and must always be without a future. Whatever is put together mechanically must abide the laws of mechanism. It cannot grow from a principle of life within, like the palm-tree; but stands like the Egyptian pyramids, holding the mummies in its bosom, looking just as they did in the times of the Pharaohs, and just as they will when the last trumpet blows.

This is the theology of religious naturalism, or the nature-world projected into the spiritual; and, rightly enough, every thing in the system resolves itself into the divine sovereignty. Every thing takes place by strokes and jerks and jets of power; from the sudden shout that called the world into being, through all the miracles and special providences that govern it, to the last trump that re-animates the corpses, and the last conflagration that turns the world into nothing again.

II. But we pass from this into a realm of thought altogether foreign to it, and speaking a new language, or the old language with new ideas, — one that denies the orthodox cosmogony that the world was made out of nothing, and asserts, in the place of it, that the universe is produced *continuously* from God himself. Please note and emphasize this word "continuously;" for vast theories of man, nature, revelation, and immortality, are suspended upon it. Every thing comes from God by continuity, — that is, it comes without any change in its essential nature, and therefore without ceasing to be divine. Or to state the same thing in the language of him who founded this philosophy, or rather tricked it out with

new charms, "God is *immanent*, but never *transient*." He is life, and therefore he is motion, thought, feeling, extension. But this is all within himself, and he never passes out of or beyond himself. Thought and extension are not finite substances, but the infinite attributes of Deity. God alone is substance, and out of him nothing is. To say a thing is finite is to say it does not exist. The finite is a delusion, an appearance, an unveracious sham. The grand distinction in the divine nature is, the Deity as he is on the *thither* side of consciousness, the Deity as causal; and the Deity on the *hither* side, becoming conscious in man, and concrete and phenomenal in both man and nature. There is no consciousness in God on the thither side, in the Deity as causal, in God as he is above man and above nature; or, if there is, it does not answer to our consciousness any more than a terrestrial bear is like the Ursa Major of the stars. All thought, all consciousness, are God becoming phenomenal; and all nature is *Deus extensus*, God extended and concrete. Hence there are no *final causes*. God never acts with design and motive, because intellect, the νοῦς or the *logos*, belongs not to God on the thither side, but to God on the hither side, as he has passed into ultimates, and become phenomenal. Hence I can know God immediately and certainly; for I am always conscious of him, or rather he is always self-conscious in me. Hence a new philosophy of divine and self love. Love of self, truly cogitated, is love of God; for it is God loving himself. Man's love to him, and his love to man, and man's self-love, are one and the same, — God loving himself. The problem of evil becomes easily solved. There is no evil: that is the whole of it. What seems so, in the subjective consciousness or in nature, is only *Deus extensus*, and therefore a form of good; being the rough concretion of the immanent and ever-becoming infinite.

You see that I have only been giving you choice bits out of Spinoza; but they are bits which re-appear in lofty systems, which revolutionize all our ways of thinking and theologizing. Starting with the fundamental postulate, that the world is created from God by continuity, all the old religious ideas

become transfigured with magic light, and the old empty tanks are filled and bursting with new wine. Theology sublimes into poetry, and poetry sublimes into celestial philosophy, at whose touch all partial and isolated facts are merged in a universal and absolute science of things.

Of course, to go into these matters would be to write a treatise; but let us reproduce Hegel's Christology, as it emerges and gets fairly enucleated in the pages of his follower and expounder, Christian Baur, — a Christology, by the way, which divides the greatest thinkers of the age into divers schools.

Hegel, too, denies the actual existence of the finite. It is really a phase of the infinite; otherwise, it is an apparition and a phantasm. He accepts the doctrine of the Trinity with all his heart. The Deity is tripersonal: first, God as he is in his abstract being; secondly, God becoming phenomenal in man and nature; and, thirdly, God returning back into himself. He believes in Christ as the God-man. He expounds the doctrine on this wise: There are three momenta by which we apprehend Christ, — first, Sensually, or after the flesh, when we only see him as a man like other men; secondly, By faith, when we see him as God incarnate, or a divine humanity; thirdly, When faith sublimes into an idea, and becomes knowledge. Then the historical and individual Christ dissolves, and merges in the universal; God becoming man ever and everywhere, when our human nature becomes the universal Christ and the divine humanity. Stepping up over these sublime terraces, from sense to faith, and from faith to knowledge, the whole field of Christian doctrine lies below, surveyed from the serene heights of speculative thought. Christ's atonement, death, resurrection, and ascension melt and dissolve away as individual facts, and turn into universal ideas.

"From the standpoint of speculative thought," — I now use the precise words, — "the incarnation of God is no single historical event once transpired, but an eternal determination of the essence of God; by means of which he becomes man in time, in every individual, so far as he is man from eternity. The limitation and sorrowful humiliation which Christ bore as

the God-man, God bears as man every single day. The atonement perfected by Christ is no time-accomplished fact, but God atoning himself with himself; and the resurrection and ascension of Christ are none other than the regress of the Spirit to itself and to its own truth. Christ as man, as God-man, is man generally, — not an individual, but all individuals."* So, therefore, when you step up the third terrace, and emerge from faith into the Gnosis, historical Christianity exists no longer. Christianity swings clear of the earth, and sublimes in universal ideas. No matter whether the individual facts ever transpired: most of them did not, except to faith; and this ascended and universal religion never touched the ground.

It is a dispute with Hegelians, whether he held or should hold the doctrine of individual or personal immortality, or whether this, too, dissolves and expands in the upper ether of universal ideas. The death of Christ — and so all death — is the regress of the absolute Spirit back into its unconscious self to go the eternal round of new incarnations; becoming self-conscious only in man, and there only getting knowledge of itself. So that the later Hegelians, standing on the third terrace, where faith becomes knowledge, contemplate personal and individual annihilation as the moral sublime of self-sacrifice, and the only immortality which we ought to expect or desire: for thereby the gulf-stream of the Infinite sweeps us back to the pole of being we started from; or, as Schelling says, "The individual perishes in us; but the inward qualities which we possess re-enter into the grand whole of the eternal creation."

Curious it is to observe, that there is nothing new under the sun, that the latest thought is also the oldest, and that which calls itself the most progressive is at the same time the most retrogressive. Brahminism started from exactly the same point, and made its circuit, and came home again on exactly the same tides. The world is produced *continuously* from God, is the fundamental idea of Brahminism. The Hegelian Trinity follows inevitably under different terminol-

* Baur's "Christliche Gnosis," pp. 714, 715.

ogy. Brahm is the infinite First, — God reposing in the eternal silences; Vishnu is God become phenomenal in the glorious cosmos; and Siva is death, the unceasing regress of God into himself. This ancient gospel, preached now in Latter-day pamphlets, — if we may borrow its rhetoric, as only worthy to express ideas so great, — is the infinite whole, coursing through all history, amid storm-splendors and caliginous imbroglios and seething vortices and maelstroms of spiral darkness, on its way towards the sphere-melodies, the cosmical harmonies, the supreme silences, and the empyrean calms.

III. We come now to a third realm of thought, that of *Dualism*, — that God made the world out of an eternally self-subsisting primitive matter, lying off in chaos outside of him, dark, evil, poisonous, disorderly. He mixed up this with his own ideas: hence the world, and the men and women that live in it. We have only time to classify this method; and this is all that is necessary. You find it, originally, in the Timæus of Plato. The Gnostics struck this mine; smelted and worked its ore into all conceivable shapes and combinanations, which had lain fifteen centuries in dusty repose, till now it takes a new form in a system of ontology just published. In this latest form, the Church doctrine of the Trinity is reversed. The Holy Spirit is the first person. It forms a marriage-union with absolute evil and death; and the second person, the Father, is born of this union; and the third person, the Son, is born again of the Father from a like union. By another union still, with evil and death, the Son creates the universe. Such are the descending spheres of existence. Intellect, truth, is internal, belonging to the divine sphere; good is relatively external, coming from the death-sphere: therefore, man is internal, orderly, and vital; woman, external, disorderly, and destructive. Nature, being finite, external, comes from the death-sphere, therefore is not the analogue of angel-life, reflecting directly the attributes of God. It only shows God by complete inversion, and, like Hebrew, is to be read backward. The African race, belonging to the feminine sphere, are disorderly and destructive, and must be kept in bondage to the Circassian, which alone is progressive.

This latest form of dualism deserves to be studied as an attempt, with the most serious and praiseworthy intent, to reconstruct theology in a new intellectual system of the universe. The want is not in metaphysical ability, but in the untempered mortar, which leaves no two stones of the building coherent, and no department within it where one's head is safe for a single moment from a tumble-down. Having begun with an inversion in the divine nature, making its union with evil necessary to its "definite consciousness," it proceeds to turn humanity inside out, and nature upside down, and makes man, not the pure child of an infinite Father, but a cross between God and the Devil. As its categories cannot be conceived without conflict of thought, so they cannot be expressed without solecism of language and terms of self-contradiction. There are two spheres of absolute being, absolute and yet essentially related, — one of them absolute death, and yet eternally self-subsisting; one absolute life, yet depending upon the other for definite consciousness; both universal, yet each excluding the other; in absolute antagonism, yet joined in marriage-union. The Holy Spirit is without form and definite consciousness, at the same time, *a person, incarnated, embodied,* and *phenomenal.* God exists in three persons, while man, who is God's image, is in one person. Divinity, humanity, and nature, all being read backward, and turned inside out and upside down, the moral law is read backward and turned upside down by the same rule. The finer, interior, feminine element is made the exterior and lower one, and is antagonistic and destructive. The coarse, exterior, masculine element is made the interior and higher one, and is vital, — an inversion which legitimates the moral code of Richmond and Charleston that makes property of black men, and the code of Constantinople and Samarcand that makes property of women, without reference to color. The keys of dualism may fit all the wards of the universe; but they turn the bolts the wrong way, and convert the wards into Libby prisons and Bastiles.

IV. I have discriminated these three realms of thought, each with its own cosmology, because otherwise I should not

be half so well understood in what follows. We come now to a fourth starting with a different postulate, and thence shaping every article of faith in different receptacles and moulds.

Full thirty years before John wrote the Golden Proem, — assuming that he did write it, — Paul, in one of the highest moments of his inspiration, enounces what is called the Logos doctrine in the following words: —

"The Son is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of the whole creation; for by him are all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or lordships or principalities or powers; all things were created by him and for him: and he precedes all things, and by him all things stand together. For it pleased God that in him the whole Pleroma should dwell."

John, thirty years afterwards, only re-affirmed what Paul had enounced and reiterated with vastly greater fulness. The Logos was in the beginning. It was with God, it was God. All things were made by it, and, what he meant to be emphatic, *without it nothing was made that was made.* This is not original with Paul or John, but was distinctly foreshadowed in the later Hebrew Scriptures, and dimly felt after, though not till now emerging to the clear splendor of a revelation.

Plainly they oppose two of the besetting heresies of all ages. There is no eternal evil matter; no *Hyle* out of which the world was shaped; nor is it a *continuous* flux and reflux of the Deity. The All-good flows not down unbroken, determined to no ends and with no final causes, coming to self-consciousness only in man, and having its first visible phasis in stars and planets, and boys and girls. A philosophy ghastly enough, because it shows the All-good without its Logos, therefore sunk in humanity, or swamped in the dumb forces of the universe. Between the All-good and nature is the divine intellect, which receives the divine life; makes it self-conscious; turns it to its ends; moulds it in endless forms of beneficence and beauty: so that all things created are its prints and copies, and instinct with mind. And "*design*" is traced on every planet that rolls, and every leaf that flutters; and all "things that are made" are displays of the Eternal

power and Godhead. Nature is not poisonous, but sweet and pure. All things consist or "stand together," being determined to one end; and so the divine Logos creates all things, and is in all things as the grand Nexus of the universe.

The Logos doctrine was elaborated in the Alexandrian school of theology for two centuries, from Pantænus to Athanasius, — a school which did nearly all the brain-work of the Church for three hundred years.

I must pass over this exceedingly interesting chapter, simply by stating conclusions to which some study of it has impelled me, and which, I believe, any one by the same study will abundantly verify. It is a school which did more for high and profound Christian thinking than all other schools together, ancient and modern; standing most nearly and directly in the line of apostolic succession; unfolding the Christian theology in the golden light of its morning hour, and before its first deep and plastic inspirations had become cold. They wrought with the finest subtilty of the Greek mind, but, at the same time, with an oriental grandeur of conception, quickened by the gospel in its first unsullied purity; and in both these, the subtile and the grand, they shame our creeping and clumsy occidentalism. It has been common with us Unitarians to charge them with Platonizing, — following Priestley, into whose slough of materialism no spiritual idea ever entered, without being straightway extinguished. That the Logos doctrine, as they received it and developed it, and on which the Church has lived ever since, is not Platonic, but Palestinian, has been shown by one of our ablest scholars (see "Christian Examiner," January, 1863), and at greater length by Dorner, in his magnificent work on the "Person of Christ." Moreover, there is one thing which distinguishes Platonism in all its forms, and separates it heaven-wide from the Alexandrian Church theology, and from all Church theologies. Platonism involves dualism ever and everywhere; from Plato to Philo, from Philo to Marcion, and from Marcion down to the latest ontology. Take out dualism, and it is no more Platonism; it is like taking Hamlet out of Hamlet. Now in the Chris-

tian theology, as it was unfolded by the Alexandrian Church, there is not the least smell of dualism: not so much as a breath from that fetid smoke ever passes over the brightness of its virgin beauty. The world is the pure creation of God, — not out of nothing, nor yet out of a primitive chaos, but out of his own Logos — the visible form and pulchritude of his own eternal essence. The Logos is born eternally of the Father, says Origen; that is, born all the while, just as man's reason is the living birth of his unfathomed love; or, to use the favorite metaphor of these fathers, just as the solar light is always born of the solar fire. The divine life always flows through this Logos which creates the worlds, creating them not once but all the while, and immanent in them, — a life within nature; a reason within man's reason; always mediating between God and his creatures; making the angels purer; making men into angels; turning even the fiends heavenward; making nature its fresh print and symbol; making itself the medium through which God sees the universe rise towards himself into nearer degrees of resemblance, for ever and ever.

The Logos doctrine drove Platonism clean out of its way, in all the Gnostic shapes which Platonism took on; just as the sun drives the vapors before his face, though changing them sometimes into gilded fog. It was opposed in turn by Arianism, which is not so much a system as a conglomerate of stupid and shapeless absurdities; inasmuch as it makes a finite being, who himself was made out of nothing, the creator of the cosmos; whose revolving glories of day and night, and even and morn, therefore, never reveal God to us, or lead us up to him, but only to a finite Demiurgus, — God remaining on the thither side of an impassable gulf, driven farther back into the unkown eternities than Greek or Jew ever conceived him to dwell. BEGOTTEN, BUT NOT MADE, was the simple formula which the ante-Nicene fathers applied to Christ, as opposed to Arianism; and, in so doing, they saved Christianity from a fatal relapse into Paganism, and made it give God to his universe, and his universe back to him.

We pass over the mediæval gulf, where the Logos doctrine

broke into Tritheism. It is curious to note, how, in our modern controversies and system-building, we do little more than repeat over and over, in coarser fashion, what the Greek mind, both with finer dialectics and more comprehensive grasp, brought out in endless variations of light and shade in the discussions of the first four centuries.

Directly in the line of development which joins the modern to the first Christian ages, I should place Emanuel Swedenborg. A competent and exhaustive criticism upon his works, clearing the permanent from the transient, the pure gold from the heaps of sand which embed it; his undoubted divine intuitions from private and personal mixtures of all sorts, — is an urgent desideratum. Almost any reader of his works, who reads as a rational believer, will find that they readily fall asunder into three parts, — that which is simply out of the sphere of reason, baseless and bizarre, and floating off into fantasy; that which comes colored and falsified from his *peculium*, and which was infested excessively with seething passions, as is shown in the confessions of his late-discovered diary; and that which broke upon his clear vision, as it rose out of these limitations, and opened above them. In this last category will be found some of the highest truths of Christianity, set forth with an order and universality never before apprehended by the Church theology.*

* In the first division here named, I think Swedenborg's discoveries of people in the moon and the planets and stars are to be ranged; and some of his memorable relations and visions, in which St. Paul and other worthies appear among lost spirits. The verdict of science is, thus far, that the moon is not inhabited or inhabitable; and, since Swedenborg's day, several new planets have been discovered, — all of which he uniformly skipped over in his celestial journeys, placing Saturn on the extreme verge of the planetary system. He found the patriarch David in hell; but, we believe, discovered afterwards that it was some other David. Probably he has discovered the same mistake, by this time, in regard to St. Paul. The illusions of modern spiritualism show abundance of like phenomena. Under the second head above made, Swedenborg's doctrine of the eternity of the hells, I have no doubt, is to be ranged, as having the coloring of his Lutheran theology. I have been accustomed to range his "Scortatory Love" in the same category, as strongly colored by Swedenborg's "*proprium*;" but a friend near me, of profound insight, assures me, that the most accomplished physiologists accord to Swedenborg in that book a knowledge of the darker mysteries of human nature, of deeps below the deeps, — such as the most thorough science of man is alone competent to judge of. The new-discovered diary referred to is a fragment which came into the possession of Dr. Wilkinson, of London, entitled "Dreams." In this, Swedenborg, on the eve

What Swedenborg has done as a contribution to ontological and theological science, and which will remain when all his crudities and fantasies have cleared off, may be classified, I think, under four heads; and the time restricts me to a simple statement of them.

1. Such a re-affirmation and explication of the doctrine of the primitive Church, as clearly hypostatizes the Logos, and yet preserves the divine unity. The ante-Nicene fathers hovered all the while on the verge of ditheism, though none but the Arians went down grossly and heavily into it. They denied that the Logos was an attribute, a quality: they affirmed resolutely its *hypostasis*; and yet they did not conceive it as a person separate from the Father, in the modern sense of the word "person." What was it then? The question never gets a clear answer, even in the primitive Christian consciousness. It does in Swedenborg. An answer, too, not dogmatic, but posited on the essential principles of being, — though there is no time to explicate his doctrine here. The divine love and wisdom are not attributes, but co-essences; and so the divine nature is not bare unity, but an organism. The Logos is an hypostasis, in which God comes into full self-consciousness and personality, — a divine humanity above man or nature or angel. The old Church doctrine is re-affirmed to rational thought, — the Son begotten eternally of the Father, and the Holy Spirit an eternal procession from the Father and the Son, as the Latin Church has it; and the mazes of Tritheism, and the gulf of Pantheism, are both avoided.

2. The law that governs *degrees of existence* in the creation is evolved from the clearest ontological ground. Swedenborg affirms, as a fundamental postulate, that God creates the universe from himself. But it proceeds from him not by *continuous* but DISCRETE DEGREES. That is to say: Life flows

---

of his illumination, goes through the deepest agonies of repentance and conversion, and reminds us of the confessions of Augustine. It spoils him as an immaculate saint, or an uncolored medium of divine truth: it brings him vastly nearer to our hearts as a brother sinner and helper, tainted with our infirmities, and emerging out of them into a sweeter and broader humanity than the model saints ever arrive at.

ever from God to the utmost boundaries of being. But, when it flows beyond the self-conscious divine sphere, it ceases to be God, and becomes finite. It is not now *Deus extensus*, but substance *discreted* and *dirempted* from God, forming first a spiritual world below him, spread out on its own plane of phenomenal existence, reflecting the divine attributes and glories, but not itself divine.

As the divine life flows still farther on, it changes again, and becomes not spiritual substance, but material; spreading out, still lower down, this platform of existence which we call nature, — not a continuity of spiritual substance, but having its own laws of being, reflecting the light and beauty of a spiritual world, but not that world; separated from it, not by continuous degrees of more or less, but discrete degrees of kind. Paul had affirmed with emphasis the same thing. There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one thing, and the glory of the terrestrial is another thing. Matter is not spirit made gross, nor is spirit subtilized matter, nor are either of them the divine substance. So the tiers of existence ascend, rank above rank, even to the foot of the throne, — natural substance, spiritual, divine, each on its own plane of being, — not growing more spectral and attenuated, but more intensely real, as you ascend. Man is both natural and spiritual; and so his regress towards God, out of nature, is not into the infinite All where his individual being dissolves in Hegelian universals, but into a spirit-world where individual life is more plenary and bright than ever, — a world of form and substance, but not natural, nor under natural law.

> "Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
> In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,
> An ampler ether, a diviner air,
> And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
> Climes which the Sun, who sheds the brightest day
> Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

3. Again: the *law of analogies* is re-affirmed by Swedenborg. He has not discovered it, but he gives it a new setting and philosophical import. Since the spirit-world is not created from nothing, nor from primitive chaos, but is an emanation from God himself; and since the nature-world is an

emanation from the spiritual still lower down, — each is imaged and represented, the higher in a lower, God in the spirit-world, and both God and the spirit-world in the natural. And so nature is the analogue of spirit, and points thither; and both nature and spirit are the analogue of the divine, and reflect its attributes and charms. Kant's notion, that we cannot reason from phenomena to noumena, is scouted as a heresy that shuts man up in darkness, and hides from him the key of knowledge. And Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, starting from the same Kantian absurdity and nonsense, which asserts that the finite cannot reveal the Infinite, and therefore that the whole business of theology is *regulative*, giving us words to say, and *pater nosters* to chatter, which have no rational contents in them verified to the reason, is shown to have its worthy application to apes and parrots, and not to rational men. Nature is the solid floor on which we ever stand, and from which we rise upward, — from the natural to the spiritual, and from the spiritual towards the divine; the higher always being revealed in the lower, and making it the print and mirror of itself.

4. Again: the law of influx has an essential place in Swedenborg's theology. Though the universe is not *Deus extensus*, God is still immanent in it as the inmost preserving life of all degrees of existence. He is not in us by his own essence, — that would make us gods, — but he is in us, and in all finite things, *by immediate influx from his essence;* and hence he is both transitive and immanent. Beneath all time-surfaces; beneath our own self-consciousness, — though never breaking into it to destroy our freedom, or swallow up our personality, — is this never-ceasing influent divine, guiding all things, subordinating evil, giving a unity to all history and all nature; the profound ocean-calm, whose inaudible ongoings underlie all our surface agitations and troubles, our hopes and our despairs, bearing the world onward through its crises and endless cycles, —

> "The grander sweep of tides serene
> Our spirits yearn to know."*

* Swedenborg's doctrine of *mediate* influx we have not touched upon.

Thus, in God's egress out of himself, he creates all degrees of existence, from angel to mineral. In his regress back to himself, he does not abolish the finite, or merge the individual in the Infinite, but fills it with a more pulsing life and an intenser glow; keeping nature sweet and warm with its beams, mitigating evil, regenerating man, "washing the angels white along its road," and so giving the universe back to God.

In regard to the Divine Incarnation, the Word made flesh, Swedenborg elicits nothing new, and is not consistent with himself. He is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else. He reproduces in all its essential features the theory of Apollinaris, which denies to Christ a human soul, and makes his natural humanity an outward mask rather than an incarnation; so that Christ does not assume our whole nature, but only the outside appearance and shell. In the primitive theology, and under its immediate influence, this whole subject was developed with a power and a full-orbed completeness, not to be found in the great mystic, giving to the Christology of the Church a realism, a humane tenderness, a warm sympathy of Christ with man, a practical working, and a renewing and redemptive power, which Swedenborgianism has never had, and which, so long as it remains an "ism," I think, never can have.

What appear as Swedenborg's crudities and fantasies, however, are extraneous to his essential system, which has a unity of its own, and an organic connection with Christianity, such as avouches itself the genuine development of the Christian system. His cosmology, his theology, and his pneumatology are the Christian revelation breaking into more full and rational light from the seals of the letter which had kept and preserved it. Even his defective Christology — for such I must regard it — is readily supplied, and almost complements itself, from the principles of ontology, which lie farther towards the heart of his system. It is proof of his admirable catholicity, that the truth which flows into his more unconscious utterance transcends the formulas and definitions which he puts upon it, and that herein he is greater than Swedenborg.

But I must stop here: I indicate merely the three main currents of thought, which have channelled their way deeper and deeper, and in their future course, I am persuaded, will strive more and more to suck every craft into them. Dualism we may leave out of the account, as foreign to this age, and not capable of being galvanized into life. There remain to us *religious naturalism*, which admits of no development, and therefore will have no future: *Hegelianism*, which, following its prime principle and cosmogony, can have but one class of results, — the apotheosis of man; the divine personality sunk in man, and swamped in the forces of nature; and the Christian immortality exhaling, to the gossamer consistence of a ghostly dream, — a system having its development outside the Christian consciousness, and trending farther from it every hour: or, thirdly, *the Church Logos-doctrine*, starting with a totally different cosmogony, having its development within the Christian consciousness, as the focal centre of all its life and growth, bearing the Church onward with the vast wealth of ages in its bosom, never shoaled in the dead waters of religious naturalism, never sucked into the devouring jaws of Pantheism. Its course is not ended, — yea, will never end. It cleared dualism and Arianism out of the way; and, at this moment, it is clearing the higher and more spiritual forms of orthodoxy, of Tritheism. By the Logos, made flesh in the Christ, it posits Christianity as the absolute religion, in harmony with nature, and complementing its light; being the same Word that created nature, and out of which nature ever breaks into life and flower. Not that all mysteries are solved by it, or ever will be. For to pour light upon one subject is to bring others into contemplation, which before had not been within the reach of thought.

To resolve the mysteries of religion does not diminish their number. Divine revelation, and *because* it is divine, is an ever-unfolding series. When the telescope turns clouds of haze into suns and firmaments, other clouds of haze from the region of blank vacuity straightway swim into its field. If Christianity be what it claims to be, — absolute, its revealments, like nature's, will never end, but will always be fresh and new.

Liberal Christianity cannot be satisfied with its meagre Unitarian traditions, and remain liberal. It cannot develop outside the Christian consciousness, and remain Christian; nor on its extreme circumference, shading off into generalizations and mere rhetoric and word-magic, and thence into nothing. It must develop from within the Christian consciousness, and from its sun-bright centre, — having all the Christian ages behind it as its own, and authenticating its endless future. The Church of the new age evidently will not be less Christian, but a great deal more, — not a sect, but a Church catholic, losing no truth by the way, nor growing partial and one-sided, but bearing all the treasures of the past along. This very doctrine of influx would show, that its ingress is silent and unseen into art, into science, into theology, into politics, into philosophy; creating them all anew, and setting them in new relations, and in a higher and more comprehending unity.

Such a man as so wholly giveth himself up to God, and continueth standing in such resignation with his *will*, he will, in the end, when the grace moveth in him, find and *feel* what grace and divine love is. When the divine fire is kindled in his *life*, then he will feel and taste what Christ in him is, and find quickly how he is become another man of other thoughts and will.

This is a Christian, and worthy for *the communion of saints*, who is entered into this process, and converseth therein. And others who go out of custom, and account Christ's testament for an outwardly *imputed grace*, and as a work done believingly, appropriate it to himself, and will receive it as a gift, but will *not* be new-born, and be another man, of other thoughts and will, and keep the defiled cloak of sin in the *conscience* in him, and pass quickly again into the old footsteps. All these are unworthy and unfit and uncapable of the testament, and receive it *only* unto judgment, as before is mentioned. — *Behmen.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXIII.

"DER LETZTE MEINER TAGE."

Melody, — "Aus meines Herzens Grunde."

My day without a morrow
Now cannot tarry long;
O, then all cries of sorrow
Shall turn to praise and song.
No further griefs annoy;
No trials spread out later;
My Lord and Mediator
Then takes me to his joy.

Already on my vision
There streams the higher light;
With ecstasy Elysian
It fills and floods my sight.
Then in my joy I see
The angels are my brothers,
More close than any others;
And praise God's majesty.

With garlands all unfading
His goodness decks my brow;
His grace so richly aiding,
I can do all things now.
The sufferer's goal is won;
And he the chaplet twineth,
In which the conqueror shineth
Who in the fight holds on.

There stands the eternal dwelling
Which God hath built on high;
And circled saints are telling
The glory that is nigh.

There tears are wiped away;
There reigns perpetual gladness;
And each dark heart of sadness
Is cheered with God's own ray.

What though, with faith unfeigned,
With love that's true and fast,
And earnest works unstained,
I be in trouble cast?—
O Prince of Life to come!
Within thy covenant hold me,
Until the hour infold me,
When Thou shalt call me home.

Let no black lamentation
To earth drag down my sense.
The longest life's duration
Is soon departed hence.
Hail to me! Last of days
Is quick with its last warning;
And then all cries of mourning
Are turned to song and praise.

XXIV.

"DER TAG AN DEM MEIN HEILAND SPRICHT."

Melody,—"O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort!"

The time when Christ the Lord shall say,
"Come, mortals, to my Judgment-Day,"
No trembling dread strikes through me.
He who has called me of his sheep,
Within whose death I fell asleep,
Will speak his grace unto me.
I can upon his promise rest,
That with his face I shall be blest.

I joy to think of that great time,
When, glorified, to God's own clime
My soul shall be admitted.

Hail to me, when, from sin set free,
I shall with Christ for ever be,
And for his presence fitted;
When I can with the ransomed throng
Unite to raise a nobler song.

There, where my Lord in state attends,
Dwells joy that every thought transcends
And every raptured feeling.
He who on earth such love had shown
What holds he back, now on his throne,
All treasured grace revealing?
From him flow forth our joy and peace,
In endless fulness of increase. N. L. F.

CHARITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"MIRON" is the fable of a man who wishes to have a reputation for charity, and is at the same time unwilling to give. It is not an uncommon thing for rich Russian merchants, on stated days, and especially on festivals, to distribute money to the poor, who, on these occasions, fill the court-yard of the house. Miron is a millionnaire, of whom it is said that he never gives a copeck to the poor: for the sake, therefore, of his good name, he announces that he will feed beggars every Saturday. Crowds flock to his gates, which are left wide open to receive the alms-seekers; and every one says, that, if this goes on, Miron will be eaten out of house and home. But no: for, every Saturday, Miron lets loose in his yard a savage mastiff; and the beggars have not only to eat and satisfy themselves, but also to get away from the place without being bitten. In the mean while, Miron is accounted a saint. "It is impossible to admire his generosity too much," says the world; "but it is a pity he keeps such savage dogs: it is somewhat difficult to approach him, but he is ready to divide all he has with the poor."

"I have often observed," adds Kriloff, "that the palaces of the great are not easy of access; but it is always the fault of the dogs: the Mirons, themselves, are of course in no way to blame." *The Russians at Home.*

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER III. — CULTURE.

THE sudden approach of spring is one of the most remarkable facts of the climate of New England. Especially, after a cold and wet March and April, we often see a few days of hot sun in May transport one, as if by magic, from the frigid zone to the luxuriance of a tropical clime.

It was a week since my last visit to Morning Side. But what a change in the aspect of Nature! Instead of a wintry deadness all around, a tide of warm, joyful life was now flowing through every vein of the earth. The fields were putting on their coats of green, leaf-buds were bursting open on tree and bush, the peach and cherry were white with blossoms, the lilacs were beginning to assume their purple tint, the peonies were opening their eyes above the ground, insects were sporting on the wing, and the groves were vocal with the song of birds glad to revisit their last summer's haunts.

I never before had such an opportunity of observing this sudden transformation. It passed before my eyes like a miracle. The universality of teeming life astonished me. In by-places, near stone-walls, and under the brush, the ferns were pushing up their fresh growth, as if each had a story, which, in speechless eagerness, it was thrusting out its tongue to tell, — as probably it has, if only we have an ear to hear. What a story of a care which has kept safe in them the principle of life, and is now touching it anew with a creating power! Even last year's dying weed is not forgotten: I do not think it is certain that dying man is.

On my arrival at my neighbor's, late one afternoon, I found, to my surprise, quite a number of farmers assembled at his house. I learned that a proposal to lay out a new road had led to a consultation with Arthur Ashton, who was the surveyor of highways. There was a deal of earnest talk, not unmixed with some spicy words. For my part, I paid but little heed to the clatter of tongues about public convenience,

private sacrifice, town-tax, road-beds, and culverts; and was not sorry when the meeting broke up, and left only Uncle Eph and myself with Arthur.

Mr. Ephraim Westgood corresponded to the description that had been given to me. I had several times been told, that, in the little red house at the foot of the hill, lived a man that would interest me; but the purpose of my humble story does not permit me to dwell at any length upon the peculiarities of his person or manners.

Daily hard work on his farm, till now he was sixty-four years old, had given a crescent-like shape to his body; and long, dark. hair hung wildly over his thin, bony brow. A naturally robust and acute mind had received more culture from life than books, and had acquired the habit of the frankest and plainest utterance, which was generally followed by a sudden, chuckling laugh.

I always interpreted the laugh to mean that he wished to treat it as a joke, that such a man as he should have any fresh opinions of his own.

Referring to the meeting just held, Uncle Eph expressed his regret at the part taken by a townsman, who, as he said, "treated you, Mr. Arthur, rather short, and not as we all liked. Besides, I thought it a little strange, that, after he had given up the main matters, he should have been so set on a small point."

Arthur. — Oh! it was nothing. He only got somewhat warm in the talk, but all the while meant well enough. The concessions claimed were only to protect an appearance of firmness. It is not uncommon, I believe, for complying men to stiffen to adamant for a straw, — like Pilate, you know, who gave up the innocent to be crucified, but would not change a letter of the inscription on the cross, — not he.

Uncle Ephraim. — Well, bad tools such men are in hands that know how to use them, which treat them as you would a large fish you have hooked: give him line enough in his first plunges, wait a little, and you are sure to pull him in.

Arthur. — After all, they do not give so much trouble as those who are obstinate in every thing.

Uncle Ephraim. — No; but even they, too, may be slyly managed. It is not so hard to drive a pig, if only you know how.

Arthur. — Some one has written on the "Art of Living with One Another." Your illustrations justify that title, and I think most of us need to study the art more.

Uncle Ephraim. — You think, as I do, that men ought to manage better than the trees up in your woods, which have no power to keep themselves from throwing their boughs across each other; and so they rub and creak and fret.

Arthur. — Our branches got pretty well entangled at the meeting, and it would not have been hard to have exploded in a quarrel. I sometimes think our natural propensity to contend seems unnecessarily strong.

Uncle Ephraim. — I don't know about that, Mr. Arthur. You have read more books than I have, and can tell us if there be animals that have instincts unsuited to the position in which they are placed.

Arthur. — I must turn against you your own illustration from the forest. We ought not to rub our branches so much together.

Uncle Ephraim. — Ah! no doubt we do many foolish and wicked things. But you went farther than that, I think; calling in question the right balance of things in our constitution. May we not expect sometime to see that our instinct to contend, as you called it, has been wisely proportioned?

Neighbor. — Perhaps it is not too strong to resist our imitative tendencies, and to develop individuality. But for this, how much less should we define ourselves, and assert ourselves, and bring forth ourselves, or even be ourselves!

Arthur. — Yes, I think you are right. And then quarrels are not so senseless as the pretexts. The passion seeks the object, and oftentimes has some rational basis where the object seems ridiculous, as was the case with those two old Italian cities which doubtless had a long score to settle, although they pretended that the reason of their murderous strife was, that the artists of one represented the eyes of the dead Christ as open, instead of following the orthodox example of those of the other, who painted them as shut.

Moreover, we have seen the operation of this instinct only in the irregular action of the childhood of humanity. Could we observe its workings in more extended spaces, say eight or ten thousand years, we might see the wise adjustment of its power.

I think none of us have taken as much pains to understand our

nature as we have to vilify it. What a good lesson the preacher gave us, the other Sunday, on the duty of mutual forbearance! One affectionate and wise sermon like that, uttered in gentle words, amid the offices of prayer, to hundreds of people who every day have occasions that try their temper, seems to me to be something of an answer to much that is flippantly said about the inefficacy of public worship.

Uncle Ephraim. — Ah, well! Mr. Arthur, I have heard such things said myself; but, if the world improves so little under all its good lessons, I don't think it is certain that it would be any better without them.

Neighbor. — These objections of inefficacy look to me much like the complaints of children, who cannot believe that attendance at school will do them any good, especially in very poor schools, as is oftentimes the case. And yet, in the course of years, they do get something of an education, know how to read, at least, and secure the foundations which make a higher culture possible. It does not seem very unreasonable, that stated public worship, if for years observed with any kind of good intention, should do something analogous.

Arthur. — Perhaps much dissatisfaction with public worship arises from its contrast with our idea of what it ought to be. And it is something of a descent, certainly, from that conception down to churches and sermons as they are. But what does not suffer in a similar way? Our idea of the administration of justice is pure and lofty; but it is not much elevated, I believe, by any acquaintance with courts and juries and constables. Our conception of the government of a nation is of a function one of the highest and noblest committed to man; but how much does it descend from its lofty height by the least knowledge of cabinets and politicians? In all these cases the *idea* is divine, the *realization* of it is human, with human infirmities and short-comings, which yet do not destroy the usefulness, nor disprove the indispensableness, of such outward appointments as our average human nature can supply.

Uncle Ephraim. — I remember, when I was a boy, what a long row of singers there was front of the pulpit, — twenty or thirty of them, — and how my heart used to go pit-a-pat, when they all rose up, and sounded the pitch of the tune. There was no music they made afterwards that quite equalled the excitement of that moment, — less the fault of the singers, I suppose, than of my expectations. I have often thought since, that our fancy needed a right pitch as well as the tune.

Arthur. — At any rate, you did not utter sharp censures, and refuse to hear any more psalm-singing. Well, I think there is some wisdom and humility in being willing to take things as they are, and make the best of them; nor, as it seems to me, is there always either humility or wisdom in indulging in a criticism of quite too fine an edge for any useful result.

But why, in considering this subject, should the preacher be chiefly in our thoughts? To a right-minded man, there is something about public worship far better than all preaching, even the best. It is in the very air of the holy day; in the refining influence of those personal attentions which the humblest do not neglect; in going to a place hallowed by sacred thoughts; in the meeting-together of the rich and the poor, where they are most likely to feel that the Lord is the Maker of them all; in the remembrance of those who once worshipped at our side, but who are now sitting in heavenly places; and in those words of Scripture and songs of Zion, which, I imagine, will echo longer in our memories than the sentences of the most eloquent sermon.

Uncle Ephraim. — For all that, Mr. Arthur, I like snuff in the sermon, as the man said, when the minister told him that he should take a pinch to keep him awake through the homily.

Arthur. — As every one does, Uncle Ephraim; but eloquence is a rarer gift than poetry. Of a thousand lawyers, how many will make eloquent pleaders? Some men I talk with have fears on this subject; but, for my part, I do not believe we shall let slip the blessings of public worship because we cannot have them minister, sensationally, to a love of novelty, or to some financial result, and are accompanied only by such homely things as good sense and a gentle and reverent spirit.

Neighbor. — Our fathers were of your way of thinking. What large, trusting hearts they must have had! To cut religion adrift from all alliance with State Government and venerable establishments; and in a new world, thousands of miles from the home of historical monuments and traditions, to trust its support only to the affections of the people, — this seems to me to have been the greatest act of faith in its inherent power since the Reformation.

Arthur. — Yes, indeed, neighbor: it was a bold and brave step.

Uncle Ephraim. — But we have found it hard sledding ever since. Perhaps our religious like our political organization is fitted only for a better people than we are, — too good a scythe to swing in such a rocky field.

Arthur. — But, Uncle Ephraim, there has been hard sledding everywhere; nor do I think it has yet been proved that the field is too rocky for the scythe. The forms of worship may be changing, and there may be varying degrees of interest in them while passing from one form to another; but who can doubt what is to be the result in the long-run? We can little foresee all that will be on these hillsides of New England five hundred years hence; but some things we may be sure will be here, — the meeting for worship, the gentle words of prayer, and the sweet notes of praise. God has put the yearning for these things in the human heart, and it has already staid fast there five or six thousand years.

Uncle Ephraim. — If we did not have this institution of public worship, and a man should invent it, and fit our natures to it, he would be the greatest benefactor among men. But I think that acts of duty are worship also; and, if they be performed with thoughtful pains-taking, do they not partake something of the nature of meditation and prayer?

Arthur. — Yes, Uncle Ephraim; and you know who said that they are better than sacrifice. I never read his Sermon and sayings, without feeling how sharp is the contrast he makes between a ritual religion and practical goodness. Perhaps the stress he lays upon the latter is to be explained, in part, by his re-action against the formalism in the midst of which he lived, and by his knowledge of the strength of those principles in our nature which exalt ritual observances. And how has the history of the world since proved the correctness of his knowledge of what was in man! How comparatively easy it has been to drill men into ceremonialism, through their facility in taking impressions from outward objects rather than from reason! and everywhere the stream of a formalistic piety has attracted more attention, the narrower the channel in which it has flowed.

To say nothing of different Protestant sects, which illustrate this fact, we see that the Roman Catholics are apparently more devout than Protestants, the Mahometans more devout than the Roman Catholics, and the Hindoos more devout than the Mahometans. But who of us can doubt, that, in every complete view of duty, acts of worship and acts of practical goodness must both be included?

Uncle Ephraim. — And who can state the relation between them better than in the words of that authority you just now quoted: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone"?

Arthur. — After all this dissatisfaction with sermons and churches and sects, of which we have been speaking, I don't know that we would have it different. From all this murmuring and conflict, there comes to our minds an ideal Church which is our New Jerusalem. If we love that, and are faithful to it, can we have a better hierarchy? This question came to my mind in reading some lines called "The Lost Church," by the German poet, Uhland, lately deceased. I dare say, neighbor, you have often met them in a translation not rare. I will read them aloud now, in a form * you have probably not seen; and so you can take your choice. Meanwhile, I shall not be offended if Uncle Ephraim falls asleep.

THE LOST CHURCH.

Oft in the forest fair, one hears
A passing sound of distant bells;
Nor legend old nor human wit
Can tell us whence the music swells:
From the Lost Church, 'tis thought, that soft,
Faint ringing cometh on the wind;
Once many pilgrims trod the path,
But no one now the way can find.

Not long since, deep into the wood
I strayed, where path was none to see;
Weary of human wickedness,
My heart to God yearned lovingly:
There through the silent wilderness
Again I heard the sweet bells stealing,
Ever as higher yearned my heart,
The nearer and the louder pealing.

My spirit was so self indrawn,
My sense with sweetness rapt so high,
That how those sounds within me wrought
Remaineth yet a mystery.
It seemed as if a hundred years
Had lapsed while thus I had been dreaming;
When, lo! above the clouds, a space
Free opened out in sunshine gleaming.

Upon the heaven so darkly blue,
The sun so full and glowing bright,
There rose a MINSTER'S stately pile
Expanding in the golden light.

* From Lord Lindsay's Lectures on Christian Art.

The clouds there seemed resplendently
  Like wings to bear it up alway;
And, in the blessed depth of heaven,
  Its spiry top to melt away.

The bells' delicious harmony
  Down from the tower in quivering flowed;
Yet drew not hand of man the strings, —
  They moved but to the breath of God.
As if upon my throbbing heart
  That self-same breath its influence shed,
So entered I that minster high
  With timorous joy and faltering tread.

Words cannot paint what there within
  Awoke my spirit's ecstasies;
The darkly brilliant windows glowed
  With martyrs' pious effigies:
Into a new and living world,
  Rich imaged forth, I gazed abroad, —
A world of holy women, and
  Of warriors of the host of God.

Down at the altar low I knelt,
  Thrilling with awe and holy love:
Heaven and its glorious mysteries
  Were pictured on the vault above.
But, when again my eyes looked up,
  Roof, arch, and pictured vault were gone;
Full opened was the door of heaven,
  And every veil had been withdrawn.

What then, in silent prayerful awe,
  Of majesty I saw revealed,
What heard of sound more blissful far
  Than aught to human ear unsealed,
Lies not within the weight of words;
  Yet whoso longeth for such good,
Let him take heed unto the bells
  That ring in whispers through the wood.

I had never met those lines before, and was pleased alike with their suggestive wisdom, and with the use to which Arthur applied them. Before he got near through the reading, Uncle Eph had availed himself of the half-permission given to him, and was perhaps having as good a vision as the poet describes. I felt a little uneasy as to the

awkwardness of his awaking. But it was quite unnecessary. The cessation of Arthur's voice roused him immediately; and, after some conversation between them, about an exchange of teams for ploughing next day, Uncle Eph and I withdrew.

After I went to bed that night, it was some time before I fell asleep. The chimes of Arthur's musical and moving voice, as he read the poetry, were still ringing in my ears; and I long thought of those sweet bells, and of their mystic meaning.

(To be continued.)

BALAAM'S ASS SPEAKING.

A Sermon preached in Scituate, Jan. 17, 1791, by the Rev. Dr. Barnes.

To the Editors: Many years ago, the Rev. Samuel Deane, successor of Dr. Barnes, gave me, as a relic, the manuscript of the sermon above named. Thinking it might interest your readers, not only by its intrinsic merit, but as a specimen of the preaching of a somewhat eccentric but eminent divine of the Old Colony, three-quarters of a century ago, I have transcribed it for your Magazine. The subject gives occasion to the preacher for some striking, and always timely, observations on "Cruelty to animals," and also for some ingenious speculations on the "Immortality of brutes." The whole sermon will well repay perusal.

Dr. Barnes had a ministry of unusual length, extending from 1754 to 1811, when Mr. Deane became his colleague, — a period of fifty-seven years. "His ministry," says Mr. Deane in his History of Scituate, "continued in a good degree of quiet from the troubles of religious dissensions almost to the last. A short time before his death, however, the spirit of fault-finding began to move, and a stricter mode of Calvinism began to call for a separation, but had produced no great effect during his life. He was remarkable for his meekness in instructing those that opposed; and by parables, rather than direct argument, he was accustomed to converse with such. A neighbor, who was a Calvinist of the *straitest sect*, having frequently spent long sittings with Dr. Barnes, was finally answered in the following manner: 'You, sir, are a gentleman to whom the public feels and acknowledges much obligation for your mechanical skill and inventions. Now, we will suppose that your powers should be so far increased that you could make intelligent beings, and that you should produce thousands each day, formed with all the endowments of the human race. Then suppose that your neighbors should inquire what destination you proposed for these beings; and you should reply that you had also prepared a place of torment, to which you proposed to condemn the greater part; not for any personal offence against you, but because you had made them for that end; and that the remaining few you had destined, in the same arbitrary manner, to another place of perfect happiness, which you had also prepared. Now, sir, suppose that your neighbors were furnished with the common sense of mankind concerning

justice and goodness, *would they not knock your shop down, and say that such a wicked trade should not go on?*'

"Perhaps no preacher has lived, who treated his audience with a greater variety; which circumstance gave fault-finders an occasion to accuse him of not being evangelical: but, although evangelical subjects were his favorites, he was too much a man of genius to be confined to a narrow round of topics, and too much a man of piety to touch any subject without leading the mind to important lessons in religion. He preached, for example, 'On the east wind;' 'On the lightning;' 'On making salt;' 'On bees;' 'On the basket of summer fruits.' Dr. Barnes seldom exchanged. His maxim was, that 'a minister's stock is of that nature, that the more he uses, the more he has left.' In giving the charge to his successor, he gave this quaint but judicious advice: 'In attempting to instruct your people, be careful not to preach what they will not understand, and especially careful not to preach what you don't understand yourself.' Somewhat different from the maxim of a friend of mine, who said, 'As often as once a year, be sure to preach a sermon that nobody will understand: it's the only way of satisfying them that you know more than they do.'

"He used to work in his fields for health. At one period of his life, he was a great walker, and, indeed, *took a fancy to run*, and would continue it, at a moderate pace, for miles!"

He was in the habit, his admiring successor tells us, of speaking very familiarly of his own death; which some attributed to a want of sensibility: but it was, in reality, the resignation of Christian faith. He never sighed, "Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos;" but, with onward look, he would often say, that, were it not the fixed design of Providence that nothing should go back, it would be his voluntary choice to go forward, and to see for himself what is to come in other modes of existence. J. W. T.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Nov. 28. 1864.

---

2 PETER ii. 16: "The dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet."

THE story from whence these words are taken, is found in the twenty-second chapter of Numbers. Balaam is the prophet of whom the apostle speaks. And it is true he was endowed with the spirit of prophecy. He uttered some things which have always been supposed to relate to the Messiah. *There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel.* Some other passages there are of the like tenor.

While the children of Israel were travelling the wilderness, they had many difficulties to encounter, and enemies to contend with. As the hand of Heaven appeared to be with them, their enemies were sorely dismayed whenever they made their appearance. Balak, King of Moab, in particular, was under great apprehensions, and sent for Balaam to come and curse the Israelites. He supposed the prophet's influ-

ence would have a great effect. As it was in Balak's power to do great things for Balaam, and he was very liberal in his promises, Balaam's heart inclined him to go. At the same time, he did not wish to counteract the will of Heaven. It was by no means agreeable to the God of Israel that his prophet should curse his own people. Balaam was forbid going, though afterwards he obtained a permission. But it seems he went not forth with Heaven on his side, and was stopped by the way, — in what manner I shall now read: chap. xxii. 22, "And God's anger was kindled because he went. And the angel of the Lord stood in the way as he went." You see what it was that opened the mouth of the ass, and in what manner he rebuked the madness of the prophet. The ass acted more prudently than the master; but so it happened, that, for saving his master's life, he was cruelly beaten. That Balaam might be convinced of his folly and wickedness, the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, who rebuked the madness of the prophet in such a manner that he confessed his fault, though it doth not appear that he ever reformed his life. He will probably be found hereafter among those who will cry, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?" &c.: to whom the Lord will reply, "I never knew you; depart from me," &c.

In further discoursing, I mean to make a few observations on this remarkable event, as extraordinary perhaps as any we meet with in the sacred volume, and then make some useful inferences from it, as it stands connected with the context.

The enemies of revelation have not failed to ridicule this story as being both foolish and incredible. I do not say that the like has been known or heard of in ancient or modern times. The animal creation, however abused and distressed, have never been able to make their complaints as Balaam's ass did. It might be happy for them in many instances if they could. But such is their humble station, that they are in general obliged to bear what is laid upon them by their masters, more cruel and mad than the prophet. That there is any thing impossible or absolutely incredible in this event,

is what no one will affirm. To give speech to the animal creation is certainly possible with Him who gave this faculty to man. He might have given it to all the brutal race, in the beginning, if he had thought proper. If he had done it, it might have prevented much abuse; but then they would never have been subject to man in the manner they now are. If they had had speech, and could have made known their grievances, they would soon have united in some mode of obtaining redress. United and pursuing some well-concerted plan for obtaining relief, considering their numbers and strength, they would soon have been too hard for man: they would not have answered the purposes for which they were made. It does not appear that any one heard what passed between the prophet, and the beast on which he rode; but as the story reflects disgrace on the master, and not on the beast, we can conceive of no good reason why he should report such a story if it had not been true. Prudence would have directed him to conceal it, at least some parts of it. This story he undoubtedly told; for no historian would think of inventing a tale of this kind, had it not been true. A person wont to report stories of this kind not well-authenticated would soon render himself ridiculous, and no one would pay any credit to what he said. Nothing appears but that this story obtained credit among the Jews: if it had not, it would not have obtained a place in their sacred writings. Our not being able to conceive how such a thing could be done, and the like not happening before or since that we know of, is no sufficient objection against the truth of it, unless we deny the possibility of miracles. If we should go so far as to do this, we shall do more than we can ever prove. Who dare undertake to determine what the Divine Being can do, and what he cannot do, where no contradiction or weakness is implied? That he cannot do wrong, is what we may boldly affirm; that he can do nothing that is dishonorable to himself, we readily acknowledge. But that he is unable to make a beast speak with man's voice, is what no modest man will affirm. There is nothing dishonorable in this matter: the ass spoke to some purpose, and the prophet

was stopped in his mad career. The strangeness of the event must have deeply affected his mind, more so than if the same thing had been said by men or by angels. In what other way the Divine Being could have accomplished his purpose, is not for us to say. Balaam lived in the days of miracles. Hardly a day passed without some uncommon appearance. Miracles answered many good purposes. There is not the same occasion for them at this day. The age is enlightened. Revelation is completed, and the knowledge of men gained in the ordinary way is sufficient. If we consult pagan writers, we shall find that it was not thought incredible that beasts should speak with the voice and after the manner of men. It would be tedious mentioning instances of this kind. What they ascribed to their deities, we may with safety ascribe to Him who is possessed of power unlimited.

Supposing the fact to be true, we are now to show what we are to learn from it.

I. We learn the mighty power of God. He alone could be the author of this event. Beasts may be taught to do many things. Some of them discover a surprising degree of sagacity and a tractable spirit. They have done things that have been truly wonderful. But none were ever found to speak and reason with man's voice and man's understanding as the ass did. The like has never been heard of, and it is presumed never will be. The idle stories of this kind among the pagans, invented to serve particular purposes, deserve no credit. Man's voice or speech is one great thing that distinguishes him from the lower creation. This distinction early appeared, and is as great now as it was in the beginning. If the intelligent creation go forward or make improvements, as in many instances it is certain they do, yet the same cannot be said of those orders of beings beneath us. They are no wiser now than they were a thousand years ago; nor do they make any advances in the art of speaking. Language they have suitable to their condition: it is well understood, and answers many valuable purposes; but it is the same in all, and does not seem to admit of any improvement. Language among the human kind is continually altering. It has

never been brought to perfection, and perhaps never will be. From the defects in language, many evils arise. If mankind could perfectly understand one another, I suppose they would appear to think much more alike than they do at present. Many of the most unhappy consequences there have been in the world have been merely about words; and, not being able to convey their ideas with precision, they have treated each other with barbarity and cruelty.

II. We learn the unhappy consequences of violent passion.

Balaam is said to be mad. The dumb ass, speaking, forbade the madness of the prophet. From whence originated his madness? From passion: men may be as drunk with passion as with spirituous liquors. And when mad with rage, fury, or anger, they can see nothing clearly; and it is quite uncertain what part they will act. To say the least, there is great danger of their stepping aside. It is not often that any thing is well said or done while the mind is infuriated with passion. Of all the passions, anger perhaps is apt to be the most violent. Many have done such things in anger, as they have repented of when they have recovered their reason. All are not alike subject to passion. Some are always bordering upon frenzy: others are seldom moved, and hardly know how to resent an insult when offered to them. Strong passions in a well-regulated mind are eminently serviceable. Take away the passions, and mankind would become, I acknowledge, a harmless set of creatures; but, at the same time, they would be useless. Passions are justly styled the gales of life, and nothing can be well done without them. Mankind never act well but when their passions are engaged. Strong minds have generally strong passions. I am sensible this does not always appear, because they have understanding to govern them. Weak minds often appear to have violent passions; and the reason is, they have them not under command. Isocrates, the famous philosopher in Greece, was supposed to be destitute of passion; but, upon further acquaintance, the contrary was found to be true. He had learned to keep them under due restraint. If men would see how they look, and how they act, when passion

predominates, they certainly would take more pains to govern them. Christianity teaches us how to do this, and at the same time how to use them. Balaam had nearly lost his life by his intemperate anger and insatiate avarice. Passion has brought many to an untimely end. It is difficult having any thing to do with such as have no command of themselves. It behooves us not to say we cannot hinder their running to excess. Balaam was to blame, and confesses his sin; and so are others when they are led astray by them. It behooves such as are in danger to be always on their guard. Passions are strengthened, like every thing else, by exercise. For this reason, children should be treated with mildness; and their passions, as far as well can be, kept from being ruffled. There is no danger but they will increase fast enough without provocation. Children, who are kept always in a fret or uneasy, in all probability will suffer for it as long as they live. To give rules to prevent the excess of passion is beside my present purpose. If I should, the probability is they would not be much regarded by such as need them most. It is by suffering, and in consequence of them, mankind learn to restrain them. Some suffer in one way, and some in another. One thing is certain, that, where there is excess, there is pain; and it is pain that principally prevents excess. Some evils are not to be wholly cured. Violent passions are seldom held in such subjection as they ought to be. Some, I am sensible, are to be pitied. They to appearance labor hard to restrain them, but are overcome. Some have but little trouble in this way. Such as take no pains are commonly a torment to others, but a greater to themselves. Let us be careful that we do not allow that in ourselves which we freely condemn in others.

Once more, we learn the wisdom and goodness of God in stopping sinful men in their sinful course sorely against their inclination. Balaam was in a sinful way. He meant to curse the people of God, if he could get a permit, induced hereto by the love of gain. Balak would hardly have begrudged any price if he could have brought him to accomplish his purpose. Balaam knew this. He loved the wages

of unrighteousness, and was not difficult about the means of acquiring wealth. He appears to be under some restraints. He was not wholly abandoned; at the same time he was very far from being good. He was stopped in his course before he reached the place of destination. The resistance he met with soon put him upon consideration for a moment; and though it did not reform him, yet it prevented him from proceeding to such length as he otherwise might. Sinners are often stopped sorely against their wills. He that has set bounds to the sea, saying, "Hitherto shall your proud waves come and no farther," hath set bounds to the passions of men. He lays wicked men under such restraints as that they are not always able to execute their purposes. We all know that the wickedness of men is great in the earth; but how much greater it would be if they were under no restraints, is impossible to say. It is not often that either nations or individuals, who have gone any time in a wrong way, ever return till they are in a sort compelled to do it. Balaam would have gone on to accomplish his wicked intentions, if he had not been prevented by an angel from heaven, with a drawn sword in his hand. So sinners seldom think of returning till their way is hemmed in, in such manner that they can proceed no farther. You know how it fared with the unhappy prodigal. All vice in general is impoverishing, and tends to ruin. If evil is not prevented, yet we have great reason to be thankful that wicked men and seducers are frequently prevented from accomplishing the whole of what they designed. We rejoice because the Lord reigneth.

In many instances, the animal creation are more sagacious than the intelligent. They act with more uniformity and consistency; and if they are not, properly speaking, capable of virtue, so, on the other hand, they are incapable of vice. They answer the end of their make; and we have every reason to believe that there is nothing made in vain. Nor do I know that we have any reason to think, that, if the world was to be new-created, it could be mended, all things considered. I'm sensible we are always complaining, and are apt to think it would be an easy matter to mend the works of

God; but, if all things were left to the disposal of vain and conceited mortals, we have every reason to believe that irremediable wretchedness would be the consequence.

Upon the words now read (see text), we have made some observations which I trust may be of some use to such as wish to pass through life agreeably, and finish it with hope. Without repeating any thing that has been said, we shall go on to make some further inferences and reflections, which I hope may be useful.

In the next place, we learn that cruelty to the animal creation is a heinous crime. Balaam was unjustly angry with his beast. As it had been always tractable, and had never before behaved ill, prudence would have directed him whether there might not be some extraordinary reason for this extraordinary conduct, and have weighed the matter well before he proceeded to extremities. If he had been wont to conduct in this manner, the master would not have been so much to blame for using some severity. Some beasts are of such an unruly make that they are apt to be ungovernable, and beating may be sometimes necessary to bring them into subjection. And they are so formed that they may be subdued in this way when they cannot be in any other. But, surely, all unnecessary pain or cruelty ought to be avoided. But, according to his own confession, his beast had never before behaved ill. It was madness in the prophet, then, to suffer himself to be hurried away by the violence of passion to do such things as are not convenient.

As cruelty to the animal creation is a subject seldom handled, especially in the pulpit, and seldom attended to with that attention that it ought to be; as it is a very heinous sin, and what we must expect, sooner or later, will meet with condign punishment; and as my text naturally leads us to spend some thoughts upon it, — so, I trust, a few observations will be neither unpleasing nor unprofitable.

Man, by his Maker, is made lord of this lower creation. The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea, are made for his use and benefit. To the animal creation, he is greatly indebted, under Providence, for his support and

comfort in life. Strip the world of living creatures, and but few of the human kind could subsist; and those few would be deprived of many comforts they now enjoy.

They all wait in God, who is the Parent of all; and he provides their meat in season, and frequently without the care and labor of man. It is true, for domestic animals some provision he is obliged to make. It cannot be expected, that, while they are held in our employ, they should be able to seek and procure their own food. But then such animals richly pay the expense of their provision, first with their labor, and then with their lives. Many creatures live and die for man. How ungrateful, then, must he be, if he abuses them by acts of barbarity and cruelty!

These creatures in general have quick and tender feelings; perhaps as quick and keen a sense of pain as any of human species, except that kind which, of all others, is the greatest, — arising from reflection. They are not troubled with remorse; nor do they appear to anticipate evils at a distance. If not abused, they always enjoy the present moment. In this respect, their lot is more happy than ours. We are capable of creating evils; and perhaps those of the imaginary kind are as great or greater than such as are real, and in many not less numerous. And such is our unhappiness, that, the fewer real evils we have to bear, the more distressed we often are with those that are imaginary. The mind must be always employed; and, if we have nothing good and useful to take up our attention, it is more than probable that our thoughts and reflections will be greatly distressing. For this reason, the idle and dissipated are never happy. Heaven has ordained that an ill-spent life shall be wretched. There may be, indeed, the appearance of enjoyment; but follow such persons into retirement, mark their end, and you will generally find them miserable. The animal creation are not afflicted in this way. Instinct does not lead them wrong; they have nothing to repent of, nor any thing to fear in consequence of wickedness. But, as to many other pains, I know not but that their sensations are as quick and exquisite as those of human kind. They are capable of suffering in innumerable ways; and,

though they cannot complain, as Balaam's ass did, with man's voice, yet their sufferings are so great that they frequently show evident marks of distress. They cry for help with such evident signs of cruelty, that the heart must be hard indeed that has no feeling for them. Yet it is strange how little many people regard their sufferings. Many seem to value themselves upon their unfeeling make, and the pleasure they take in tormenting the brutal creation. They despise those who have tender feelings, and cannot behold unreasonable severity and torment without discovering marks of uneasiness. To prevent suffering in the animal creation may be as impracticable as to make the human kind completely happy in the present stage of their existence; but, by a little attention, a great part of it might be prevented. Many of their pains, and some of the greatest, arise from inattention, inconsideration, or wantonness. Passion, anger, and wrath take away sensibility. Many do that in a fit of passion for which their hearts condemn them when passion subsides. If Balaam had not been unreasonably angry, his innocent beast had not suffered in the manner he did. The writhings of some poor animals in distress afford pleasure to the eyes, their cries and bellowings to the ears, of many of the human race, more savage than the bestial tribe, — more savage, I say; for it does not appear that beasts take pleasure in torturing each other. Most of them show signs of compassion to the distressed. Hunger may lead them to devour, but not to torment. It is man, cruel man, that delights in torturing. I thank God this disposition is not universal! If it was, the human kind ought to be called by some other name.

I will now place before you some reasons or motives against cruelty to the inferior orders of beings.

In the first place, their weakness or incapacity of pleading their own cause, or doing themselves justice, ought to prevent our using them ill. We reprobate the tyrant possessed of absolute power who uses it in distressing those who have no power of resistance; who can sport himself with the miseries of his people, and hear their complaints without pity. We believe, that, if there is justice in heaven, such unfeeling crea-

tures will one day feel what they justly deserve. We are sometimes grieved that the patience of Heaven should continue so long with them; that the cries of the afflicted should remain unheard. And how much less odious and cruel is he who tortures such creatures as he has in his power, merely to gratify his cruel disposition, or is wholly inattentive to their complaints! Will not beings above us suppose that such are equally deserving of punishment? That same spirit that leads to acts of cruelty to inferior animals would equally distress the human kind, if there was nothing to be feared. They well know that men will seek revenge; and it may be in their power to take it, notwithstanding any attempt of theirs to guard against it. Man is in some degree in the power of man; and this makes him stand in awe. We cannot stand against their rage and wrath justly excited. We condemn the mother that neglects or abuses her infant; and why not the person that abuses the harmless animal that can make no resistance?

If the animal creation had the speech or the voice of man, how numerous, suppose ye, would be their complaints? If their wrongs could be redressed in a judicial way, what an infinity of pleadings would take place! How many thousands must be continually employed in redressing grievances and punishing offences! And, if all crimes of this sort were to be recorded, how soon would the world be unable to contain the books that would be written! A good man is careful not to abuse any power that is committed to him. He knows that he is accountable. It might be of service to us to consider, when tempted to abuse our beasts, that, if the Lord should open the mouths of the dumb, how we should be able to answer them. The merciful man regardeth not only the life, but the comfort, of his beast. And, let men think what they may, such as show no mercy in this way shall one day find to their sorrow that it would have been better for them to have been beasts than men.

In the second place, our own interest of advantage, if duly considered, would lead us to use them well. This has influence with many, towards domestic animals, who have no com-

passion towards others, nor towards the human kind. Most kinds of animals richly pay for the pains and care that is taken of them by the humane master. The expectations of many are often unreasonable. Impossibilities are demanded, and then cruelty is exercised for non-performance. Such creatures in human shape as habitually act this part commonly suffer for the wrong they have done.

Once more: tenderness and compassion to inferior creatures depend much on education. Children may be learnt to torture them without the least reluctance, or to take pleasure in so doing. They will also imitate those above them: they have no sense of the wrong that is done. By allowed and frequent acts of cruelty, their tender feelings may be all obliterated; their hearts may be hardened; and they may suffer for it all their days. A person of an unfeeling mind is not well calculated to live in such a world as this: instead of the blessing, he may expect the curses, of many souls ready to perish will come upon him. I hardly know of any thing that makes a person more odious than a total want of sympathy towards the afflicted. It is a pity that children and youth should be hardened while they have little or no understanding. It is by no means certain, that, when they come to years of discretion, they will discover a different spirit. Let children, as much as possible, be kept from the sight of blood and scenes of cruelty and distress, and be early made to know that silent and uncomplaining animals can feel, as well as themselves; that to give unnecessary pain is a crime.

Sensibility, cultivated in early life, will continue with us as long as we live. This is truly ornamental to the Christian. An unfeeling Christian is a contradiction.

Once more: we have no evidence but that the animal creation may exist in some future state. From analogy, we have reason to expect it. They may be in such a state as shall enable them to become accusers of all those who have used them ill. Though they cannot speak a language that we can understand at present, yet they may be enabled to do it hereafter. He that gave speech to Balaam's ass may give speech to them. They may recollect all they have suffered, and implore pun-

ishment. I do not say that these things will come to pass; but we cannot prove the contrary; and wise, great, and good men have supposed them probable. For if there is any thing in the argument taken from the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments in the present state, with regard to men, in favor of a future state, the argument holds equally good with respect to many creatures beneath us. They have little else but misery to endure, the little time they live; and, after suffering innumerable hardships and cruelties from man, they die a miserable death. If this is all they ever can enjoy, what is said of Judas, with great propriety may be said of many of them: "It were good for them not to have been born." What Judas suffered he justly deserved; the beasts have not merited what they endure. It may be questioned whether the Divine Being ever brought a creature into existence, capable of enduring exquisite pain, and condemned that creature to continual torment, without any fault of its own. To suppose that he has done it, and is constantly doing it, hardly coincides, I must confess, with my notions of divine goodness. If beasts should be allowed to become accusers, how many will be condemned for wanton cruelty is not for me to say. But, surely, many have reason to tremble. A black catalogue of crimes, little noticed now, will be brought to light. Let the unmerciful and cruel tremble; let all learn to treat their inferiors well, of what rank or nature soever they may be. He is no Christian that allows himself in the exercise of cruelty to them. He deserves not the name of man; he is inhuman.

Many other things might be mentioned; but I forbear. If any mock and scoff at these things at present, let them consider that the time may come when they may be sorry for what they have done. A good-natured man, if he is no Christian, will never do it. Such as do must be left to suffer what they justly deserve at the hands of Him who never made living creatures for man to abuse with impunity. Good men are always ready to show tenderness and compassion. What measure they mete shall be measured to them again.

JAN. 17, 1791.

REEVES HILL.*

Reeves' graded terrace, green and high!
Earth reaches up to kiss the sky.
Oh! what a banquet for the eye
  Uplifted thus to view
The landscapes stretching dreamily
  To sleeping shores of blue!

Imprisoned in the meadows green,
The listless river-flow is seen,
Recoiling with a silver sheen,
  Far up the gentle slope!
And mountains, of a range serene,
  Blue-purple banks heave up!

Thus looking down on earth, how fair
Its hills of difficulty are!
Its fields of toil, and homes of care,
  And its cloud-shadows, seem,
Poised in the blue, cerulean air,
  As fleeting as a dream!

The lowlands limit with a wall,
Whose narrow bounds are all in all,
Petty pursuits and passions small
  And prejudices blind;
But, when we climb, the scales may fall,
  And light break on the mind.

Ascending to a higher grade,
Where skies and earth are both surveyed,
Our solemn vows shall here be paid
  With hearts of heavenly love!
Up to the hills we look for aid,
  And seek a home above!

R. F. F.

* In Wayland, Mass.

THE LOVE OF THE PARDONED SINNER FOR GOD.

WHO can tell how deep and sweet and tender this love is, and of what exceeding fidelities it is the spring? Doubtless we can and do love the God who is the Creator and Sustainer of the natural world, — the world of which we are made the high priests. Our hearts are drawn out in gratitude towards the everlasting Father, Maker of heaven and earth. Thoughts of praise are called forth from our souls, as we look upon the humblest plant, and watch the beautiful unfolding of the leaf and bud. Doubtless we can and do love the God "whose wisdom moveth from one end of the universe to the other, and sweetly ordereth all things;" whose hand is to be traced in the wonderful life of man, as the historian marks the course of its mighty tides, as each one of us discerns the Ever-near and the Ever-gracious. And yet, as we sadly know, in the midst of wonders and providences, and even whilst he is laden with gifts, the child of God too often feels no tender personal love for the dear Father in heaven. He cannot enter into the experience of the saints, who pour out their thanksgivings, and weep tears of joy, as they think of the Lord's goodness. The explanation is, that there is a kindness and love of God, our Saviour, which he has yet to feel. It comes to those whose sins are forgiven for his great mercy's sake in Christ Jesus. Christ said of the woman who had been a sinner, and who needed not an argument upon the atoning sacrifice, or any course of penance, but simply to look upon the Lord, to know that she was forgiven, "She loved much; but to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little." Our sins are so overruled by a wise and loving God, that they are made the occasions of wonderful growth in the most sweet grace of love.

It may be so, thank God, if our offences are very great, and cry to heaven against us. Here we may find in part the solution of the mystery of the divine permission of sin. We have asked, perhaps, why, when the Father is so careful and watchful of some, compassing their path and their lying-

down, and making grievous transgressions morally impossible for them, he leaves others to battle with strong, fierce, almost uncontrollable passions; or, in the midst of most unpropitious circumstances, tempted to the very verge, at least, of their ability? We may ask, how shall such, when they come to themselves and to sad thoughts of past wickedness, ever gain peace, and recover the ground which has been lost? Must they not always lag behind many of their fellows in the race? must they not be a prey to shameful and afflicting memories? How can they forgive themselves, though they have been forgiven of God? The relief is to be found, the answer is given, in the deep love of thankfulness which is awakened in the penitent heart, — a love strong and tender in proportion to the greatness of the debt which has been remitted. "Whether of the twain will love him most? He to whom he forgave the most," was the answer; and the Christ said, "Thou hast rightly judged." If only the sinner can feel, looking in the face of Christ, that the sins which have been committed are in very deed forgiven, — and he will not so feel until his heart has been changed into a heart of love and tenderness, — he will be made rich in the very might which alone is able to create a new life; a life that shall so outgrow the old sinfulness as to leave scarcely a trace of it, scarcely so much as the faintest scar. It is possible to grow a year's growth in a few days of crowded being. Sometimes it is with the heart, as if a great weight had been lifted from it; and it springs up in noblest aspirations, and flows out in the richest abundance. It does not meet their condition to comfort those who have fallen into great sins, and are beginning to repent, by excusing their transgressions. They know, that, unfortunate as they may have been, they are also sinful, deeply sinful: nevertheless, we shall presently see that God has provided great things for them also; that they will never be satisfied with acknowledging the great love with which he loved them whilst they were dead in trespasses or sins; and that their new obedience will correspond in its measures and proportions to the enormities of the former unrighteousness. So those who are called good, but are often only good because they are in every

way shielded, and are sometimes very cold in their goodness, and are rather conspicuously decent than eminently righteous, shall find at their side some, who, at one time, seemed to be hopelessly behind them in the road towards heaven: nay, will not the words of the Master find fulfilment in more than one instance, — "The publicans and harlots enter the kingdom of God before you"? This, not for the comfort of sinners who are continuing in sin (the words will not signify much to them in any wise), but lest any should be tempted to think that God is a respecter of persons, in appointing, for a time, those moral inequalities which are really more staggering to our faith than the varying measures of his outward bounties. The new love resolves the mystery. The new love brings us all to the same level, — as, in the marvellous harvesting of the bread in the wilderness, "he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack."

But are there no sinners save those who have fallen into grave outward offences? Is it not possible for all of us to love God as they love to whom much hath been forgiven? Most certainly; if we will only examine ourselves so carefully, and question our souls in the light of God's word so earnestly and faithfully, that we shall come to realize how gentle and forgiving and patient God is with us all the time, and how continually he bears with our short-comings and our foolishness, our many professions and slender performances. God has forgiven so much to the very best of us! What earthly sovereign would men think to treat as they treat the great God? Perhaps we say, that we are not conscious of doing wrong; but should we not be conscious, if we were more conscientious, if we really made a conscience of every thing, and judged ourselves, as God will one day judge us, for our idle words? We fall into a careless way of concluding, that a certain amount of transgression is almost a matter of course, and is to be pardoned as a matter of course; and we forget that One, He who asks obedience of us, is grieved by every offence, and hath abundant cause to be displeased with us. We do owe him, every one of us, a great debt; and we have nothing to pay. We are not what he has a right to

expect us to be. We have cause to love him as a wayward child might love one of the most patient of fathers, one of the most tender of mothers. Now, this love will be very personal: it will seek God by that way through which he has been pleased to come to us, incarnating his love in a life, uttering his love by the most gentle of lips. God in Christ reconciles the world unto himself, because we learn through this mediation how great is our debt, and how inexhaustible the compassions of Him who remits it. They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous (that is, those who think themselves righteous), but sinners to repentance. Now, if any say, we have no sin, they deceive themselves. If any say, we need not the pardoning love of God, they deceive themselves; and so the way is open for all to enter into the most tender and personal relations with the Father of the spirits of all flesh. This is the love which passeth knowledge, — God's love for us, our love for God. This is eminently the love of the Christian for the Father of his Lord, because, although natural religion has its sense of sin, it is only under the gospel that we gain that persuasion of the infinite compassion of God, which stirs the heart from its depths, and bears us heavenward upon a wave of grateful and tender emotion. So the wise Lord makes our very offences means of binding us more closely to himself. Herein perceive we the love of Christ, and the love of Him who loved us in Christ, and is patient with us every day, as no one of us would think of being patient with any earthly friend: nay, we should turn away utterly from our earthly friends, if they tried us as we try the gracious Father. We need not sin, in order to learn the lesson of love; but, having sinned, we are without excuse, if we are not brought in our repentance to the feet of Him who hath power on earth to forgive sins. E.

RANDOM READINGS.

RÉNAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.

We take great pleasure in placing before our readers some large extracts from an excellent review of "Rénan's Life of Jesus," by Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. Dr. Furness is admirably fitted, by his life-long study of the Gospels, to pass sentence upon the merits and demerits of this widely known book. He has just the familiarity with his theme, the special knowledge, which the French writer, otherwise learned, had not. Rénan, as his critic shows, makes upon us the impression of a man who has "got up" his subject, and not very thoroughly at that. Many a plain Bible-reader is better fitted to write about the Christ than he. E.

"That M. Rénan had only just come to believe that Jesus was a real person, when he undertook to write this life of him, is evident, we repeat, from the whole tenor of the work. Amidst the thick and bewildering mists of time and error, he unexpectedly comes in contact with what he had long supposed to be a phantom, and he finds it to be substantial flesh and blood. It is warm with life. It breathes. It moves. It speaks. Instead of falling prostrate, as another, with different preconceptions, might have done under like circumstances; instead of pausing, awe-struck and speechless at finding himself in the presence of the Founder of Christendom; instead of feeling slowly, reverently, and all in a tremble, after this majestic form, if haply he may discover the configuration thereof, — with the precipitate vivacity of his country, he instantly dashes off a sketch of it, as if he had been familiar with it for years; and his quick and brilliant fancy and abundant learning enable him, at small expense of time, to fill the sketch out. Suddenly coming in sight of Jesus, seeing him more, and hearing him speak, he treats him with the freedom of long acquaintance. He patronizes and applauds him and apologizes for him, from the lofty and illuminated height of the nineteenth century, looking graciously down upon him moving there in the dimness of that distant age.

"But sincere, animated, and magnetic as M. Rénan's faith is in the reality of Jesus, so long has he been accustomed to regard him as an abstract being of questionable existence, his is but an infant faith after all. It is very tender to the touch. It cannot bear the pressure of the most moderate tax. It cannot endure to be drawn upon with any

unusual force. It is not equal to the effort of acknowledging, save in the most indefinite terms, any very uncommon traits of greatness in Jesus. He sees with delighted surprise that there is a real human person there; but, to his eyes, 'the mists of a world without reality' still float around Jesus, and he is not at all prepared to trace any of the distinctive outlines of his figure, except so very lightly that they disappear under his hand. To keep him real, he must keep him far within the limits of the known and the familiar; for, the instant he approaches them, he begins to fade away. To keep him human, he must conceive of him and represent him as human, with a witness, the witness of many and palpable weaknesses."

"How wretchedly — we can use no milder word — does M. Rénan Frenchify what is recorded to have taken place in the house of Simon at Bethany! He represents the act of Mary, in pouring the precious ointment on the person of Jesus, not as a single-hearted expression of profound personal reverence, but as done for effect; to create feeling and admiration for Jesus in a community which had shown itself indifferent to him; in a word, to use a familiar American phrase, to make capital for him. And this tribute, M. Rénan says, was received by Jesus with pleasure. Why? Because, forsooth, 'he loved honors!' He! and because it confirmed his claim to the title, which he loved, of 'Son of David,' — a title occasionally applied to him, but which the Gospels breathe not a whisper of his ever having assumed.* In gratitude for this flattering attention, *un gage d'amour*, M. Rénan further says, that Jesus promised Mary an immortality of renown." — pp. 372–74.

"Now, from this account of the incident, who would ever dream of the interpretation which Jesus himself is recorded to have put upon the act of Mary? Who would know from any thing M. Rénan tells us, that Jesus, so far from thinking of personal honors, was reminded only of his death then impending, and that he accepted the fragrant ointment as an embalming? 'Against the day of my burial hath she *kept* this.' With all his liveliness of fancy, M. Rénan finds no touching allusion to his approaching death in the words of Jesus, 'The poor always ye have with you, *but me ye have not always*.' Neither does our author perceive that it was because he was struck with the coincidence of this act of Mary's with his own near death, that Jesus declared, that, wherever the story of his life should be told, this incident could not fail to be mentioned. Considering 'the economical habits of the place,' but not considering, that, as Jesus construed the act, the poorest person who might happen to come into possession of so precious a vase would be fully justified in keeping it for some special funeral occasion, M. Rénan agrees

* While M. Rénan here and elsewhere gives us the impression that Jesus was anxious to appropriate this title, he admits that Jesus never assumed it.

with Judas, that the use which Mary made of the costly unguent was a piece of downright extravagance. Disregarding the account which tells us that Mary first 'broke the box,' and then poured out the ointment, M. Rénan further tells us, that it was an ancient custom; but he gives no authority for it, except that he had himself seen it observed 'at Sour,' after the vase was emptied to break it in honor of the guest. Is it not more likely that Mary first broke the box, as the Gospels say, because the ointment required, for the preservation of its perfume, that the box or vase containing it should be so made or sealed that it could be opened only by being broken? The account is again disregarded by M. Rénan, when he says that Mary poured the ointment upon the feet of Jesus. The Gospels state that it was poured upon his head."

"The truth is, M. Rénan's faith, genuine as it is so far as it goes, goes but a very little way, hardly a hair's breadth beyond the bare fact that Jesus was a person who really had an existence. Beyond this fact, or rather around it, in M. Rénan's eyes, the haze of an unreal world still rests; and accordingly the details of the history, going to show us what manner of person Jesus was, take whatever shapes it pleases his fancy to give them. He has hardly any thing else to guide him but his fancy constantly excited by the quick and varied suggestions of his copious learning. The discovery of the topographical accuracy of the four Gospels, of 'the striking agreement of texts and places,'—a discovery which took him, he confesses, altogether by surprise,—compels him to accord them a certain historical character. But, whatever authority he concedes to them, his reliance on them gives way the instant they state any thing unusual, even though it be not beyond the known scope of humanity. He is continually either making assertions that have nothing in the history to sustain them, or he starts queries which not a syllable in the Gospels warrants him in suggesting, and which he is forced to answer for himself with *On l'ignore.*"—pp. 239, 379.

"It can surprise no one therefore, it was the most natural thing in the world, it was inevitable, that he should treat the so-called supernatural relations of the Gospels precisely as he does. It was to be expected that he would not for a single moment entertain the thought of giving them a critical examination, in order to obtain through them, if he might, some glimpses of Jesus; our materials for reproducing the idea of whom are not so abundant that we can afford to dispense with a syllable that may possibly throw light upon him. It is no wonder that to M. Rénan the narrations of the miracles are nothing but a weariness (p. 259). Naturally enough, he has found it far easier to represent Jesus as colluding with ignorance and fraud, than to suppose those miraculous relations to contain the smallest portion of valuable fact."

"A work of great interest and of quite a positive character, and eminently tender and religious, called forth by M. Rénan's work, has also appeared, by Dr. Schenkel, of Heidelberg, '*Das Charakterbild Jesu*,' designed, as the author states, 'to meet the deep want of our time,' and present 'a genuinely human, really historical representation of the life-picture of Jesus.'

"All these efforts must tend to good. Thus far, however, so little satisfaction has been attained in regard to the actual life of Jesus, that it is not infrequently said, that 'it was never meant' that we should have any clearer knowledge of him. But there need be no fear that we shall know him too distinctly. Let us at least know so much concerning him, that it shall no longer be possible for any one to doubt whether he ever existed. After all our study, that Divine Person will still be veiled in a mystery which no mortal eye can penetrate. Nevertheless, in the name of all that is dear to us, let us learn to know him as clearly as we may, that he may be formed in our inmost hearts, the Life of life, a glorious and everlasting hope. In no relation less intimate does he stand to Christendom and to the world."

THE CELEBRATION AT WESTON.

THE first day of February, 1865, was memorable in the annals of the Weston parish. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. Field, who had given notice to his people that he would then retire from its more active duties. The good people of the parish made ample preparations that the meeting should be one worthy of the occasion, and grateful to the venerable pastor. Invitations had been extended to absent friends, and to the ministers of the neighboring churches, with whom Dr. Field was accustomed to exchange pulpits; and at twelve o'clock, on the appointed day, the church was filled. On the right of the pulpit was the date, "February, 1815," with a border of evergreen; and, on the left, the date, "February, 1865," with a border of rich and ripe autumn leaves. Behind the pulpit was a cross and stars, wrought also in evergreen. Dr. Hill, President of Harvard University, read selections from the Scriptures, made so appropriately that they seemed to speak to the heart as no human words could do. Dr. Allen, of Northborough, offered the introductory prayer. Dr. Field gave a discourse of about half an hour, stating briefly the prin-

ciples that had guided him in his long ministry, closing with a summary of its most important statistics. The following hymn, prepared for the occasion, was then sung by the choir: —

Father of mercies! in the radiant morning,
Thy youthful servant started on his way;
And prayers were breathed for light and grace adorning,
And that his strength be equal to his day.

And thou hast answered! Fifty years of blessing
Have fallen o'er us, gently as the rain;
Thy promised grace, thy heavenly peace possessing,
Here in thy house and in our homes again.

Father, we thank thee! through the fruitful meadows
Still lead the flock and pastor by thy hand;
And grant him, walking through the evening shadows,
Still brighter openings towards the Promised Land;

Till, passing on through earth's brief joys and trials,
Pastor and people join the immortal throng,
Who sweeter incense waft from golden vials,
And worship thee in their unending song.

This was followed by an address, which sketched the early history of the Church and parish, its connection with the neighboring churches, and especially with the First Church of Watertown. Rev. J. B. Wight offered the concluding prayer, which closed the exercises in the church.

The audience were then invited to the Town Hall, where a bountiful collation had been provided. The Hall was soon filled; and, after partaking of the generous hospitalities of the Weston parish, full scope was given to the outflowing of kindly and social feeling, and the indulgence of grateful memories. An exceedingly appropriate hymn, written and read by Rev. Mr. Sewall, was sung as an opening exercise. President Hill, Rev. Messrs. Livermore, Hinckley, and Sewall, and Drs. Allen and Ellis, made brief and pertinent addresses, touching in the heart many a grateful chord, and waking many pleasing reminiscences. In the course of these exercises, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, in which everybody joined, breathing into it the inspiration of the heart. So the afternoon passed away; but the occasion did not close with mere verbal expressions of good feeling. In the evening, a committee called upon the family of the pastor, and left them *eight hundred dollars* as a substantial token of their affection and good-will.

The history of the Weston Church is specially interesting. Weston and Waltham were primarily included within the limits of Watertown. The Watertown Church was the first Church in Massachusetts which grounded itself firmly, from the beginning, on the principles of Congregationalism, and maintained the large and liberal principles of an unsectarian Christianity. Sir Richard Saltonstall was the leader of the Watertown colony, — a kindred spirit of John Robinson; and Rev. George Phillips was the first minister, and asserted the rights of conscience and religious liberty, in opposition to their bigoted neighbors. Theirs was the mother Church, and the Waltham and Weston churches were her daughters, and imbibed her liberal spirit. The Weston Church was organized in 1709, and its first minister ordained in that year. This was a hundred and fifty-four years ago. In this whole period, it has had but four ministers: Rev. William Williams; Rev. Samuel Woodward, ordained in 1751; Rev. Samuel Kendall, D.D., ordained in 1783; and Rev. Joseph Field, D.D., ordained in 1815. Such a record is almost, if not entirely, unprecedented in our ecclesiastical annals, — the united pastorate of four ministers covering a period of more than a century and a half. The history runs through a line of able and devoted ministers; and long may the Weston Church preserve the spirit of those good men, and may the beautiful mantle of their ascended or living prophets always rest upon them! S.

STATISTICS OF THE AMERICAN ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES, AS COLLECTED IN 1864.

These occupy sixty-four pages of the "Congregational Quarterly" for January, 1865. They give the number of ministers, churches, additions, deaths, dismissals, excommunications, baptisms, Sunday-school pupils, and charitable contributions throughout the denomination, in all the Northern, Western, and Middle States; in the Territories, in Canada, and the West Indies, — a work of immense labor, performed by a labor-loving and pains-taking man, Rev. A. H. Quint, of New Bedford. We have cast our eye over it, not merely in admiration of his industry and faithfulness, but with surprise at some results it has enabled us to reach. The number of new church-members made in the year ending May 1, 1864, deduct-

ing the deaths and excommunications, gives a net gain of less than one member, and one-third of a member to each of the 2,863 churches. The number of adult baptisms gives only one and one-half person to each Church. The number of infant baptisms has no greater proportion. Do not these facts suggest, for consideration at the proposed National Council of the Congregational Churches, to be held next June, in Boston, the question, whether a ritual service should be made the test of church-membership, — a ritual service, which, in the existing ecclesiastical arrangements, is evidently fast declining in public regard, but which might become a more general and hearty observance, were it not injuriously thrust forward as a dividing line between so-called saints and sinners? We have noticed another thing: the large number of ministers not in regular pastoral work. They amount to 753 out of 2,719, — more than one-fourth part. In Massachusetts, they are 205 in a whole number of 423, — nearly one-half. This includes, it is true, superannuated ministers, professors, teachers, and secretaries of benevolent organizations; but, after all, the proportion is so large as to beget the suspicion, that the tendency, both to an unsettled ministry and an irregular employment, is greatly on the increase. We think this is the fact in other denominations. We believe there is no body of men in the world more laborious, single-minded, and useful than the Orthodox clergy of America. When not agreeing with their doctrinal statements, we honor an utterance which is not "yea and nay," but which "in Jesus Christ is yea and amen." M.

RETALIATION.

It is the Christian duty of every man to forgive his private wrongs, and refrain from personal retaliation. It would be his duty, even if the Master had not enjoined it, because he is under the protection of law and government: not he holds the balances and the sword of justice. But when he undertakes to forgive the enemies of others, and especially the matricides who are stabbing at the life of the country, the great mother of us all, he is acting out of his sphere. And yet floods of this cheap pseudo-charity begin to be poured out. Our greatest danger now is, that the

traitors will be received back, their hands red with the blood of our fathers and brothers, to exploit their perjuries and work their devilish schemes anew. If the rebel commissioners had accepted Mr. Lincoln's "amnesty," what under heaven would have prevented them from re-organizing the old democratic party, taking possession of all the slave-state governments, defeating the new constitutional amendment, and remanding the slaves to their ancient bondage? This, we have no doubt, was in the wind.

So about retaliation, — this mawkish and bastard charity has cost us thousands of precious lives. No one that we know of has ever advocated retaliation *in kind*. But if, while our brothers were being starved or frozen in Southern pens and prisons, or inhumanly mangled and butchered, every rebel officer in our keeping had been put to hard labor, with the chains on their limbs and the whips held over them with which they used to torture their slaves, we have not a doubt that Union prisoners would very soon have had full rations and decent shelter, and this horrible inhumanity have straightway ceased. Retaliation! We seem to forget that the life of every one of these traitors is forfeit by the laws of the land; and that the men in our state-prisons, who are put to hard labor, are innocent compared with them. Let a man forgive his own enemies, and love them to distraction, if he will; but when he talks of forgiving the enemies of the State, while yet they are stabbing at its bosom, we hold it not humanity, but the direst cruelty. The people, the masses, who have been misled, ought to be regarded with commiseration as more sinned against than sinning. But the leaders, who have wrought this great ruin, and fixed a blot on the civilization of the age, which all the rains of the sweet heavens cannot wash out, and turned every household of the country to a place of mourning, should bide the even and majestic course of violated justice. If not, then let us open all the state-prisons, and release their inmates as wronged and persecuted men. S.

MAN was created of, for, and in *Paradise;* of, for, and in, the *love of God;* but if he bring himself into anger, which is a poisonous pain and death, then that contrary paradisaical life of *love* is a pain and torment to him. — *Behmen.*

GOD WILL GUARD HIS TRUTH.

In these days of universal upturning, when things temporal and things spiritual are searched to their very foundations, and nothing is too sacred to be subjected to the keenest scrutiny, the question naturally arises, What will be left to us, and where will these things end? "The axe is" indeed "laid unto the root of the trees," even those dear old trees, whose fruits have been so precious to us, and "whose" very "leaves were for the healing of the nations." Many of us who had reached the meridian of life in comparative tranquillity, under the shadow of the conservative school, entered on this new order of things with many fears. Undoubtedly there were tares among the wheat. We ourselves had cast away much, that, by our Puritan fathers, was considered the bread of life; but the scrutiny of the present age is so much more rigid and daring, that we could hardly be expected to watch its progress without fears for the result. The first thought of the anxious, religious mother was, "What will be the effect on my children of hearing these things questioned, perhaps stigmatized as "old wives' fables," which have always been taught them in all sincerity as sacred truths? Who will lay the doubts thus raised? or, even supposing that some minor points must be surrendered, to their indiscriminating minds will not the questioning of a part prove the destruction of the whole?"

So we reasoned, and so we feared. Yet God works on in his own way; and it seems now as vain to attempt to stay the tide of theological inquiry, or to keep our children ignorant of its progress, as was the effort to avert the great contest in which our nation is now engaged. God is leading our country, "by a way we know not of," and one which we should least have chosen, from twofold slavery to perfect freedom. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes;" and shall we not trust him to guard the interests of that "pure and undefiled religion," which his most holy Son lived and died to establish? Surely he will guard his own; and nothing truly beneficial to mankind will be ultimately lost, though for a time it may seem to be imperilled.

In the mean time, perhaps, our conservatism may be purged from bigotry and dogmatism, and quickened into a truer life by its contact with radicalism; and as in other things, so in theology, by close proximity and free conversation, we shall find on both

sides that the difference is not so wide as at first sight appears. Many of the radicals have come out from the school of the rigid Orthodox, so called, and, not fully comprehending our position as Unitarians, insist on certain doctrines as new, which we have always held. Then, again, terms are used in a sense somewhat differing from the popular one; and in this way new and questionable doctrines sometimes seem to be set forth from the pulpit, which, when discussed familiarly, lose their objectionable aspect.

It is true that there is in some individuals of the new school a degree of flippancy which seems to delight in shocking the devout hearer by its jeering manner of treating subjects generally regarded as sacred; but these, we believe, are exceptions; and we have found in others an earnest reverence of spirit, and a loftiness of purpose, even in their questionings, which won our admiration, and gave evidence of an abundant and a living faith. We shall always be the happier and the richer for hours of free communion with one or two choice spirits of this school.

Let us hold fast our confidence in the happy issue of all these tumults! "The Lord reigneth" still; and we can trust the wisdom that is higher than ours, and the love that never faileth. †

LITERARY NOTICES.

Christ and His Salvation. In sermons variously related thereto. By HORACE BUSHNELL. Third edition. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street. 1865.

Dr. Bushnell understands the age he lives in. He knows how to enter into the difficulties of thoughtful persons, who, with all their thinking, would not lose faith in God and Christ, in providence and immortality; and he has a singular power of lifting the wheels of his fine chariot out of the old ruts. He does not deal in platitudes, or astonish, whilst he wearies us, with what Carlyle calls the "parish pump faculty." The "Orthodox" say that he is not sound; but we most fervently wish that everybody were *as* sound. We wish the "Orthodox" might hear some of the statements with which the liberal folk, who are in the way of hearing every thing, are favored; and they would fall back upon their eloquent,

if somewhat unsystematic and erratic divine, with an exceeding contentment. In these days of naturalism, he plainly believes in a supernatural order; that God comes to us in his sovereign grace, and does not wait for us to be developed, nobody can tell how, up to him. The sermons are thoughtful, vigorous, well-put, pungent, and unto edification. We are rejoiced to see that they have already reached a third edition, and we should be glad to know that the editions were large. E.

Apologia pro Vita Sua. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Dr. Newman, it will be remembered, is one of the Tractarians who went over to Rome. He tried to find *viam mediam*, and couldn't. He hated Liberalism; he craved a positive dogmatic faith, a visible authoritative Church; he tried to find it outside of Rome, and failed. He writes this book, not so much to defend his beliefs as his honesty. It is a relation of personal history and experience. So far as we have read, he succeeds perfectly. He reveals early predilections towards Catholicism; and he renders it entirely credible, that an honest man, with his proclivities, should be a convert to Rome. That there is any *via media* between Romanism and Liberalism, would be quite as difficult a thing to make out logically as the validity of the seven sacraments and the papal supremacy; and, if any one wishes to know the process whereby a man of ripe scholarship, pure tastes, strong intellectual grasp, and honesty of purpose, educated a Protestant, and knowing all its methods and reasonings, can still be a thorough convert to Romanism, let him read the "Apologia pro Vita Sua." S.

The Young Crusoe; or, Adventures of a Shipwrecked Boy. A story for boys, by Dr. HARLEY. Illustrated. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — The adventures are wild and perilous, as much so as those of the original Robinson himself. We take it they are imaginary; but the boys read them with big eyes and lively interest. S.

History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, in three volumes. Vol. 3. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1864.

Those who have the first and second volumes of this admirable history, will, of course, supply themselves with the third; and those who are not so fortunate as to have read the two earlier portions will do well to secure the three. Dr. Palfrey writes from a

mind which has been conscientiously and successfully furnished for his work. Fortified with documents that have only come to hand in these last years, and skilful to shake off from them the dust that would make them unwelcome, he has given us not only a trustworthy chronicle, but an attractive history of lands and times, which, humble as they may look outwardly, are none the less deeply significant for every thoughtful student of our human life.

Dr. Palfrey's narrative is clear, concise, nervous, flowing: better than some who have sought to describe what are usually reckoned greater matters, he avoids diffuseness and repetition, and will not easily be removed from his place as the best recorder of *nostrarum rerum cunabula*. Why should he write a word about increasing years, or hint at any conclusion of his labors, before his task shall have been finished? E.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN, & Co. have set forth a comely edition of Gray's Poetry, with a pleasant Memoir prefixed. — "Slave Boys," by Mayne Reid, comes from TICKNOR & FIELDS, and finds interested readers amongst those who are not bondmen.

Our Young Folks comes promptly, and rich in matters which are adapted to our smaller people. E.

PAMPHLETS.

WE owe our thanks to authors and publishers for very interesting sermons. We intended to have noticed in juxtaposition a Discourse, by Rev. Dr. GANNETT, at the installation of Rev. A. P. Putnam, as pastor of the Church of the Saviour, at Brooklyn, and a Christmas Discourse by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM. They are widely different; but the matter is too large for us now, and we must content ourselves with the expression of our hearty concurrence in the general drift of the Brooklyn sermon, and of our earnest dissent from the doctrine of Mr. Frothingham's discourse, though we find much to admire in its pure and elevated moral and spiritual tone.

WEEKLY EXCHANGES.

The New-York Post, for the vigor and clearness of its editorials and their fulness of information on all topics of living interest, can hardly be surpassed. All subjects connected with the war

are handled with great ability and earnest patriotism; and the historic view of events and the criticism of current literature are of the highest value.

The Christian Register represents both wings of the Unitarian body, with an evident veering towards the left. Its catholic spirit is delightful, and the well-sustained ability with which it is conducted has earned for it three times its present patronage. It ought to have, at least, ten thousand subscribers, and its popular department very much enlarged, — we mean, by the popular department, reading for minds that crave spiritual food; not merely denominational, but that which goes farther towards the deeps of the religious experience. The "Register" is republishing some excellent tracts to circulate among the soldiers of the Union army.

Zion's Herald, we have taken pains to circulate after reading it, and have always found it thrice welcome among, we will not say a lower, but humbler class of readers, who do not speculate or theologize, and who do not wish to know Christ after the flesh, but only in the spirit. It has food for just such minds, among which it is read and re-read.

The New-Church Independent is an old friend with a new face. It is published at Laporte, Ind., and has the breadth and temper of the New Jerusalem with none of the narrowness or bitterness of Swedenborgian ecclesiasticism. The first number contains an excellent sermon to children from our brother Staples, of Milwaukie. If any of our readers will send a dollar, directed to the "New-Church Independent," Laporte, Ind., they will receive a semi-monthly messenger which sets forth in the best spirit some views of Spiritual Christianity which are both rational and beautiful. S.

A late number of Littell's *Living Age* contains the narrative and report of commissioners appointed by the Sanitary Commission, of the privations and sufferings of United-States officers and soldiers while prisoners of war, in the hands of the rebel authorities. It has illustrative plates, and an appendix containing the testimony. It is full and authentic, and confirms the worst statements which have been made, touching the fiendish cruelty of the slavemongers, and the terrible sufferings of our brave and devoted men.

The Methodist is the best paper that comes to us amongst our exchanges.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIII. APRIL, 1865. No. 4.

DID JOHN THE APOSTLE WRITE THE GOSPEL WHICH BEARS HIS NAME?

The "Westminster Review" for July, 1864, in an article entitled "Liberal French Protestantism," contains the following sentences, which, we think, will commend themselves to every candid reader, as, in the main, true: "The fourth Gospel has the appearance of being, for the most part, homogeneous, — of having proceeded, with some exceptions, from a single author; and there is claimed for it, and, according to some, it claims for itself, to be the work of the Apostle John. It therefore must stand much higher or much lower as evidence than the other Gospels. If it was the production of the apostle, it was the production of an eye-witness of the events which it relates, which cannot be said of any other of the Gospels as we now have them (?). If it was not the production of the apostle who is supposed to have been present at the transactions it narrates, and yet claims to be his production, it is less worthy of credit than the writings which have been founded on tradition. They may not be true, and yet not intentionally false. The first Gospels may be more or less unhistorical, but are not on that account to be termed fictitious. The Gospel according to John, if it be not by John, is not only unhistorical, but fictitious.... If the veracity of the rest of the narrative be disputable, we cannot attach any special importance to the circumstance that special discourses are put into the mouth of Jesus himself; for this may well be no more than an artifice of

composition or literary form, whereby the author delivers his own conception concerning the indwelling of the divine in the humanity of Jesus Christ." As our interrogation-mark indicates, we are far from agreeing with this writer in his assumption concerning the other Gospels: but we are entirely at one with him in his estimate of the importance of the inquiry concerning the authorship of the fourth Gospel, and are at loss to understand what they mean who tell us that it does not matter whether John the apostle was the writer of it, or John the presbyter, or some altogether unknown person; or whether it belongs to the last of the first century, near the close of the life of St. John, or to the middle of the second. Christianity does not depend upon the Gospel according to St. John. The word was preached and believed in, to their unspeakable comfort, by multitudes long before "the beloved disciple" wrote; and the truth concerning the relation of Jesus to the Father is witnessed for, though not so abundantly, by others, as well as by him who leaned upon the Lord's breast, and lived nearest to his heart. Nevertheless, in the marvellous providence of God, as we believe, it was given to John to complete the circle of divine instructions; and without him we lack a part of what the great Revealer designs for us. 'We have been moved of late by much that has been written — not, as it seems to us, to edification — about the historical and internal evidences of the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels, to refresh our acquaintance with the subject, and to ask again whether there is really foundation for the sweeping denials which have become so common in these days. In this short paper, we propose to lay before plain readers a few facts that may satisfy them, as they have satisfied us, that no such foundation does really exist; and that, as there are dogmatists in the interests of what is called faith so there are dogmatists in the interests of what is called scepticism.

Demonstration in matters of this sort is, of course, not to be looked for; but we can have a probable evidence which abundantly prepares the way for the proper action of religious and moral truth upon the mind and heart. The writer in the "Westminster" says, "We have no reliable external evidence

to the existence of the fourth Gospel much before, if at all before, the middle of the second century." We confidently take issue with this writer upon this statement. We affirm that we have such "reliable external evidence."

1. We find such evidence in the fact, that when, in the early Church, the canon of New-Testament Scripture was settled, and a line was drawn between the books universally received and the books about which there was a question, we get no hint that John's Gospel was brought into any controversy of this sort. Jerome and Eusebius, in the fourth century, had the facts before them upon which to form an opinion; and they knew nothing about the modern doubts, but quite the contrary. There is no reason to declare that they were undiscriminating in this thing: in fact, we know that they did discriminate. We shall not accept the opinion of the early Church as to the canon, as the result of inspiration; neither shall we set aside their opinion, when we find so much to justify, and so little, indeed nothing of any importance, to set off against it.

2. We find "reliable historical evidence" in the fact that Tertullian, of Northern Africa, writing against the heretic Marcion, early in the third century, viz., 207 or 208, quotes the Gospel of John in refutation of the man's heresies. Referring to the testimonies of Luke (which that writer had mutilated), in the following words, "I affirm that not only in the churches founded by apostles, but in all which have fellowship with them, that Gospel of Luke, which we so steadily defend, has been received from its first publication," he adds, that "the same authority of the apostolic churches will support the other Gospels, which, in like manner, we have from them conformably to their copies." "They," he says, "who were resolved to teach otherwise than the truth were under the necessity of new-modelling the records of the doctrine."* "If he (Marcion) did not reject some and corrupt others of the Scriptures, the Gospel of John would convict him of error." Again: Clement of Alexandria,

* Norton's Genuineness, vol. i. p. 65.

writing during the latter part of the second and the earlier part of the third century, has left these remarkable words: "In the last place, John, observing that the things obvious to the senses had been clearly set forth in those Gospels (Matthew, Mark, and Luke), being urged by his friends, and divinely moved by the Spirit, composed a spiritual Gospel." He had travelled far and wide: he had been a philosopher, and became a Christian, and was a man of learning. Reasoning against some heretics, he says, "In the first place, we have not that saying in the four Gospels which have been handed down to us." Yet again: Irenæus, who was born in Asia Minor, but became bishop of Lyons, in France, during the latter half of the second century, tells us that "John, the disciple of the Lord, who leaned upon his breast, likewise published a Gospel, while he dwelt at Ephesus, in Asia." Having spoken of the other three, and having testified that the gospel was first preached, and afterwards written, Irenæus goes on to argue fancifully that there *can* be but four Gospels; an imagination, which, instead of weakening his testimony, as some sceptics have urged that it should, rather shows how settled in his mind was the fact which suggested the metaphorical language. He says, "The Gospel according to John declares his princely, complete, and glorious generation from the Father, saying, 'In the beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was with God, and the Logos was God: all things were made by him, and without him was nothing made.'"* Origen comes a little later than those who have been named. He was a most thoroughly learned man; and so abundant is he in his quotations from the Gospels, that they might almost have been restored, had they been lost, from his pages: he mentions John as having written last, and says that the four are received without controversy by all the churches of God under heaven. Must not all these men have found abundant grounds for their opinion? Did the Church accept a book which began to be generally known only in the middle of the second

* Norton, vol. i. p. 115.

century? Again: the canon of Muratori, about 170, A.D., is the earliest testimony that we have to the New Testament as a whole. Omitting some of the books which are included in our present collection, but were questioned in the ancient Church, viz., James, Hebrews, and 2 Peter, it includes John's Gospel. A statement of a slightly legendary character accompanies this testimony; but it is admitted, nevertheless, even by those against whom we are arguing, that the witness is good to the extent of establishing the currency of the Gospel as John's by the middle of the second century. How did it gain this currency, if there was no ground for it? Must we not at all events assign a very early date? and, if we assign an early date, do we not greatly increase the difficulty of referring it to any save the reputed author? Again: Tatian, writing about the time which has just been assigned to the Muratorian canon, draws repeatedly from our Gospel. Theophilus, his contemporary, Bishop of Antioch, quotes John by name; and, if he is the first to do this, we must remember that the names signified little except to Christians, for whom the fathers, for the most part, did not write, but rather for the adversaries of Christians.

3. We find "reliable external evidence" in the fact that Justin, who flourished about the year 150, being first a Platonist and then a Christian, and who was born in Samaria about the beginning of the second century, and died a martyr's death in Rome, speaks of "memoirs composed by apostles and their companions,"—memoirs which "are called Gospels,"—and quotes, with other passages that do not so exactly accord with the text of John (for it seems to have been his habit to quote from memory, and to give only the substance), these remarkable sentences: "For indeed Christ also said, 'Except ye be born again, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;' and that it is impossible for those who are once born to enter into their mother's womb is plain to all." Not writing for believers, he does not give the names of the writers of the Gospels; but his description of the writings is perfect,—Matthew and John being apostles,

of Lyons, and Origen, the greatest scholar of Christian antiquity, that the Gospel called the Gospel of John was written by the beloved disciple of Jesus.

We should be glad to go beyond our purpose, and make an exhibition of the internal evidence in support of the Johannean authorship. We cannot close without adding a very few sentences in this direction, chiefly for the purpose of inviting the reader to study the Gospel for himself, that he may learn from the thing written who the writer must have been; and how scarcely honest, to use no stronger language, he must have been if he was not the Apostle John. As an eye-witness he presents himself to us; and the narrative is full of incidental particulars, which, if they did not come from an eye-witness, must be ascribed to a very ingenious writer of fiction, and can hardly be reconciled even with the very easy literary conscience which Tübingen accords to the New-Testament authors. Why is one of the disciples characterized in this book simply as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," unless the author intended in this way to describe himself, and to avoid giving his name? M. Rénan, indeed, would have us believe that John wrote his Gospel because the other evangelists had not made enough of him; but we have yet to learn of the first person who shares this opinion of M. Rénan. All the way along there are particularities: descriptions of gestures; turnings-about; beckonings with the hand; interchanges of looks; postures of the body; assertions of personal observation and recollection; details of evidence, as in the case of the blind man; discriminations in the drawing of characters, very real if not singularly artificial, as in the stories of Martha and Mary; testimonies to deep emotion, which, if they are not very honest and simple, are sadly disingenuous, — these, and the like, all pointing to and requiring the eye-witness. The book is manifestly the work of one writer, and of one who dwelt in the midst of the persons and the scenes that employ his pen.

One word more as to the alleged impossibility that such discoursings as are contained in this Gospel could have been received and given forth by a fisherman of Galilee. First,

We have no reason to conclude that this son of Zebedee was an illiterate man. Known unto the high priest he certainly was, and able to get access to the palace. Moreover, have we not a right to look for the greatest and the deepest things from the chosen friend and bosom-companion of our Lord and Saviour? Why should there not have been one soul sufficiently receptive to be made the teacher of the Master's profoundest word; the evangelist of the absolute Wisdom; the apostle of the Mediator? Why should not the promised Spirit have taken of the things of Christ, and shown them unto John, so leading him, towards the close of his earthly life, into all truth, — truth which he never fully received whilst the Master was visibly with him? If we make Christianity the outgrowth of the times, the crystallization of a certain collection of rich but unorganized elements, then we may well subordinate persons, even the great Person of all; but, if it came to us through the Son of God and his chosen instruments, then we may look for men, who, because they spake and wrote only what was given to them, exceeded all ordinary human measures and expectations, and became lights of the world for all time.

The marvellous Gospel was written by some one: few will question that it is from a single hand. Was that some one the nearest of all the disciples to the Lord, or some unknown person, whose work gradually stole into the Church? Why should it be thought a thing incredible, that a fisherman should become an evangelist, and report the highest things, when we recall what miracles the Lord has wrought in our world during these last eighteen centuries?

In these few paragraphs, we have aimed at no originality; but we believe that nothing has been set down which is not abundantly sustained by authorities that few will venture to challenge. In closing, we wish to acknowledge the aid which we have received in our humble purpose from an admirable paper upon the subject by the Rev. Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale College. It will be found in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for April, 1864. E.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXV.—For Easter.

"AUFERSTANDEN, AUFERSTANDEN."

[BY C. C. STURM. FOUND ONLY IN RECENT BOOKS.]

Melody,—"Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht Singen."

Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
He by whom we're reconciled;
See how God from pang and prison
Has with honor crowned his Child.
Now enthroned there with the Father,
Over pain and death set high,
Reigns he in his majesty.
With your prostrate homage gather,
For he life immortal gives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

He is risen, sing ye praises,
Who his blood on Calvary spilled;
Shout it loud in farthest places;
What he promised he fulfilled.
Who withstands? And why dissemble?
See him mount in glorious worth;
Bright in triumph breaks he forth.
See how Hell's black portals tremble,
As the Conqueror at them drives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

Us from death-doom to deliver,
Sank he in the grave's dark night;
Us to raise to life for ever,
Rose he through the Father's might.
Death, thou art in victory swallowed,
All thy terrors overblown;
All thine Empire overthrown;
Life is now achieved and hallowed.
Though the Spoiler still bereaves,
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

To the Father he ascended,
  Lifting man from death's domain.
Life that's in him spent and ended
  Tastes and sees that death is gain.
Hold amidst your pain and pleasure
  Jesus Christ in memory,
  Loosed from death's captivity.
His are joys beyond all measure,
  Who for heavenly prizes strives.
  Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

Children of the great Renewer,
  Joy in him with thanks and song;
Bring to him, the Death-Subduer,
  Crowns that to such name belong.
Praise him in the hours of trial,
  Then when Sin and Misery threat;
  Praise him in the mortal sweat;
Give his great call no denial,
  Who the outcast soul receives.
  Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

XXVI.—Easter Time.

"AUF, IHR CHRISTEN, LASST UNS SINGEN."

Melody,—"Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme."

Up, ye Christians, join in singing,
And praises to our Saviour bringing;
  For risen is the Conqueror.
Lo! his march is now undoubted,
And all the powers of Death are routed;
  Lo! open is the sepulchre.
  O fair and glorious beam!
  O joy in fullest stream!
    Hallelujah!
    With hero might
    He wins the fight,
  And scatters all the hosts of night.

Though inheriting corruption,
Yet now we see our great adoption;
And death is but life's opening door.
Now that Jesus has the better,
Broken is the spoiler's fetter;
We go to Him who went before.
The body wastes at death;
The spirit feels no scath.
Hallelujah!
From pain and fate
Emancipate,
We enter our divine estate. N. L. F.

LIFE IN SECLUSION.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"
THE TASK, book ii.

WE have found the lodge for which poor Cowper sighed,—*we*, dear reader, denoting a company of three or four, who, in the last summer, led by friendly guidance, sought a breathing-place among the mountains of New England. And in a time when so many

"Rumors of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful wars,"

fill the air, it may be pleasant, if only by way of contrast, to turn the eye on a picture of secluded life, which, I must think, is rarely equalled, or indeed approached, in this stirring land of ours. The throng of summer tourists, happily, for the most part, know not the place; and I dare not, even now, indicate its boundaries too precisely, lest this hive of sweetness be rifled before its time. I tremble at the thought of any sacrilegious invasion of these mountain solitudes. Spare it yet awhile, ye ruthless and unsympathizing multitudes, who could only come to destroy all its peculiar charm! There is room for but a few, and more than few would leave it no longer what it was. Is it then selfish for those few to wish to

guard this sanctuary, and keep it to themselves, when all its sacredness must disappear at the trample of many feet, and the sound of many and discordant voices? To people the wilderness, is, of course, to change its essential character; but since I forebode the time as not far distant when my "happy valley," too, must yield to the necessities of civilization, as well as to the insatiable demands of the itinerant pleasure-seeker, I am anxious to rescue from utter oblivion these remains of retirement, now almost the last of their kind. "Story" I have none to tell: a sketch is all that I aspire to; and that, without the accompaniment of the pencil, can only be of the most modest pretensions.

Three thousand feet above the sea-line there is an open space of some thirty or forty acres of cleared land, completely walled in by mountains, which are clothed with a shaggy and unbroken forest. The wall is of the grandest and most insurmountable character; and were one to be let down into this enclosure, from the upper air, he might well deem himself a prisoner here for life, if he did not rather congratulate himself on having found a temple, not made with hands, wherein he was to be a glad and grateful worshipper for all time. On a closer inspection, however, one perceives that some outlet is possible, and that the wall is not quite continuous. Its ever-varying outline, attaining its extreme height at the north and south of the valley, dips down so much towards the south-west, that it seems no superhuman feat to climb out that way. We, not having entered this seclusion by the aerial passage I have supposed, but by the more ordinary mode of terrestrial conveyance, knew very well that this south-western dip does indeed mark the solitary road by which ingress or egress is obtained. Through that alone, all communication with the outside world goes on. No visitor takes this valley *in transitu*. He comes either to stay, or to return as he came; for there is no passage beyond. Here one feels that the very end is reached, though it would be rather ludicrously described as "the jumping-off-place," when every jump would involve a spring of one or two thousand feet. There may be a higher mountain-wall elsewhere, and there may be quite as absolute

enclosure; but the unique feature of our valley I suppose to be just this, — that there is no thoroughfare here. A special pilgrimage must be made to this spot: it is a shrine whose doors are open only to those who have come here for this exclusive adoration.

Of human dwellers within this cleared area, there are not enough to entitle it to the name of village. It is better designated as a hamlet; for you can hardly discern more than seven blue wreaths ascending in the morning air to indicate the habitations of man; and these seven dwelling-houses, with their barns, constitute, with two exceptions, all that human hands have built here. The valley owns no shop or inn or church. One neat little schoolhouse alone testifies to some higher interest than mere shelter; and one lonely bowling-alley is a reminiscence of the hotel, whose crumbling foundations may be traced hard by. This hotel, which had barely a year's existence, threatened to make a direful change in the quiet seclusion. It was to be the occasion of a new road being opened through the forests, and had already added more than a hundred to the summer residents of the valley. But one June night, when preparations were nearly ready for the new guests, a fire broke out in the upper rooms, and could not be extinguished till it had made a total wreck of all that was combustible, and only the granite substructure remained to tell the tale. As no other cause could be assigned for the disaster, it was, of course, believed to be the work of some human incendiary; but I would rather suppose that the offended spirits of the place, resenting the desecration of their mountain-home, fanned the breeze, if they did not even apply the torch which lighted the conflagration. At any rate, no attempt has since been made to provide a "public house" for the visitors. They are lodged, as we were, in the farmhouse, which I will presently attempt to describe. But of the valley itself I should not omit to say more particularly how perfect its solitude is. From morn to eve, and from eve to morn, no sound is heard to remind one that there is any thing beyond these guardian hills, save the rare sound of carriage-wheels, which announces their approach from afar. No railroad whistle, with its fright-

ful scream, ever reaches our ears; no distant hum of busy life can cross these grand old mountains. Except for the occasional mail, — for even that is no regular occurrence, — we should not know there was any war; and, even as we read of the fearful carnage on some distant battle-field, it requires a lively imagination to conceive of it as a thing which we have any part in, or which could, by any possibility, penetrate as far as this. In the presence of these venerable forms of stability and repose, we can hardly admit so much as a thought of strife and distraction. We fancy that the fiercest band of soldiers would no sooner enter this peaceful seclusion than they would be compelled to throw down their arms for very awe and shame. Yet it must not be supposed that we had really *forgotten* the war for a moment, or that our patriotism had cooled because it found no active exercise. Sometimes, I must confess, a throb of pain came over me, to think that this inactivity was of my own choosing. What right had I to stand aloof from my country in arms? How dare I take my ease here, and pass my days in reverie and contemplation, and give myself up to the enjoyment of simple nature, when every man is needed to interpose between his country and ruin? "To arms!" — my conscience will not let me be deaf to that cry, though forests and mountains shut it out ever so carefully. Ah, yes! I hear it; but, without making my confessions to the public, it is enough to say that a stern necessity forbade me literally to obey that cry. I must sadly feel that it was not meant for me; and my retirement to this mountain hamlet was therefore no abstraction from the national defence. I could in some way be a gainer, and my country be no loser. But, though no noises from the world beyond the hills ever invaded our retreat, it was by no means absolute stillness here. The tinkling of the cow-bells, the lowing of the oxen, the cheerful sounds from the barnyard, the scream of the blue-jay, the cawing of the crow, the occasional burst of merriment from children, the still rarer ring of the axe or the hammer, or other implement of human toil, — these were pleasant indications that we were not buried, if secluded. "The mighty world of sound" was ours yet. The forests had their myste-

rious voices, and many a coming shower was announced by the pattering on a million leaves long before a drop fell at our feet. No sound was disturbing: every thing we heard tended rather to tranquillize the spirit; and for one weary of care and work, whether of the hands or the brain, I can hardly imagine a more admirable place. We had no excitements, and we wanted none. Possibly — so sophisticated does one become in the midst of civilization — we might have ventured to think of it as "dull," had it been our constant abode; but, for a few weeks or months, we were satisfied, far more than satisfied, with the resources which this valley contained within itself. We had scarcely a craving which this mountain solitude could not fill.

Not all of our life, however, was spent in pure Nature. Man had provided a shelter more reliable for poor civilized creatures, as we were, than the overhanging rock or the canopy of green leaves. It would be leaving out one of the most picturesque features of our landscape, were I to say nothing of the farmhouse where we were lodged. Imagine, then, a long, low dwelling fronting the south, and putting on its best face to those who should first approach it; for on the front alone had any embellishment of color been attempted. Originally, this had been a bright red with white facings; but time had mellowed its brilliance: and now the house, with its appendant outbuildings doubling the extent of the line, seemed the natural product of the soil, and almost coeval with the rocks and woods. You could fancy that it had gradually ripened into its present bloom; that, turning constantly towards the meridian sun, it had caught something of his glow, and learned to smile and blush its welcome to the coming guests. Unconscious of any style of architecture, it suggested no impertinent comparison with Gothic or Italian prototypes. No servile imitation had ruled in its construction. Its three dormer windows were not intended to be picturesque; they were simply the most convenient way for introducing light through the roof. The quaint barn, also, with its enclosed yard and its innumerable sheds, had never proposed to itself to be remarkable; and yet every travelling artist loved

to sketch its irregular outline, and thought he had seen nothing of the kind in the whole region more interesting for his pencil. Three doorways of the house, also looking southward, hinted at a generous hospitality. One of these led to the more modern addition of parlor; one opened directly, without the intervention of "entry," into the dining-room; and the third, of much ampler proportion, gave admission at all times, without so much as raising a latch, to the freedom of "the shed," as that was called, *par excellence*, which connected the house with the barn. This shed was the favorite after-dinner resort of the loungers of the household, who wished to be exempt from even the slight show of restraint which the word "parlor" might imply. Here one could indulge in the luxury of a tipped-back chair, while puffing the fragrant weed, or could lie prone on the rough carpenter's bench which flanked the shed, or could sit in quiet contemplation of the southern mountain-wall, or could listen to the anecdotes and adventures of an elderly gentleman, a long-time frequenter of our hamlet, whose piscatory skill supplied our table with abundant trout, and who was so wonted to an open-air life, that we could seldom entice him into the urbanities of the parlor; the airy shed being the nearest approach to shelter, which, in warm weather at least, he could endure. The hospitality which these doors suggested was no lying promise. We found it amply fulfilled. And yet, on our first approach to this quaint old place, when our eyes had curiously searched each dwelling-house as our possible abode for many weeks, it was with a kind of dismay that we found our driver at last turning his horses hitherward. I can liken it to nothing but my first experience with a canal-boat; the same ominous doubt now as then depicting itself in blank looks. How to find room for the half of us! It was only a new lesson how appearances may mislead. In reality, we were but a small proportion of the whole household; and yet no night found any unpillowed head. Nor did we cease to marvel, as long as we staid, where every new-comer was "stowed." We only knew that none apparently were turned away. But, if we had uncomfortable questionings as to the capacity of the

house, we had none at all as to the hospitality of our entertainers. The pleasant smile with which our hostess welcomed us in was only a fitting prelude to the attractions of the hospitable board, with its snowy table-cloth, its delicious bread and butter, its piles of fresh berries, which graced our first evening meal. All that kindness of heart and neatness and skill and unstinted generosity could furnish was ours day after day. There was never any falling off, either in our fare or our welcome. That cheerful face which met us at the threshold never became less cheerful; and the most fastidious appetite had never far to seek in that abundant variety. I neither saw nor heard any grumbling while we were there. In addition to the other agreeable features of our dining-room, we had, as the cooler days and evenings came on, the cheerful blaze of a wood-fire in the most capacious of fire-places. On the slightest pretext, it was our custom to call for this — to us — rare privilege; and it was always most willingly bestowed. Wood could not be made dear there: it cost nothing but the sturdy axe to fell it, and the patient oxen to bring it to our doors. War or no war, these forests bore ever the same market-value; for, to a merely economical eye, the sooner they were consumed the better. It was pleasant to find how much the cheerfulness of this wood-fire was appreciated by the inmates, as well as by the guests. As for the latter, I trust each one went away, as I did, with a deeper abhorrence of the abomination of stoves, and an inward resolution, that the last thing to be sacrificed to poverty should be an open fire. When all other efforts to keep a real fireside fail, I mean to come up to these mountain-retreats, and spend my last days within sight and hearing of that crackling blaze.

We were not the only guests, as I have already intimated, in this mountain-home; and no description of our life here could be complete without some notice of the human side of it. By priority of residence, as well as for his marked personality, the old gentleman already referred to deserves the first place in our regard. He seems to have been nearly coeval with the original clearing; drawn hither by a pure love of unsophisticated nature and mountain-air and brook-trout.

Izaak Walton, I am sure, would not have been ashamed of his zealous disciple. The denizens of the mountain-streams must have found some peculiar fascination in their lover, so copiously did they resort wherever his lines were cast. I am not quite prepared to defend the piscatorial art from the charge of cruelty; but certainly this gentle lover of the sport could not have been seriously injured in his humaner instincts. No thought of cruelty, I venture to say, ever shaded that honest countenance. He was no recluse, though preferring Nature to cities. He loved to talk with those who sought him out; and no authority was so reliable as his concerning the woods or mountains or their various inhabitants. Rarely, as I have already said, was he to be found in "the parlor;" but in the cooler evenings, when "the shed" became less agreeable, his place was by the cheerful fireside of the dining-room. There, inspired by the ruddy glow and welcome roar, he was ready to tell us of his encounter with bears or other natives of the forest, or to expatiate on the charms of this free mountain-life, or to describe the various aspects and advantages of the country in different seasons; for he was here not in the summer only, but often preferred the winter, too, before any vicinity to the seaside or the larger cities: and we found, to our astonishment, that the inhabitants of the place also agreed in regarding winter as their most delightful season. While we were disposed to pity them for their exclusion from the comforts and gayeties of city life in winter, they only smiled at our ignorance, and assured us they lacked neither gayety nor comfort. In fact, it was peculiarly their season of pleasure, to which they looked forward as the recompense for summer toils. Abundant and even falls of snow made sleighing always easy; and many were the social parties and entertainments going on, though the guests came, some of them at least, from ten miles off. Not all of our guests were as noteworthy as this old gentleman; and it would be tedious, should I attempt to describe them one by one. They seldom came singly, but more usually in pairs or larger companies. One group from the neighborhood of our metropolis had sought refuge here from another boarding-house but a short

distance off, where the fare had proved too scanty and poor to be borne any longer. Our capacious farmhouse was not quite equal to receiving them as lodgers; but they were admitted to share our abundant table, to which they made pilgrimages three times a day. It was quite a variety in our still life; for there were three or four grown-up people, and as many more children, besides a charming young school-girl. The children, in addition to those who were occupants of the house, made of themselves an interesting group, with very decided individualities. On Sundays it was somewhat difficult to confine them within the strict limits which parental authority prescribed; for children are never born Puritans; and once a sweet little girl among them, who, for some imaginary offence (for she was incapable of any real one), seemed to have been committed to the stricter custody of her Irish nurse, was overheard to remonstrate in most pathetic tones against any further infliction of the reading of the Bible: "Please, Nora, don't read any more, and I *will* be a good girl." I do not wish to intimate that my little pet had any aversion to Holy Writ in itself: she only manifested the torment of a sensitive ear to the dolorous tones of those Irish recitations. The young nurse was evidently proud of an accomplishment so rare for one of her race, and never dreamed, I suppose, that her young charge, of whom she was very fond, did not receive as much delight in hearing as she herself had in reading. The brother of this child, too, — a little older than she, — was of a spirit, I fear, too restless and inquiring for the peace of Puritan parents. It seemed to be a sore puzzle to him to reconcile maternal infallibility with the liberty which others, apparently as wise as his mother, allowed themselves in the use of recreations, and more especially of card-playing. How could such good people tolerate a thing which was evidently of the Devil, and which was sure to lead to murder, and all sorts of horrible crimes? Poor little fellow! He could get small comfort from us in solving his perplexities. We pitied him for his premature introduction to the mazes of casuistry; but we could not in conscience advise any departure from a mother's law.

But, though some of our guests were of the older New-England theology, there were others who had been brought up in a very different school; and naturally, between the new and the old, arose at times some sharp discussions: yet seldom, I think, were such decided convictions maintained with so little of unkindly or impatient feeling. We could argue without bitterness, even if not without some excusable warmth. I trust those most inclined to be bigoted may have learned some new lesson of charity, in seeing that opinions which they lamented, and even abhorred, were held in connection with a life which they could not but approve. At any rate, they gave practical evidence of such charity in attending the Sunday religious services which were held in the little schoolhouse of the hamlet; for the officiating minister was of a sect which most of his hearers must have deemed heretical. And, having alluded to this church-service, I must not let it pass without an attempt to convey the impression it made on some, at least, of those present. The schoolhouse, thus temporarily consecrated, could hold about forty persons. It was a perfectly simple structure, neatly painted on the outside, and adorned within for the occasion by pretty branches and wreaths of evergreens, with a sprinkling of brighter colors. The teacher's desk became a pulpit; the rather hard and narrow school benches were our pews; and a few kind-hearted women, with occasional help from a male voice, constituted our choir. For hymn-books, we had mainly to trust to our memories, as not more than two could possibly be collected. There was, of course, no "church-going bell" to summon us together; but, at half-past five of the clock, the sparse inhabitants of the little valley could be seen slowly wending their way towards this "modest house of prayer," even more deserving of that epithet than "Wytheburn's," as I have seen it at the foot of Helvellyn: for here were mountains compared with which Helvellyn is hardly more than a hillock, and in presence of which St. Peter's dome would be an impertinence. The least of man's work that could be obtruded here was best; and we had the least. To one rightly attuned to sacred harmonies, it was worship all the way that led to our diminutive temple.

How could we help "lifting up our eyes unto the hills," and above them to the Eternal? Silence deep and tender brooded over all the scene: it was the every-day seclusion more intensified. We had come up into these heights to be alone with God, — alone, and yet not utterly without human society and human works. We entered the place of worship: it had indeed no solemnity of its own, no dim religious light, or any other external sanctity; but, bethinking ourselves *where* it was and what we were, we required little else to prepare us for a reverent posture of the spirit. Of the services, little need be said, but that they seemed to have struck an answering chord in many of the worshippers; as none, I think, were disposed to critical or harsh judgment. With the parting benediction, we went out once more into that vast temple of living green, of lofty dome, of massive and time-worn rock, which met our eyes in all directions. We felt it more than ever a temple now. The hour of worship in that little enclosure had prepared us to acknowledge a Presence whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. Already the sun was setting behind the hills, and the evening shadows fell soothingly on our spirits. We thought the day of rest could nowhere close more appropriately.

But I have not yet done with our fellow-guests in the mountain farmhouse. It is curious to observe the commingling of diverse elements in such a place. Not only did extremes of theology meet here, but various political shades, and many differences of education and social position. A few, but very few, fortunately, of the *nouveaux riches* found their way to our table; but even they had generally the good sense to perceive how absurd would be any display of wealth in these primitive rural retreats. The finery they had brought with them was usually kept, as we heard one lady confess, at the bottom of their trunks. There were no natives to "astonish" here. Two captains from the army, whose term of service had expired, brought their wives with them to participate in our mountain cheer; and finer proportioned men or manlier faces one seldom sees. The manliness, too, was attended by its usual accompaniment, — modesty. They had no boasting

stories to tell, no fierce hate to pour out; but, when any disparagement was put upon the nation's cause, they were ever ready to defend that cause by a prompt word, as they had been on the battle-field by brave deeds. It was refreshing to hear from one of them, who had been made prisoner, that the rebels are not all insolent and cruel to the hated "Yankees." He gratefully bore witness, that not a word or look or deed from his captors had been other than courteous and respectful; while he did not pretend to draw the conclusion, that the stories of cruelty in other quarters towards our poor prisoners had been exaggerated. The event of our day in this secluded hamlet was the arrival, towards evening, of the somewhat irregular mail from the village of C——, ten miles distant; and with the mail came sometimes a human freight. The sound of the wagon-wheels could be heard in the still air far down the valley; and, as it neared in the deepening twilight, we strained our eyes to catch sight of the possible new-comers. In this way, one evening, there dropped down upon us quite suddenly two friends of mine, whose familiar voices greeted me from the approaching wagon before I could make out any of their features. They had both been my fellow-travellers in foreign parts; and very pleasant was it to meet them here, where I knew they would find the spirit of the place so entirely congenial to them. I was not disappointed in their admiration: they were dear lovers of the woods and mountains, and ready for any tramp that might be proposed. Few of our guests, too, enjoyed the seclusion of the place so much as they. Both of them were men of rare refinement of taste, and purity of character: one of them, an ardent naturalist; the other, more especially a devotee at all poetical shrines. The latter was seldom without his pocket "Shelley" for a companion; and the burden — sometimes too prolonged — of his conversation was a lament for the absence of all imaginative elements in American history and life. While I was sometimes vexed at this monotone, I could not but agree with him as to the testimony he adduced; and yet my optimism protested at the folly of brooding over that which was absolutely irremediable. I must, however, do him the justice to say,

that, though almost bigoted in his admiration of England and her literature, he had also a hearty admiration for the *people* of America, and a sincere contempt for all aristocratic forms of government. His companion, with whom I had once traversed the Bernese "Oberland," differed from him not more in years than in nearly all the prominent features of his character. European travel had apparently not obliterated a single patriotic preference any more than it had spoiled his simplicity and purity. He viewed life not so much from the æsthetic as the moral side; and this was the key to most of the peculiarities of his character. But the two friends, though unlike, had travelled in perfect harmony, many a day and month together, at home and abroad. They knew each other's weak points perfectly well, and yet entertained for each other a very sincere respect and admiration. I was truly sorry that other engagements made their stay so short.

Besides these fellow-boarders, we had occasional guests from the more populous neighborhood of C——; parties of pleasure, who came up for the day, to visit the curiosities of this region, and enjoy a loftier position among the mountains. It was pleasant to witness their enjoyment. They came, for the most part, in large wagon-loads, with quite a sprinkling of young people, and always a decided preponderance of the fairer sex. These last often wore a costume suited to a tramp among these wild forests; and, as they wound slowly up the hill on their way to the Cascades, nothing could have been more charmingly picturesque than their brilliant colors. On their return from such excursions, towards the latter part of the day, they were not loath to sit down, with keener appetites and heightened color, to the tempting viands which our accommodating hostess was ready to spread out for them at any hour. They did ample justice, we may be sure, both in word and deed, to the delicious cream and other delicacies which our host had provided with unstinting liberality. These transient visitors sometimes bore a name of world-wide renown, and were nearly always of the more cultivated class, who came hither because they truly loved Nature in her simplicity; for it was one of the great privileges of our position that we had

nothing whatever to attract the merely fashionable and frivolous. One must have been ready to die of *ennui* here, who was dependent on numerous or gay society, or who did not heartily enjoy mountains and woods and streams and leisure and books. The test was soon applied: one knew in a very few days whether his love of Nature was something affected or real; but, to those who could stand this test, the aspect of the world without was so far from monotonous or dull that they learned some new variety every day. And of that variety I must take some note now, before quite finishing my sketch.

The mountains themselves were never the same any two mornings that our eyes opened upon them. The nearest approach to monotony occurred for the first few days after our arrival, when a deep veil of smoke allowed only a few dim outlines to be visible. But even this was not absolute sameness: now and then, the veil would be slightly lifted from a peak here and there; and our imagination was constantly on the alert to fill out the deficiencies of sight. But who shall tell the joy of beholding the unveiled glory of this mountain amphitheatre? What a fresh delight to watch the contest of sun and shadow over those huge and broken surfaces! How we rejoiced in continual discovery of some new ravine or gorge, which a sudden burst of sunshine would betray on the mountain-sides! And then, at other times, what pleasure to follow some fleecy cloud, putting forth an arm, or a delicate finger even, to assist it in climbing to the mountain-top! Or again: after a storm, what spectacle in the plains could compare with those cloud-capped summits? — the clouds fashioned after the model of those exquisite volutes which the winter's wind carves out of the snow, on the farmer's fences and before his doors. And surely I must not leave out of this description the beautiful effect of the coming-on of "sober evening mild." Who knows what mountains are, or what evening is, who has not beheld them in their conjunction? How grand and solemn the twilight that settles slowly down upon us from these serene altitudes! How unspeakably awful the mountains as they gradually retire into the mystery and secrecy of

night! Ah, well! I will not quarrel with those who love old ocean best; but I rejoice to know that all the richest spiritual analogies are borrowed, not from outspread plain, but from majestic and towering height. The mountains are, of course, the great visible Presence in our seclusion; but they are far from being all. We had the purest of Alpine streams, whose babbling I was never weary of listening to, whose coolness was equally refreshing for external and for internal use. On the hottest days, — and there were very few that could properly be called hot, — one had only to walk a few rods, through a pleasant pasture, and he would soon reach my favorite brook, where, half-way across to the opposite bank, he might comfortably seat himself on some huge bowlder, and bid defiance to heat or insects, while the delicious breeze overhead made harmony with the running waters beneath. But, if one would see what beautiful part the brook *could* play, he should take a two-miles' ramble to the Cascades already referred to. Here the water tumbles over five or six successive shelves of rock into as many basins below, and each time with a difference; and all so exquisite that one spends hours there, and is loath to come away. All is indeed on no very grand scale; but the proportions and "keeping" are so admirable, that one does not feel the want of grandeur. The rocks alone are a study for any pencil: now scooped out, by the attrition of the waters, into smooth oval basins; now piled up into regular masonry; now overhanging some deep dark pool, so thickly shaded that its depth can only be conjectured; now beautifully relieved by clinging mosses or slender shrubs and trees. But water gives life to all this scene, and charms the ear as well as the eye. It is also the habitation of a few shy trout, whom the persuasive arts of a skilful angler can entice into the upper air, to add a new grace to the rural repasts which crown the excursions thither. For here all "picnics" tend; and sometimes more than one excursion party has had its "nooning" here at the same time. Nor is it water and rocks alone that furnish this woodland inn. The forests must not be left out of our catalogue. We can never be out of their sight here; but the true pleasure is to be *in* them, wandering

through their mazes, lost in their trackless depths, exploring their endless wonders. Here is a history which antedates all human experience. Who may tell how many ages have been required to deposit these deep layers of vegetable mould, before the present growth of trees sprang into existence? Who can reckon the years in which these myriads of prostrate trees have been decaying? And where else does one find a more beautiful illustration of the manner in which death ministers to life than we see here in the lovely mosses, lichens, and ferns, which so speedily cover up all the unsightly dissolution? Here are *primitive* forests, indeed! No hand of man has intruded upon Nature's work. As the tree falleth, so it lies for untold generations. And then what fantastic forms this undisturbed growth assumes! On the way to the Cascades, we pass by quite a curiosity called "Elephant Rock," a gigantic bowlder, of many tons' weight, on the very summit of which grows a tree of no inconsiderable dimensions, with roots extending in all directions to the ground. These roots firmly clasp the rock, and must, of course, have found their way to the soil originally through some covering of moss or earth, which has since been washed away, and left the rock bare. And this is but one of innumerable instances of the sort in which these forests abound. No wonder the woods are the abodes of mystery! We cannot repress a feeling of awe in entering them, and would scarcely be surprised were we warned off as intruders. Of all *secluded* life, theirs is the deepest and most intense. W. S.

THE priest hath *no* power to forgive sin, it standeth not in his own might and power, the might is in the *ordinance* of Christ: Christ in man, and so far also as he is in the priest himself, *forgiveth* sin to the repenting conscience. The absolution is but a *medium;* viz., an outward sign thereof, that we should receive one another in love and hearty forgiveness, and bind and reconcile ourselves in the love of the bands of Christ, in his *bride*, and in love receive one another into the *communion* of the body; viz., of *the bride of Christ.* — *Behmen.*

THE STAMP OF SIN.

A SERMON BY REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

GEN. iv. 15: "The Lord set a mark upon Cain."

GENESIS gives us the origin of things. It goes back (and indeed what farther can any record?) "to the beginning." From the Hebrew standpoint, and to the Hebrew mind, it *accounts for* every thing: for light, for the celestial bodies, for animate and inanimate creations, for the institutions of men, for the preservation of a chosen people, for the evil which surrounds us. The problem of evil has always been perhaps the deepest one to mankind. Philosophy has stumbled at it; and even religion, its only explanation, has mourned its existence.

In this discourse we have nothing to do with the origin of evil: in the Bible narrative we have passed by that to the effects; or, to keep present the idea that Genesis accounts for every thing, the origin of the marks of sin men carry with them. Man began his career in mental and moral weakness, slowly groping his way to our present attainments, having had for ages no records, no literature, no standard of morality; and history begins to be written long after life and civilization have been making history. Genesis was not written "in the beginning." It shows a society in many respects far advanced, and the writers or compilers of the book give what seemed to them the true explanation of all the phenomena of life. Already men had noticed the law of cause and effect, that the sinner bore around with him marks of his guilt; and, in the simplicity of that faith which is the beauty as well as the bulwark of the Old Testament, looking with a Hebrew's inspiration to the one God of Israel as the author of every thing, say "the Lord set a mark upon Cain."

Our subject is "The stamp of sin," as it divides itself into these two parts, —

I. The fact that sin stamps its victim.

II. God as the author of the stamp. "The Lord set a mark upon Cain."

I. Every sin leaves its mark upon the sinner. Does that seem too strong a statement? Does it contradict your experience? Would you seek to invalidate it by saying, "Yesterday I did some wrong, but I am sure I show no marks of it; last year, every day's record embraced some evil deed, but I am as gay, as healthful, as before; no one knows I have been doing wrong; I am sure there are no marks of sin on me"? It is not so: having sinned, the God-imposed consequence is, you bear the stamp of it, and you are deceived; *for* it is true, every wrong, be it ever so slight, leaves a mark upon you. This mark may be *inward* or *outward*. Inward first, because it is so in the nature of things. All evil is in its nature the same, just as all life is one and the same principle; but we distinguish the life of the plant, the life of the insect, the life of man: and so we speak of sin against the body, sin against the mind, sin against the Holy Ghost, or God in man. You call to mind the terrible sentence pronounced against the latter: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven unto men, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Take the sins against the body. A finely moulded frame commands our admiration; and, as the anatomist pursues his investigations, at every step he finds new reasons for exclaiming, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!" Physiology shows us the stomach is lined with a soft, fine membrane as delicate and tender as a rose-leaf or a violet; but, hidden as it is, how we sin against it! how we mar it by intemperance of every kind! And the vital force of nature is used up in working off or repairing the effects of every injury until our bodies are worn out, and what poor, worthless lives we have led!

You may deny you have sinned against the body; but years or generations prove you have. Unless God made us as a mockery, he meant us to be the noble, healthy men and women I believe we shall one day become; but now it is really a religious duty to speak often and earnestly against the sins of the body. An hour's pain spoils many a happy expectation, —what if it be lengthened out to years of suffering? I know

of no other sin which lies at the door of so many. Do you say it leaves no mark on you? Whither has fled your glow of health? The buoyancy of youth, — where is it? The untiring energy of a vitalized, physical life, — where do we find it? An important part of true religion to-day concerns our health. "We touch heaven," says Novalis, "when we lay our hand on a human body." Still all this, all your wrong, may be inward, the stamp unperceived. Then the sin against the mind. The sins against the body are generally of commission; against the mind, of omission, — but sins nevertheless. Much is said of the weakness of intellectual men: they get a great deal of undeserved pity from the admiration a cultivated mind receives from the ignorant; but, for every one who breaks down in fair study, a hundred have to give up from dissipation. Be not too quick in your sympathies for your pale-faced college friend: the chances are, he is suffering from vice, not philosophy. Do you say there is no stamp of ignorance on you? It may not be apparent; but God never gave you a faculty to be improved, and opportunity to do so, without stamping upon you the effect of your neglect. Now as to the sins against the Holy Ghost. The Jews — and with all their faults we must ever love their reverence — would not tread upon the smallest piece of paper: "for possibly," said they, "the name of God may be on it." We know that God by his Holy Spirit dwells in each one of us. Christ's image is in every human body, however lowly. Shall we sin against that spirit? Shall we mar that image? What is our worthless dust without that spirit? Break that image, and is there left any thing fair? Better Jewish superstitious reverence and fear of Jehovah, than our own neglect and heartlessness by which we sin against the Holy Ghost. Does that leave no stamp upon you? Fairer than the glow of the morning light, purer than the dewdrop, more tender than the rose-leaf or the violet, is this soul-life which flows into us from the bosom of our God. Shall worldliness wither it, clouds darken it, passion's heat dry it up? The body may be coarse, the mind dull; but the soul, the spirit of God, is ever the same. Still all this may be inward, only you may

know it, — sadder than all, you may be so hardened as not to know it yourself; but, I assure you, the stamp of sin is there, and set by the Lord. Do not, I entreat you, because you are still able to conceal all outward marks of your guilt, think you are the less guilty. Do you forget the All-seeing Eye? Listen to a heathen story. A sculptor was employed to erect a statue in one of the Grecian temples, and on being asked why he carved the back part, which was to be let into the wall, with as much pains as the front, replied, "The gods see it."

We come next to the *outward marks of guilt.* These are often observable to others when you do not think so, or are convinced you are concealing them. I know of no more lamentable sight than of one who bears about with him unconsciously the stamp of sin. It is a wonderful nature God has given to us by which we deceive ourselves so long, fancying sin does not show upon us. One meets these outward marks every day. Men's countenances show more of their inner life, to an observing eye, than they know. I read many a sad life-story in a single glance, which for the world would not have been betrayed. The eye is a window to the soul: "If the light that is *in* thee be darkness." The stamp of sin most easily observable is the one set on the body. Sin will out. It is easy to distinguish the master most men serve. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." In one part of our country, where caste is more marked than with us, you tell in a moment the servant by his cringing demeanor, the absence of all self-respect, the consciousness of manhood gone; but, nearer home, I meet a more abject servitude to a more despotic master. See the stamp of sin which passion, sensuality, intemperance, put on a man! — the eye, the mouth, the whole countenance, the walk, the whole body, stamped as with a burning brand. Is it strange, that, when one becomes conscious of this, shame is added to guilt as he meets the knowing glance, and the record of Cain tells all the rest, "His countenance fell"? Be not deceived, poor victim of passion! there are more knowing glances cast upon you than you think; and God's eye saw your first deviation from

the path of virtue, and marked it, before vice led you on and on and on into the whirl of corruption. The image of the sinner is so truly drawn in the story of Genesis! There is Cain with his downcast look, feeling his heavy guilt; and by him stands the Lord, ever ready to come to man in his trouble, and say to him the words of sympathy, "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, dost thou not look up?" as it should be rendered. You know how the face beams, and the head rises, as we feel the reward and boldness of right-doing: yea, even before the Lord God of Israel we can look up, and not fear, if we have done right; but, if we have done wrong, conscience-smitten, countenance-fallen, as the omniscient Eye looks into the inner chambers of the soul, and the omnipotent Arm rises over you, and the all-wise Judge pronounces the awful sentence, "If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door, and unto thee shall be his desire; cursed art thou from the earth, a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be; and the Lord set a mark upon Cain." The outward marks of sin come not only from sin against the body. How often, on Change, you can see this stamp on business-men! We wonder at the magnitude of their transactions. We admire the tact, talent, and precision they show, but grow sad as we see sin set its stamp for every deception and over-reaching bargain. When I walk the streets of our thronged city, I mark each one hastening by, — the evil eye, the leering look, the oath, the frivolity, the obscenity, sadness, remorse: oh, the stamp of sin on so many! You see it on ministers, — a false sanctity, a Sunday holiness, a sectarian piety. The unskilled eye goes over the surface of the earth, and sees little variety: but, when the geologist goes along, he finds one formation here, another there; this an outjutting of the Silurian, that of the Devonian; one here of igneous agency, another there of aqueous deposit, — but everywhere something to help his one theory of the earth's formation. So the practised eye goes over men, and finds one sin showing itself here, another there; in this man the successive incrustations of vice, in that the volcanic outburst of passion; here the

depressions where the old fires burned, and there the upheavals of the latest struggle, — but the stamp of sin cropping out of every one of us.

II. God as the author of our punishment. There is a great mystery in this to most persons. Even granting that God is the author of evil, and permits it, it is inexplicable to them that he has so bound events together, we cannot escape the consequences of our guilt. If God is in his very essence goodness and love, it seems unaccountable to them that we must suffer; that with free will to choose the wrong or right, with both open, and inviting us to enter their domain, yet by the predominance of evil, a tendency in many — oh, how almost irresistible! — to the wrong, why is it, a loving, just God stamps upon us the record of our iniquity? I know that many think, in times of despair, — when they yet long to cast off their sins, and realize something of the unalterable laws of destiny, — that if they had God's power, or he had their sympathy, things would be otherwise; and the mystery of godlessness becomes to them equal to the mystery of godliness. To me, the love and mercy of our heavenly Father seem most manifest in that he himself stamps us with the marks of our sin; for, as long as I have faith in him, I know that every one bears the burden of his own sin, and no one is ever stamped amiss. Then, too, I acknowledge His loving-kindness who has given us the only way to escape from sin. I recognize with a grateful heart that God's own hand sets upon me a mark for every sin; and the stamp which Omnipotence has put on, Omnipotence alone can remove. Can a mortal bear the stamp of the Immortal? How the sinner breaks out with the exclamation of Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear"! What is that punishment? "Behold, thou hast driven me from the face of the earth!" How all the beauty of Nature is lost to the sinner when every fair grove and every charming sound but re-assure him of his guilt; when the flaming sword turns every way to keep him from the abode of the pure; when the innocency of life lies behind him, and the gates of hope seem to close before him for ever. Can you bear that? But more still. "Behold,

thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid." Oh hour of anguish! oh bitterness of soul, when the sinner feels that his own acts have hidden him from the heavenly Father! To be removed from the face of the earth is little; but to be taken away from the face of God — can you bear that? But more still. One can bear every thing in the present; but the thought of the future comes to him, when death and the unknown of another world press upon him with their terrible fears: then what a moment! "And it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me." How the sinner fears death! how he stalks among men, and trembles lest they slay him! Can you bear that? Yes: one can bear all that; be driven from the earth, hid from God, brave the future, and live, — living in the fear of death, — the sinner can bear them all; but there is one thing he cannot bear. "And the Lord said unto Cain, Whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold: and the Lord set a mark upon Cain." That is unbearable, — to live among men with the stamp of sin put there by God; to want to die, and have to live; to fear to die, and fear more to live; all safe around us, and the destruction in our own souls: then it is we exclaim, "Our punishment is greater than we can bear." Stern as all this seems, I feel there should be no shrinking back from portraying the fate of the sinner. The first lesson to learn is a bitter one, "The way of the transgressor is hard." No matter what may be the rest of forgiveness, or the raptures of repentance, or the joy of trust, even Omnipotent love does not put you in the same place you would have occupied, had you never sinned, — does not wipe out the effects of sin upon one's memory and soul. But, I am sure, in all this the trusting heart can see nothing but justice and love, — justice ever stern to the erring, and love ever of our heavenly Father.

There is, however, a compensation for all this. Sin afflicts us; but the affliction saves us. When Christ came, he revealed to the world, first, The consciousness of sin; second, The remedy for it. There was evil before Christ came; there was suffering in consequence of it: but a true consciousness

of it came after he had made known the full gift of salvation; and this consciousness of sin is what makes it all the more terrible. As long as the future life was at best a dim hope in man, sin cast no gloom over him, for it wore no hideous aspect, brought no condemnation; but when the resurrection of Jesus Christ brought in the full hope of the immortal life, then it was, that death, so dreaded by the ancients, lost its sting, and sin became the only death to be dreaded. Oh, what a cloud then gathered over man, when he found, that, by his own acts, he was deprived of his soul's highest anticipations! If it is a terrible moment when the soul first begins to feel the presence of God, how much more terrible when it first comes to a consciousness of sin! This, however, brings its own remedy. I said no man can bear to be conscious of the stamp of sin set by the Lord. When one feels that, then begins the hope, the struggle, towards a new life. The despair of sin has opened the gates of heaven through which, by the love of Jesus Christ, we may enter in, and live and reign for ever.

The stamp of sin is on every one of us. Will you insist upon wearing it around with you? Will you rest while again and again it sets its mark upon you? Shun it. Flee from it. While you linger, it sets its stamp upon you. Pluck it out, I beseech you! Better that it rend you as it goes, better death, better any thing, than sin. It is a strange seducer. It comes like a friend when you sit in your room, in meditation, and knocks at your door; and, as a friend, you open to it, when, lo! a legion of demons rush in, and claim you as their own. Learn a lesson from our times! You have watched the growth of our nation's sin, until to cast it out, threatens our own destruction; but we must do it, even if our punishment is greater than we can bear. Would that our loved fatherland had come to a consciousness of her destroying sin long ago! Harshly as the sounds of war fall upon a Christian's ear, the glad sounds of peace can never again be heard until that sin of slavery is swept from our shores, and we look on upon the first unfolding of true freedom's banner. In the West Indies, we read there is a vampire-bat which lights upon

the sleeper, and, as it sucks his blood, fans him with its wings to a deep and deeper sleep of death. Will you lie down and rest, with this vampire-bat of sin draining the last drop of your spiritual life? If the fear of God will not restrain you, let the love of Christ!

Remember the words of our Lord Jesus, how he said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." But the burden of sin, — who can afford to bear it? who will bend beneath its yoke? who will wear its stamp?

THE FOX AND THE MARMOT.

"THE FOX and the Marmot" is a lesson for bribe-takers. "Whither are you running," says the latter to the former, "without daring to look on either side of you?" "Calumny, calumny!" replies the fox: "I have been driven out as a rogue; but *you* know whether I rendered justice or not in that poultry-yard. There was nothing to gain there: it was a most ungrateful office. I had no sleep at night, by day I had scarcely time to eat a mouthful; my health was even suffering by it; and after all, through hatred and calumny, I am disgraced. Call *me* a thief, indeed! I only ask you whether I can be justly accused of the slightest act of dishonesty?" — "Certainly not, my dear friend," is the reply; "but I must say, to my regret, that I have sometimes seen down sticking to your muzzle."

"More than one functionary," says Kriloff in the moral, "complains of his poverty, and declares that neither he nor his wife ever received presents. Nevertheless, in time he builds a villa, and buys an estate. How does he balance his disbursements and receipts? If you wanted to prove before a judge that he had taken bribes, you would find it difficult; yet every one must acknowledge that the down is quite visible round the gentleman's mouth." — *The Russians at Home.*

THE IDEAL LIFE.

The announcement of spiritual laws is always made with so much brevity and emphasis, that whatever we would say of them in explanation or extension seems altogether inadequate and unsatisfactory. Though they be so suggestive of thought, thought never goes beyond them, but returns upon them like a traveller to his home. There was never yet a paraphrase that equalled the text; for it is the thought which shapes the expression, and makes for itself new and inimitable forms of words. "Ipsæ res verba rapiunt:" the things themselves force words to express them. A text is announced; and if it be finely chosen, a fit thought in fit words, the preacher, however far he wanders, presently returns, and gathers up all in that one sentence. He seldom rises higher than this his text; his discourse is like the sweep of a festoon moving in graceful curves from point to point along the level of its elevation.

All writing, speaking, and doing is but the illustration of a few great texts. In music, the greater part of its notes is a commentary on a few finer strains. This, perhaps, is the secret of its refrains, themes, and choruses, to which it returns, as it were, to restore itself, and be helped to new flights. It is our unhappy fate in these days to write sermons: the poet preaches, the novel preaches, and the newspaper. But it is easier and more simple to write texts than sermons. The same is true in music and art: that which is best in them is an inspiration, wonderfully simple, easy, unpretending, and very brief. Brevity is always the measure of the importance and depth of the idea. In action, the ease with which a thing is done is its measure, the token of superiority. The kingdom of God comes not with observation into the composer's, the artist's, the poet's heart, any more than into the saint's. The best things, somehow, say and do themselves. There are long spaces of drudgery or of idleness; days and years when we draw water with bottomless buckets. Yet we feel certain, that when we get into the right train of

thought and of life, when we are in unison with nature and our highest selves, we shall be divinely assisted, — we shall come from the closet into the lighted room.

But the jewel must have its setting, and around our highest life grows a wild waste of the trivial and commonplace. The ordinary life of man is a troubled and broken surface of water: sometimes it falls smooth and still, and there are reflected in it the fleeting shapes of an overarching and mysterious Infinite. In these moments, all our wisdom and learning come back to us. We recover that vantage-ground which we so often gain, and so often lose. The perception of the few simple laws of our being gives us resignation and repose. We become reconciled to suffering, and success does not make us arrogant. We see that we have not attained what we have coveted, because we were not fit; that we have been bereaved of the merit and reward of many noble actions which we have performed, through our own secret pride. The love, the applause, the estate, we have so much desired, are not yet ours, because we have not yet learned to do without them. I figure to myself all the blessings of life as beautiful fairies following man, as, looking ever before him, he moves onward with firm assured confidence in his heart, careless of fame or shame. Hovering closely over his footsteps, they strew his pathway with unexpected gifts; but if he turn to gaze after his benefactors, or pursue them, or linger intoxicated among their offerings, they fly away, and leave him friendless and unblest.

It is in vain to stand waiting, or to pursue. What belongs to us, what by divine right is ours, will follow us, whatever road we take. We need not be uneasy about friends, about advantages of any kind. No power can rob us of what is our own. Soon we shall reach the crossing of the ways; and although deserted, and separated from many things that were dear, yet in the way which lies before us lurk higher destinies and nobler companions, ready to join us when we shall have been abandoned by what was alien and temporary. In our own history, we must wait long periods for results and the award of time. Weeds spring up in a day: virtue and

power are of slow growth, like oaks and cedars. But how often do we forestall and interrupt the growth of a character, for whose formation the times in which worlds and suns were formed are momentary, and, like children, uncover the good seed we have planted, to see how it grows, or pluck a crude and unseasonable fruit! Slowly, silently, as the stars come out one by one in the summer twilight, appear in our characters the effects of our wills and our lives. With unseen perseverance, the spiritual and the ideal are transforming the world, — the inward is becoming the outward, while that which is outward disappears. In our to-day's life, were we skilful enough to read it, is contained the secret history of our whole career. For the day is not a creation, but a growth. Cause and effect do not lose each other in time or space. The effect follows, though far off and unrecognized. It follows to the third and fourth generation, — is only lost, because we have no measure for it, — and, when it does appear, generally reproduces, or represents in some astonishing way, the original cause and conditions. This is that poetic justice of the old tragedy and of the modern romance: it is that discriminating vengeance which Dante and Swedenborg saw so mercilessly executed in the lower worlds. Nothing is more striking in the divine justice than the appropriateness of its rewards and punishments. The cause is never lost sight of. There is always superadded to the legal penalty another exactly corresponding to the crime. This is the case, because God is *present;* and, where he is, justice is. The world, however, is governed so much, — its very existence seems to depend, not so much upon the divine Providence, as upon the detective police, — that we are confused in the attempt to discover the workings of the law of laws. Human governments have a few barbarous and indiscriminating penalties. The divine justice uses the spirit itself. The guilty never escape, the innocent never suffer. It reverses many decisions, precedes precedent, judges the judge. For my part, I should esteem it always safer to be any criminal than any judge.

It is by insight, memory, and imagination, that we are enabled to detect the effects of spiritual laws. We see them

first in ourselves. When seen, they become the guide of life: they are its light when neither the sun nor the moon shines. Then is awakened in us that wisdom which educates us in new subjects, and revises the learning of the intellect. We can enter new fields without apprenticeship; for we have found out our own genius. The impulse to any performance seems to be equal to the native capacity, not the cultivated. Nature does not seem to help us much, unless she first set us to work. Then we leave off construction and criticism, and begin to live and to create. Man is uneasy, until he gets where the heavens are open to him, and he can work freely and securely. So restless is he, he studies, he travels, he adopts with enthusiasm every new idea and system, tries all employments, and would pass through every form of being. We cannot tell what anybody would do or be, but plainly it is not this his present place. At best, we are adventurers and experimenters; some achieve success at one turn or another; for others it is reserved, who still pursue or learn to wait.

> But is there, I believe, beyond this land,
> Another land, lighted by larger stars;
> Where all I seem to be, but never am,
> I shall become, assuming all my lot, —
> At whose door I have waited, and not slept.

Thus are we drawn on, instructed as much by what we are not as by what we are. Hope educates us, experiment educates us, and that within us, which has no name, but is most like a germ seeking the light. The child first sees the world from his mother's arms, sees only what is at a little distance and straight before him. Then he turns his head at sights and sounds; he creeps, climbs, walks, runs, must be amused with constant new toys, which, if not given, are found; and each moment, at every step, at every glance, sees a new and curious world, — one vast plaything. The youth and the man keep up the hunt for the new and the ideal. And once having felt their revelation to the soul, enlightening and dilating his whole being, man struggles to come into direct and constant relation with the source of his inward and divine life.

The effects of violation of, or obedience to, this higher life, when at last they are discovered, tend somewhat to the disease and isolation of the individual. He feels that there is no help but in himself, and his joy is equally private and unshared. It puts out of sight his relations with persons and things, his accomplishments and advantages, and carries him forward with powerful impulse in the path of his natural endowments. His development is from within. What he is, and what he is to be, dawns upon him. The meaning of life, the meaning of prophecy and song, of nature and art, dawns upon him. These states do not come by any direct, wilful effort. They discover themselves, and are incapable of analysis or formulary. There must be something in the soul that answers to them, or they must for ever remain unknown and unnamed. The highest truths draw us up into their own region, where we have only to open our eyes to see things as they are. The satisfaction of our natures, purity of life, obedience to intuitions, fit us for their reception. The effort of the soul to realize its aspirations seems all in vain: for a long time, no fulfilment or progress is perceptible; till at once, by what appeared a happy accident, — some random attempt or guess, but which, no doubt, was a divine guidance, — the object is revealed, and we stand in the radiance of a new life. The aspiration must be a prophecy; but it may be answered in a way we had not anticipated, in order, as has been said, to give us something beyond our wishes. We can hardly tell how or when our prayers are granted; and often the fulfilment itself casts a backward light, making us see more clearly what was that secret, undefined longing of the heart. This is what we wanted, although we could not previously describe it. Even in lesser things, we grope after what we want, with a curious feeling of inability to describe it exactly, united with perfect confidence that we shall recognize it when we see it. Balzac desired, for a character in one of his novels, a certain name. What it was he could not catch, thinking hard and long. Yet he knew it as well as the locksmith knows from the lock the key that will fit. At last he called a friend, and bade him lead him through the streets of Paris,

first in ourselves. When seen, they become the guide of life: they are its light when neither the sun nor the moon shines. Then is awakened in us that wisdom which educates us in new subjects, and revises the learning of the intellect. We can enter new fields without apprenticeship; for we have found out our own genius. The impulse to any performance seems to be equal to the native capacity, not the cultivated. Nature does not seem to help us much, unless she first set us to work. Then we leave off construction and criticism, and begin to live and to create. Man is uneasy, until he gets where the heavens are open to him, and he can work freely and securely. So restless is he, he studies, he travels, he adopts with enthusiasm every new idea and system, tries all employments, and would pass through every form of being. We cannot tell what anybody would do or be, but plainly it is not this his present place. At best, we are adventurers and experimenters; some achieve success at one turn or another; for others it is reserved, who still pursue or learn to wait.

> But is there, I believe, beyond this land,
> Another land, lighted by larger stars;
> Where all I seem to be, but never am,
> I shall become, assuming all my lot, —
> At whose door I have waited, and not slept.

Thus are we drawn on, instructed as much by what we are not as by what we are. Hope educates us, experiment educates us, and that within us, which has no name, but is most like a germ seeking the light. The child first sees the world from his mother's arms, sees only what is at a little distance and straight before him. Then he turns his head at sights and sounds; he creeps, climbs, walks, runs, must be amused with constant new toys, which, if not given, are found; and each moment, at every step, at every glance, sees a new and curious world, — one vast plaything. The youth and the man keep up the hunt for the new and the ideal. And once having felt their revelation to the soul, enlightening and dilating his whole being, man struggles to come into direct and constant relation with the source of his inward and divine life.

The effects of violation of, or obedience to, this higher life, when at last they are discovered, tend somewhat to the silence and isolation of the individual. He feels that there is no help but in himself, and his joy is equally private and unshared. It puts out of sight his relations with persons and things, his accomplishments and advantages, and carries him forward with powerful impulse in the path of his natural endowments. His development is from within. What he is, and what he is to be, dawns upon him. The meaning of life, the meaning of prophecy and song, of nature and art, dawns upon him. These states do not come by any direct, wilful effort. They discover themselves, and are incapable of analysis or formulary. There must be something in the soul that answers to them, or they must for ever remain unknown and unnamed. The highest truths draw us up into their own region, where we have only to open our eyes to see things as they are. The satisfaction of our natures, purity of life, obedience to intuitions, fit us for their reception. The effort of the soul to realize its aspirations seems all in vain: for a long time, no fulfilment or progress is perceptible; till at once, by what appeared a happy accident, — some random attempt or guess, but which, no doubt, was a divine guidance, — the object is revealed, and we stand in the radiance of a new life. The aspiration must be a prophecy; but it may be answered in a way we had not anticipated, in order, as has been said, to give us something beyond our wishes. We can hardly tell how or when our prayers are granted; and often the fulfilment itself casts a backward light, making us see more clearly what was that secret, undefined longing of the heart. This is what we wanted, although we could not previously describe it. Even in lesser things, we grope after what we want, with a curious feeling of inability to describe it exactly, united with perfect confidence that we shall recognize it when we see it. Balzac desired, for a character in one of his novels, a certain name. What it was he could not catch, thinking hard and long. Yet he knew it as well as the locksmith knows from the lock the key that will fit. At last he called a friend, and bade him lead him through the streets of Paris,

where the signs were most numerous. They walked on for two hours; Balzac's eyes intensely fixed upon the names, his friend guiding his feet. Suddenly he stopped, turned deadly pale, and, pointing his finger, exclaimed, *That's it!* He had found what he wanted. It is with some such feeling that I go to the tailor's, never knowing what I shall wear away; but my eye selects for me, without any trouble of deliberation. The eye, the ear, the taste, determine many things for us without thought; and betray what we are; but the soul is behind all, the atmosphere of our being, through which sun and stars shine, or clouds and storms drift. It is curious to observe the first effect of the revelation of a great truth, whether it come in the form of a thought, an analogy, a discovery, or duty. It makes a man silent. Silence has been called golden; and well may it be called so, when it is the perfect fulness of the mind. Reserve is only iron or lead or emptiness. During thought, there is a peculiar stillness present in us: we hardly breathe. It seems to be a suspension of ordinary conditions; the senses are in abeyance; the soul appears, and becomes the mirror of an unseen and sublime intelligence. Speech comes when inspiration begins to subside, as water flows from a half-emptied bottle more freely than from a full one. On the pavements of my noisy street, the noisiest carts are the emptiest.

The discernment of truth is also attended with certain peculiar confirmations. We see immediately hints and illustrations of it; many things which can be at once classified; all roads seem to converge there, and all that meets the eye to confirm and extend its applications; as when a snatch of song, or strain of music, is running in the head, all the sounds of the workshop and street seem to beat time to it. The power of a thought to marshal all our miscellaneous information, our experiences and random observations, our facts and our note-books, under its banner, is the measure of its depth and truth. We want a string for our beads; a principle which shall connect the beginning with the end of life. We seek an idea so sovereign as to command all intellectual and spiritual acquisitions; a generalization to include the

whole of existence. That idea, that generalization, is God present in the soul of man. This will arrange and subordinate all particulars. It will detect their truth or falsehood. Its prevalence will determine every choice, every secret affinity, and finally will conduct to such a genuine individuality that the philosopher and the critic will be compelled to make a new estimate, a new rule and law for each one of us. Under its guidance, we shall leave all estimates behind, and all description shall be at best only historical. No niche will hold us, be it never so carefully measured. Plaster it up, friends: the statue grows faster than the wall. No one has ever the least success in drawing your inner portrait. It is uncontainable, for ever flowing. God in the soul gives an ever new and fresher life. It cures every mistake and misfortune, despair, grief, loss, by rapidly leaving them behind. Peace, like an angel, hovers over the pathway. Let us adjust ourselves to this inflowing spirit. Then looking inward, as upon an untarnished mirror, we shall have rendered back to us the images of nature, of books, of men, of character and events, with accurate and instructive fidelity.

Obedience to the suggestions of the spirit guides us to our proper place and work in life. If we would allow it, it would willingly and wisely select for us. But now we select for ourselves arbitrarily. Therefore we make no progress: we do not know whether our choice and our work be right or wrong, because we have no witness in our own souls. Another proceeds easily, securely, correctly. He has a test in himself: he knows before he begins. The fingers easily learn to play a harmony already in the ear. A workman brings his block into shape by a few well-directed blows; he has an image in his eye: but the bungler hacks and pounds, every blow requires another to efface its misdirection, till at last his labor is lost, and his own genius violated. How few there are who know how a thing will look when it is finished! but, unless a man does, he need not begin. The presence of this spirit may be detected by many tokens; in friendship, in work, even in play. In conversation, how exactly the speaker oftentimes seems to speak to your experi-

ence, or upon some question which is agitating your mind, in the most wonderful manner, as though God was speaking through your friend or companion! How is it that he can so unconsciously hit the nail on the head, unless by some divine direction? If he knew your thoughts, your perplexities, he could not speak to your case any better, perhaps not so well; for he would no longer be free to the general influence that moulds his words, not for one ear but for all. Your thoughts are in the air, and the speaker entertains them as his own. The sentiment that must be uttered, — sometimes it chooseth one organ, sometimes another. Happy the speaker, happy the listener! Watching the inward emotions, listening to what the soul says, we can hear and detect the divine words in any company, or from whatever speaker. Then it is indifferent to us whether we listen or speak.

Thus we learn to recognize the omnipresence of that spirit which is the fountain of all our being. Slowly do we learn it; slowly come the periods of growth to the human soul, and events keep no pace with our aspirations. Each day we meet in our track the objects of our wishes; objects that seem to be our own, that seem to be what we need for the completion and satisfaction of our natures, and life has little value without them. We approach to embrace them; but they retreat, for ever retreat. Sorrowfully we turn away, well knowing our unworthiness. But some day, while journeying onward, living through many moods and accidents, perchance these ideals will reveal themselves unto us. In the pursuit of some object, apparently quite remote from them, they will confront us, — as Columbus, seeking a short route to the Indies, fell upon a new world. J. A.

Every evil or false desire, whereby a man deviseth how to gather to himself by craft much worldly gain from his neighbor to his neighbor's hurt, is taken into the anger of God, and belongeth to the judgment. Wherein all things shall be made manifest, and every power and essence, every cause and effect, both in good and evil, shall be presented to every one in the mystery of the revelation. — *Behmen.*

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER IV. — OUTLOOK.

If, from the facility with which Arthur Ashton's conversation glided into serious subjects, it should be inferred that his spirit and life were of a sombre hue, it would be an entire mistake. A healthy, enjoyable nature was his, uniformly cheerful, and at times bubbling over with fun.

I do not say this in his praise; for the fact, I believe, implies no merit. Some of the chief elements of such a temper are not at our command; such as organization, hereditary dispositions, and health. To see all elements felicitously combined, is a spectacle of enjoyment surpassing most others which the world presents. What a magnetizing influence it has upon all! Is the interest with which we view it an intimation of what each was made for, and will become, when some unhappy obstacle is removed?

I remember that Dr. Paley, or some of those old writers on Natural Theology, whom I read a great many years ago, says, that, for his part, he thinks the greatest proof of the divine goodness is seen in the happiness of a little child: for the enjoyments of maturer life may be, in part at least, of our own procuring; but the pleasures of a child, he observes, are manifestly "provided for it;" an observation, which, I think, may be extended to the case of a man who has naturally a happy temper, for which, if it could be bought, many a millionnaire might make a good bargain by giving all he has.

At the same time, Arthur's happiness was greatly promoted by causes which every man may control; such as a wise philosophy of life, and a generous religious faith, which conjured up no bugbears, and was baptized in the spirit of him who said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

I think, moreover, it was much affected by another cause,— his life in the country.

I am quite too old, and have lived too long in the city, to fall into raptures on this point. It is a large world we live in, and a many-sided nature we have; and the Disposer of our lot has wonderfully fitted man for all places and stations he holds. I am not surprised at the preference which so many in all times have felt for the crowded haunts of men; for these have advantages peculiar to themselves.

I know something too — not much — of the saloons of fashion, where wit and beauty, and grace and wealth, and song and dance, offer attractions found nowhere else. Let all these things stand for what they are fully worth. And if we content ourselves by saying simply that the rural shade is clearly one place designed for man, and one which, in importance and dignity need fear no comparison, it may then be added, that in its healthy airs, its wholesome food, its varied exercise, its exemption from extremes of excitement, and its winning power to train every one to the quiet and cheerful order of Nature, it seems to give a deeper and fuller tide of enjoyment than any other lot.

Of Arthur's cheerful outlook on life, perhaps I can give some idea by repeating, as well as I can recall it, a conversation I once heard at his table.

One Sunday, as we were returning from the afternoon service, he asked me to take dinner with him; adding, that I should meet the young minister, whom we had just heard, and who was temporarily supplying the pulpit of our church.

The old New-England fashion here prevailed, of having, on Sundays, the dinner and supper in one meal; and, about five o'clock, we sat down to a table amply provided for its double duty.

At the close of the dinner, when we were all in that placid, dreamy state, which, in summer, a long Sunday afternoon in the country inspires, Arthur repeated the words, — *vanity of human life*, which had just been dropped by some one, — myself, I believe, and then added that he often felt as if it was somehow unchristian to use them.

Minister. — And yet you remember with what emphasis they are repeated in the Bible.

Arthur. — Ah, yes! by the lips of Solomon. Still, does not the value of every general observation like this depend upon the standard of judging applied by the observer? and, till we look to that, is his statement any more exact than that of a man who says the tide is high, without telling us whether it be high as measured by his expectations, wise or unwise, or by what it was an hour before, or by the water-mark of yesterday, or that of the great flood a century ago?

Minister. — The old Hebrew king, I suppose, uttered a profound conviction derived from his own experience; and, if he found the pinnacle of earthly greatness to be vanity, it would seem, that, for a stronger reason, all other places must be so too.

Arthur. — But the point now is, *why* he found life to be vanity. If he expected from it only what it could well yield, need he have been disappointed? You remember the account he gives us as to what his expectations were. There is a great deal said about his building houses, and planting vineyards, and making gardens and orchards, and getting men-singers and women-singers, and gathering silver and gold, and giving his heart to wine, and proving mirth and pleasure. In short, it was a sort of sensual paradise he was aiming at; and because he must leave it all to the men that should come after him, and the wise man must die as the fool, he breaks forth in the exclamation we are considering. Is it strange that life was vanity to him, or that it will be vanity to every one that is like him? And who can regret that it should be? What I regret is, that we forget that the example of Solomon was given for our warning, and so often imagine that the divine Bestower of life can be pleased by this perpetual confession of our disappointment and complaint.

Minister. — But let us use our own eyes, and see for ourselves if life does not assume the aspect of vanity. There is its brevity. What is it? A vapor! — here a moment, and then gone for ever.

Arthur. — As to that, you know that all our notions of time are relative. Threescore years and ten must seem but a span to Him in whose sight a thousand years are as one day; but they would be an enormous duration to an insect that lives but for a summer. Is human life long enough considered with reference to the divine plan of introducing upon the stage of existence the greatest possible number of generations? Is it long enough as the primary school

of humanity? True, we cannot answer these questions: why, then, seem to answer them, and to answer them against the divine wisdom, by complaining of the brevity of life?

I was reading, the other day, the life of one of the poets,— a pure and noble name in English literature; and the biographer who had visited the old Hall, the scene of the poet's labors, remarks upon the impression it gave of the *vanity of human life* to walk through apartments, which, for forty years, had been cheered by his genius, and find his place occupied by strangers.

Now, I am not sure that forty years of a pure and gentle life ought to have left such an impression, nor that it is vanity that the poet had at length been taken up into a higher school, while others are coming, in indefinite successions of forty years, to have the same precious seedtime of enjoyment and opportunity. I think some reflections on the reality and blessedness of human life and hopes would have been more in place. Did not One take upon himself our nature, in order, in part at least, to show us what a holy and blessed thing even a few years of earthly existence may be?

Minister. — But this is but one point. Consider how uncertain is life, and all its possessions. Nothing continueth in one stay. What ups and downs every day! what wrecks of human hopes every moment! I feel that I get a response from man's heart when my sermons present this view of the vanity of human life.

Arthur. — And very good sermons for their final impression, I do not doubt, they are; and perhaps I am wrong in holding this argument with one whose office it is to study these matters deeply. But we understand one another. I am telling you frankly, that I feel that those Old-Testament views of life have too much colored our phraseology. As to what you say of the instability of earthly things, how easy for us to conceive of a condition less mutable! how unsteady these billows on which we are tossed compared with the peace of some ideal repose! But, if it be good for us at present to have these trials, I do not know why we should complain of them, or give them a bad name. If we see inactivity and rust corrupt those whose condition is most unchanged, if we feel that we all require a motive to watchfulness, and a spur to put us up to our best exertions, so that, perhaps of all arrangements of the world, it is this very insecurity which most develops and deepens life, I cannot see the justice of calling that feature empty and delusive, in which a divine wisdom and benignity are so clearly seen.

Minister. — You make me think of a remark made to me by one of your neighbors as we walked from church. He parted from me, and went towards the red house under the hill.

Arthur. — Oh! it was Uncle Ephraim. Well, what did he say?

Minister. — We fell into conversation about the relations of this world to the next; and he said, "A scaffold is a poor thing compared with the house it helps to build, and yet it may be a very good scaffold after all;" and then he laughed as if it was a capital joke.

Arthur. — Ah, that was just like him! Let me also repeat a remark made by another, if I may here reverently quote it. It was uttered a great many years ago. "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Why should not our language about life a little more reflect the spirit of words like these, and thus catch that tone of *good cheer?* I think we have not found enough good cheer in our religion. How I like the words, and how I wish I could have heard them from the lips of Him to whom I allude!

Minister. — But let us go on a little further. Does not this seem a stronger proof of the vanity of human life, that, after all, it satisfies us so little? We all know that no earthly experience fills our capacity of joy. Our highest satisfactions leave a void from which comes the echo that elsewhere there is something deeper and better than they. Of far the larger part of our pleasures, we feel that they are not worthy to be compared with that perfect felicity of which we conceive.

Arthur. — *Perfect* felicity, — was that what you said? When did we learn to dream that the condition of the world, or the nature of man, was intended to yield such a thing? It is true we form a conception of it; and that conception is one of the noblest prophecies we have; a proof that this world is not an end in itself, — the wing of the unfledged bird. But I know not why, on this account, we should speak disdainfully of a thousand lowly satisfactions, because they do not come up to the stature of all that we can conceive. If that be the measure we demand, no prolonging of life, no greater security in our state, no intenser enjoyments in our lot, can satisfy us, because we have aspirations and thirsts which nothing short of infinity can fill.

The chief reason why we talk about the vanity of human life is, that God has made our nature larger than the world. It is

through the greatness of what we *conceive* that we learn to underrate what we *have*. What was the name of that Roman emperor who died in that quaint old city of York in England?

Minister. — The Emperor Severus, do you mean?

Arthur. — Yes: that is the name. Well, when he, on his deathbed, said, "I have been every thing, and nothing satisfies me" ("Omnia fui, et nihil expedit"), was this a judgment against the world, or a verdict against himself? For the old Hebrew king, I cannot help feeling some compassion. There is not, I believe, in the writings of Solomon, any reference to a future life. His sad moan seems like a blind longing for something better, — the protest of a great nature dimly conscious of wants and aspirations which this life cannot satisfy. His outlook on life was not altogether unsuited to the time in which his lot was cast. Can we do nothing but repeat those complaints and dirges which — wise man, though he was called — were hardly wise in him, and are, it seems to me, neither wise nor grateful nor Christian in us?

During the above conversation between Arthur and the minister, I kept the attitude of an attentive listener. My interest in it was partly from the animated and kindly manner of the former, partly from seeing how much and how freshly he had thought of the topics referred to, but more by the charm of consistency between his religious philosophy and his daily life.

Some men are happy only in spite of their religion, which seems like a burden, heavy and sad, which they take up with much ado. Arthur's joyous nature was more happy in consequence of his religion; for he lived in it as in an atmosphere of beauty and love.

How many were the expressions of his wholesome and hearty life, outside of the circuit of his farm! In his frequent and loved horseback-rides round the town, he was often seen conversing kindly at the farmer's door, or by the wayside; and cheerful and cheering sayings of his went further than he dreamed of: for who can calculate the orbit of a word? The large library which his father had collected, and to which he himself was continually adding, was at the service of a wide circle of readers, whose individual tastes he

took unwearied pains to please. The improvement of the public schools was a favorite object with him; but, leaving the common methods to others, he made it a point to form personal acquaintance with the teachers, and to elevate their conception of what discipline and instruction should be.

As for the system of miscellaneous public lectures, of late so much in vogue, he never favored it. I have heard him say something of the temptations they held out to skim knowledge and corrupt the taste, and of "the general unwholesomeness of so much plum-pudding!" as he said; but I never fully understood his mind on this point.

Every now and then, he got up a class for the study of some branch of natural history. Our meetings at each other's houses were occasions of great social pleasure. I remember particularly the enthusiasm he inspired for the study of the leaves of trees. For a long while, our herbariums were in fashion. They never failed to afford an inconceivable amount of pleasure and instruction in marking the classification, orders, permanent types, varied structures, manifold hues, graceful forms, and apparent functions of a class of objects too often deemed quite unworthy of much notice; as if any thing the divine Hand condescends to make does not show His affluence, and is not worthy of the profoundest study.

Nor must I fail to allude to his more sportive moods; the keenness with which he entered into the diversions of his younger brothers and sisters; the charming playfulness of his eye when, at table, he repeated some anecdote or amusing scrap of history; the picnic parties he assembled in his woods, where abounded the most contagious mirth; the vivacity with which he took part in the plays and games of young persons during the long evenings of winter.

At all these scenes, he was the central object of affection and interest. Not that he had any *rôle* of wit or drollery to act, or that he led off briskly in any proposed amusement. This was not his nature. But he had a quick, instinctive sympathy with the best humor of the hour, and a quiet power to reflect it, as if from a magic mirror, on every thing around.

The blank which the withdrawal of such a companion and friend leaves in a rural neighborhood can hardly be imagined. Sweet and beautiful memories! What costly pile of marble can be a monument equal to you!

Such memories in a quiet country place have a singular longevity. Nothing is more noticeable than the different characters of towns only six miles apart. If we compare two of them together, it is apparent that one is rude, the other polished; one is selfish, the other public-spirited. We see no cause for the disparity; but we shall find it, if we search aright. Years ago, in the latter place, there lived one whose refined and generous nature sent out virtue to all who touched the hem of his garment, or remembered those who had touched it. The pebble dropped on the quiet surface of this sheltered lake — how far may its gentle undulations extend!

Oh thou life of my flesh, and of my soul in Christ my brother! I beseech thee in the hunger of my soul, and intreat thee with all my powers, though they be weak, to give me what thou hast promised me, and freely bestow upon me, in my Saviour Jesus Christ, his flesh for food, and his blood for drink, to refresh my poor, hungry soul, that it may be quickened and strengthened in the word which became man, by which it may long and hunger after thee aright!

Oh thou deepest love in the most sweet name Jesus, give thyself into the desire of my soul! For therefore thou hast moved thyself, and, according to thy great sweetness, manifested thyself in the human nature, and called us to thee, — us that hunger and thirst after thee, — and hast promised us that thou wilt refresh us. I now open the lips of my soul to thee, oh thou sweet Truth! and, though I am not worthy to desire it of thy holiness, yet I come to thee through thy bitter passion and death, then having sprinkled my uncleanness with thy blood, and sanctified me in thy humanity, and made an open gate for me, through thy death, to thy sweet love in thy blood. Through thy five holy wounds, from which thou didst shed thy blood, I bring the desire of my soul into thy love. — *Behmen.*

RANDOM READINGS.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

[We propose to publish, in successive numbers, a brief selection of items of information gathered from foreign papers and reviews, bearing upon the great religious and philanthropic movements of our times. They will be prepared with care, expressly for the Magazine, under the above head.]

THE bishop of London, in his earnest efforts to provide for the spiritual destitution of his diocese, has obtained, as was stated at a late public meeting, the sum of four hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Provision has been made for the services of eighty-eight additional clergymen. Of these, forty-six have already been appointed. The remainder will be set apart as soon as the men can be found. Clerical support is more readily furnished than the right clerical service.

A BOOK has recently been published in London, entitled "Woman's Work in the Church," written by John Malcolm Ludlow. It gives a complete history of the successive phases of woman's work, from the "deaconesses" of the Primitive Church down to the "deaconesses' institutes," which are now springing up in various Protestant countries. In these institutes, it is said, the members "resemble the primitive deaconesses in being bound by no vows, not being secluded from the world, and in being actually engaged in works of charity." There can be no doubt that an immense power of Christian love and activity might be organized in every large community, by giving proper scope to female usefulness.

It will not be thought an unnatural sequel to the above, if we add, that the great increase of inmates in religious houses in England, under the patronage of the Anglican High Church, has called forth some loud and earnest opposition. Public meetings have been held, and inflamed addresses have been given, in which it has been stated, "that a Church which would sanction Protestant nunneries ought to be driven from the land by a scourge of scorpions." Parliament has been petitioned to appoint a committee

to search these houses. A writer in a late number of the "London Examiner" believes that all this hue and cry is got up in the interest of a religious party that seeks a re-action against both the High Church and the Broad Church; the former being likely, as he says, "to steal away the hard-headed men, and the latter the soft-hearted women." A new and more aggressive combination is seeking power, and is trying to call to its aid all Dissenters who are offended because "Exeter and Oxford cannot be brought to say that all Catholics will be damned, and that London and Lincoln will not say distinctly that any earnest, though erring, believer will be damned at all."

A COMMISSION is at present employed to ascertain, by careful measurements, the exact height of Jerusalem above the Dead Sea. It is under the charge of the Topographical Department of the English War Office, at a cost of one thousand dollars, to be paid, half by the Royal Society and half by the Royal Geographical Society.

THE "London Athenæum" closes a very extended account of the "Life of Cæsar," by the French Emperor, in these words: "If this had appeared as the work of an ordinary historian, it would have attracted public attention. But associated with the name of one of the most remarkable men of this age, — one whose power is such as to cause his every action to be canvassed, his very thoughts to be suspected, — such a work will be perused with extraordinary interest and digested with very unusual care. Truly it is in every sense an imperial book. The concise judgments passed upon the various acts of Cæsar and his contemporaries exhibit the discernment of the statesman, while the insight which has been taken into the motives and conduct of the old Roman senators and nobles displays the penetrating instinct of the politician."

A NEW work on "The Holy Land" is advertised in London, as soon to appear from the pen of W. Hepworth Dixon, the editor of the "London Athenæum," and the author of the remarkable work on "Lord Bacon and his Times." A week we once passed with Mr. Dixon impressed us with his spirit of research and nice observation; and, if his proposed book does not add greatly to our knowledge on a subject which has been so often treated, we feel sure that the results of fresh observation will be presented in an attractive and graphic manner.

ST. PATRICK'S Cathedral, in Dublin, the ruinous and neglected condition of which has so long offended the eyes of all visitors, has just been thoroughly repaired. "All these hideous deformities," says the "London Review," "have now been removed; and St. Patrick's Cathedral is restored to its primitive purity and grandeur. Nothing is wanted. It was handed over to the restorer a ruin: it is now returned to the dean and chapter perfect in every part, — steeple, roofs, walls, pillars, windows, stained glass, bells, drainage, ventilation, warming, lighting, and even every item of upholstery." The "Review" goes on to tell us, that all this restoration was the free gift of one man, — Benjamin Lee Guinness, who has expended the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It adds, "A work which was too great for the knights of St. Patrick to attempt, and from which the old Irish parliament shrank back in awe, has been effected in four years by a single Dublin merchant."

A WRITER in the February number of the "London Christian Observer" gives an intelligent and full account of "The State of the Roman-Catholic Church in Italy." After the enumeration of many statistics, which we omit, he says, "What do we see within a few short years? — This nation rising as one man, and restored to a rational liberty, civil and religious; the light of God's word breaking in upon the darkness of a thousand years; men daring to doubt and inquire, where, through an hereditary bondage of ages, they dared not to think; the evangelist kneeling and praying where the priest trampled his opponent in the dust; the word of God disseminated where the inquisitor kept his instruments of torture; cheerful countenances crowding the streets of cities where lately downcast and despairing looks told you of oppressive wrong." The writer feels sure that the present state of things in Italy is weaning every day thousands from an adherence to the temporal power of the Church. He thinks, however, that, through the prevailing jealousy of all outside interference, the best help which Christians from other countries can send to Italy is the Scriptures, freely circulated in its own tongue, and works that will simply and clearly explain Protestant views of doctrine and worship.

A LEADING article in the "American Church-Review," for last January, gives some interesting facts in regard to the Lutheran Church in the United States. It has 40 synods, 2,487 congregations, 1,400 ministers, 260,000 communicants, and a population

from two to three millions. Here would be an effective Christian body, were there not doctrinal differences that impair concert of action. Beside national differences, as English, German, Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian Lutherans, there is Old Lutheranism and New Lutheranism, Rationalizing Lutheranism, and Orthodox Lutheranism. Of Scandinavian Lutherans, there are 150,000; while in a German population of four millions there is nearly a million and a half supposed to be Lutherans. Since the Rebellion, the Southern Lutherans have formed a separate general synod, which the Lutherans of Texas, however, have not joined; they being adverse to slavery and in favor of the Union.

The manner in which the Pope's Encyclical Letter has been received is most significant of the altered condition of the papacy. In the bosom of the Roman-Catholic Church, there has been a profound grief at a measure which forgets all the progress that has been made for the last three hundred years; while, outside of the Papal Church, the pretensions, the dogmatism, the ridiculous assumptions, the empty claims of power, of that Letter, have called forth only contempt. Once such a document would have convulsed the world with terror. Now the world indeed shakes; but with derision.

The awful ravages of the Cyclone in India, on the 4th of October last, we are but just beginning to comprehend. It extended over a space a hundred and twenty-one miles long by nineteen broad. Over much of this rushed a storm-wave of water, fifteen feet deep, and moving at the frightful rapidity of twenty-seven miles an hour. Houses, cattle, human beings, were swept away instantly. In one place, 20,665 souls perished; in another, 5,000; in another, 1,978; and, in one village of 1,400, only 27 were left. We have not seen the entire footing-up of these tables of destruction; but it is evident here was one of those great historical calamities like the destruction of Lisbon or Pompeii.

No one can cast his eye over a file of foreign reviews and papers, without noticing how much religious questions enter into all popular discussions. The great controversies of the times everywhere assume theological aspects, and lead to discussions which are full of interest to every devout and hopeful believer. We hope to give our readers the results of an occasional glance at them.

M.

THE UNITARIAN CREED.

SEVERAL confessions of faith have been published of late, setting forth the Unitarian belief; all of them very full on the negative side, and very lame and meagre on the positive side. We have seen none which does not resolve itself into simple Ebionism, such as the Judaizing Christians held in the first century, — a creed so lean and poor that the sect died out and soon disappeared. If we are to have a creed, let it be large and generous, not remanding us back to Judaism, but leaving room for all that the Church has realized, and a great deal more. A correspondent expresses much apprehension, that the National Convention, at New York, will posit itself on some one of these narrow and shaky platforms, and commit the denomination to bald humanitarianism. We have no idea that they will perpetrate such an egregious folly; a measure that would unchurch Channing, Pierce, Kendall, Kirkland, Lardner, Clark, Price, and, last not least, Dr. Watts himself (for his last recorded faith is undeniably Unitarian); say nothing of a multitude of others, both among the living and the dead, who have belonged to the Unitarian communion. The fathers of the denomination had a creed, — very large and comprehensive. It was Christ, the foundation and the only Master, with every man's right of private interpretation. They did not object to creeds. They made no such issue with Orthodoxy. They objected to *human* creeds; to making any man's private interpretations of the Bible, or those of any body of men, the foundation of the churches, and not the divine creed itself. The whole Unitarian controversy proceeded on this ground, and no other; the churches all stood upon it, and most of them stand there still, — "The Church heareth none but Christ." Make this ground narrower, such as somebody's dogmata about Christ, and we become a sect like the rest, — a sect, and not a Church. Give up this ground, make the word of Christ like any other man's; and we are neither a Church nor a sect, but a number of forlorn individuals, each drifting on his own plank, if he can find one, with a fair chance of being ingulfed in the next sea. The National Unitarian Convention will construct no such wretched platform as our correspondent is apprehensive of, judging from the good sense of those who are likely to be its leading spirits. S.

THE DYING SOLDIER AND THE DOVE.

[We extract the following touching incident from a "Memorial of Major Edward G. Park," printed for private circulation. — E.]

A LITTLE incident of peculiar beauty occurred on the day of Major Park's death. A dove placed itself, early in the forenoon, on a balcony near the window of the room in which he was breathing his last. It remained there immovably, often observed by the inmates of the house, until six. At six, he died; and, immediately afterwards, it was observed that the dove had flown, and has never returned. A lady friend has seized the incident; and, under her delicate touch, it has been preserved in the following graceful lines: —

THE MESSENGER.

Art thou sent from the spirit-world, sweet dove,
On this holy day of rest,
To bear my soul to the realms above,
To a region than earth more blest?

Shall I close my eyes on these scenes so dear,
On the faces of loving friends,
To gaze upon brighter glories there
Where the spirit alone ascends?

Shall I bid farewell to the hopes of time,
To the honors which earth bestows,
And rest secure in a fairer clime
Where peace like a river flows?

Then bear me away on thy wings, sweet dove,
Far away from earth's pain and strife,
Where await me kind angels and spirits of love
At the gates of eternal life!

And oft as the shadows of evening lower,
And to memories sad give birth,
Wilt thou not come back, with thy soothing power,
To the friends I have left on earth, —

Bearing some message, upon thy wings,
Of love from the spirit-land,
Shedding new light on the unseen things,
The mysteries of God's hand?

Then away with my spirit beyond the sky,
O'er the pathway by angels trod,
Nearer and nearer the throne on high,
The home of my Father, — God.

C. M. P.

EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL EVIDENCE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

"THUS the Scripture miracles stand more and more alone and isolated. It seems to be the inevitable consequence, — a consequence, we may presume, not undesigned by God, — that, being more strongly contrasted with actual experience and with the vast development of the study and knowledge of natural causes, their force should diminish. As such events recede, and must recede, further into remoter distance, and become more at issue with our ordinary daily thoughts and opinions, the belief becomes a stronger demand upon the faith.

"Men believe in miracles, because they are religious. I doubt their becoming religious through the belief in miracles. Some may look back with idle regret to what they call the ages of faith. I confess, this is to me repulsive. Write of those time with calm, considerate candor, if you will, with devout admiration; but, in our day, such language is but folly persuading itself that it is wisdom because it thinks itself to be piety. It seems to make common cause between that which mankind has generally discarded as the object of belief, and that which, I trust, it will ever retain. I am not prepared to put on the same level faith in the Gospels and faith in the Golden Legend.

"For at the same time, and seemingly with equal steps, the moral and religious majesty of Christianity has expanded on the mind of man. The religious instincts of man have felt themselves more fully and perfectly satisfied by the gospel of Christ. These instincts will still cleave to those truths which are the essence of religion, — which are religion; while that which is temporary, and belongs to another period of thought and knowledge, will gradually fall away.

"Christianity, at its first promulgation by our Lord and his apostles, was an appeal to the conscience, the moral sense, the inmate religiousness, of mankind; not so much to the wonder, the awe, the reverence, as to feelings more deeply seated in his nature, — less to the imagination than to the spiritual being of man. Its wonders (admit the miracles to the utmost extent) were rare and occasional; its promises, its hopes, its remedial and reconciling and sanctifying and self-sacrificing and sorrow-assuaging and heaven-aspiring words were addressed to the universal

human heart. Is not this, in some degree, foreshown in the gospel? Among the signs of his coming, after having recounted his wonderful cures of all diseases and infirmities, the Saviour seems to rise to, to lay the ultimate stress on, the simple words, 'And the *poor have the gospel preached to them.*' To this moral test, the Saviour himself seems to submit his own wonderful works. How were his works to be distinguished from those at that time thought equally true and equally wonderful, only that they were ascribed to Beelzebub, the Spirit of evil? It was by their beneficence, their oppugnancy to evil, — a test cognizable by, and only cognizable by, the conscience or moral sense of man.

"For the perpetuity of religion, of the true religion, — that of Christ, — I have no misgivings. So long as there are women and sorrow in this mortal world, so long there will be the religion of the emotions, the religion of the affections. Sorrow will have consolation which it can only find in the gospel. So long as there is the sense of goodness, the sense of the misery and degradation of evil, there will be the religion of what we may call the moral necessities of our nature, — the yearning for rescue from sin, for reconciliation with an all-holy God. So long as the spiritual wants of our higher being require an authoritative answer; so long as the human mind cannot but conceive its imaginative, discursive, creative, inventive thought to be something more than a mere faculty or innate or acquired power of the material body; so long as there are aspirations towards immortality; so long as man has a conscious soul, and feels that soul to be his real self, his imperishable self, — so long there will be the religion of reason. As it was the moral and religious superiority of Christianity — in other words, the love of God diffused by Christ, 'by God in Christ' — which mainly subdued and won the world; so that same power will retain it in willing and perpetual subjection. The strength of Christianity will rest, not in the excited imagination, but in the heart, the conscience, the understanding, of man." — *Preface to Milman's History of the Jews, Revised Edition.*

LETTER TO THE PROPRIETOR.

DEAR SIR, — I send, at your request, a few extracts from letters received from the army in regard to our religious reading. Many more might be given.

This is from a lady connected with a soldier's hospital: —

"I thank you for 'The Monthly Religious Magazine.' We had a number of old ones, which I found were read with great interest by many of our patients. My experience goes to show, that the door is open widely for a more liberal faith than the dominant one of the past, and that multitudes are hungering and thirsting for just what we are able to give. I have been a constant attendant at the soldiers' prayer-meetings, both in the chapel and in the wards, and could not help noticing, that, while the exercises of the chaplains were uniformly Trinitarian in form, those of the soldiers were very rarely so."

A young man writes: —

"I was very much interested in the February number of 'The Religious Magazine,' which chanced to fall into my hands. Reading-matter of a kind like that is so scarce here in the trenches, that I am emboldened by your Circular to ask you to send it to my address."

The following is from an Orthodox chaplain: —

"Am always glad to get the publications which you send. The tracts of the American Unitarian Association meet the wants of the soldiers better than those of any other society that have come to my notice."

An Episcopalian chaplain and superintendent of a Soldiers' Home, writing to acknowledge the receipt of "The Monthly Religious Magazine," papers, &c., writes: —

"They will always be welcome in our 'Home.' Outside the army, we have our preferences, of course; but here we know no doctrine or creed, save that which supports the good old flag and true loyalty."

I very often receive requests for library books of a miscellaneous kind, — standard histories or novels or poetry or other useful works. These we cannot, of course, furnish with the money of the Association; but we shall be glad to use the facilities we have, by sending to the places where they seem to be most needed, any books that may be given to us for that purpose. We should only be willing to send, however, those that are of real interest and worth.

Truly yours,

CHARLES LOWE.

SOMERVILLE, MASS., March 20, 1865.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The History of the Jews, from the earliest period down to modern times. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul. Reprinted from the newly revised and corrected London edition. In three volumes. Boston: William Veazie. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1864.

The reader will find, in our "Random Readings," an extract from the admirable preface to this edition. The preface is so sensible and so timely, as well as so reverent and true, that we would gladly have printed the whole of it. Dr. Milman's book is well and favorably known. It has been in the hands of almost an entire generation; and, where a more elaborate and learning-laden history would have been laid aside, this pleasantly written narrative of Jewish fortunes has been read and read again, and with the utmost satisfaction and profit. As we all know, many points of Milman's important and interesting subject require a delicate treatment, — such a treatment as can be given only by one who, besides being a competent scholar, is endowed with what we may call perhaps a religious imagination, — a faculty which Mr. Theodore Parker lacked altogether. In this particular, Milman is singularly happy. Moreover, if there is a matter which must come at last into doubt, he leaves the reader to approach it gradually and naturally, and does not stagger and amaze and offend him with an abrupt and pronounced denial. The writer has brought up the revised edition to the measures of the new times, with its new learning, though he has made it plain — what, indeed, had been made plain to others who are not ready to be imposed upon by the dogmatism of scepticism any more than by the dogmatism of the conservative — that the alleged new learning is often very slender in material and in result, spite of much sounding of the trumpet. The third volume brings down to modern times the history of this wonderful Hebrew people, and gives us, in small compass, a mass of valuable historical and critical details. We wish to call attention specially to this portion of the work, to correct an impression which some may have that these pages are occupied simply with a paraphrase of the historical

portions of the Old Testament. The material and form of the volumes correspond, in every respect, to the high character of the contents. For household and parish and school libraries, the book is admirably adapted. E.

Two Pamphlets. By B. F. BARRETT. Correspondence between Rev. Thomas Worcester, D.D., and B. F. Barrett; being a Sequel to the "Plain Letter."— Swedenborg and his Mission; or, a Sketch of the Character, Claims, and Teachings of the Great Seer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The "Correspondence" is closed by Dr. Worcester, who tells Mr. Barrett his "true position," — that he is "set on" by "evil spirits;" that he is a "slave" to them; that he "never can come into a state of freedom, except by doing works meet for repentance;" that he shall "open no more letters" from him, till there is evidence that he has "come into a different state."

If Swedenborgianism is so heavenly in its influence as its disciples claim, we wonder very much how a man, who believes in it so heartily as Mr. Barrett does, could become so entirely possessed with the Devil as here represented; and, whether so possessed or not, how it could inspire this *style* of correspondence. We have a dim recollection of being plied ourselves with this amiable vocabulary; of being called "thief," "robber," "wolf in sheep's clothing," and we know not what else, as we have not looked for a long time into the Swedenborgian organs. "Stripling," "blasphemer," "profaner," were also among these holiday terms applied to some other heretics. Touching these sweet refrains of the "heavenly doctrines," our own opinion is, that the best course, dictated alike by wisdom and self-respect, is, not to hear them, much less hold "correspondence" with them, — putting a Pacific Ocean between you and them, — and so let them melt away in the distance, "like a song that dies along the sea, and then for aye is mute."

The other pamphlet, "Swedenborg and his Mission," is one of the best things, we think, the very best, that has come from the pen of Mr. Barrett. In forty-eight pages, written in a clear style, free of the diffuseness which is Mr. Barrett's besetting sin, in a frame of mind tempered with the mildest and sweetest charity, and a most catholic spirit, he sets forth the claims of his beloved Swedenborg. It is less discriminating than any competent criticism of Swedenborg should be; but, for the end it was written for,

— to draw attention to the claims of the great seer, and help to a just appreciation of the wealth of truth and goodness in his writings, — it is exceedingly well done. S.

A Book of Golden Deeds, of All Times and all Lands; gathered and narrated by the author of the "Heir of Redcliffe." Cambridge: Sever & Francis.

This is a book of stories, — some of them rare, some of them well known in literature, illustrating the beauty and heroism of self-sacrifice. The heroes and heroines are of all religions and peoples, and they give us animating views of the best side of human nature. It is an interesting book for any one to read: children are delighted and thrilled with these tales of self-devotion, and get excellent practical lessons from them. S.

Essays in Biography and Criticism. By PETER BAYNE, M.A., author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual." First and second series. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1865.

We have here two very pleasant volumes, wise in thought, abundant and various in illustration, and in spirit thoroughly religious, — valuable contributions to our Christian literature.

E.

PAMPHLETS.

Co-operation in the Father's Business: A Discourse preached at the Installation of Rev. S. B. Marvin, Harrison Square, Jan. 25, 1865. By JOHN WEISS.

The Cooling Globe; or, the Mechanics of Geology. By C. F. WINSLOW, M.D.

Both of the above are to be found with Messrs. Walker, Fuller, & Co.

The Fountain of Christian Truth: A Discourse by Rev. Dr. Furness. Philadelphia: Sherman & Co., printers.

We have from Wm. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street, "The Work of New England in the Future of Our Country," an election sermon by Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., delivered Jan. 4, 1865.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. MAY, 1865. No. 5.

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

THE readers of this Magazine have become acquainted with the proceedings of the conference through the reports of the secular press. They will get in this way, however, very imperfect and inadequate impressions of what was done and what is proposed to be done, as well as of the general spirit and tone of the meeting itself.

The convention at New York doubtless marks an era in the history of the Unitarian body, — if heretofore it has deserved the name of body. It was distinguished by two characteristics altogether new. It was strictly a representative body; not an accidental meeting of persons speaking for no one but themselves, but of persons whom the churches had selected, and sent thither. And they were represented, not by ministers mainly, but by laymen; as these latter constituted two-thirds of the delegates present. These laymen were men of the highest order of intelligence, many of them holding the first places of trust in the community, men of clear, practical wisdom, who evidently knew what they believed, and could give a reason for it.

Apprehensions and forebodings of evil preceded the meeting, preventing we know not how many churches from being represented. Some creed will be got up, it was said, and imposed upon the body; or the door will be thrown wide open to radicalism, which will come in and take control. Or

Our readers will perceive, that the preamble, though simple and comprehensive, embodies the grand article of the primitive Church. It acknowledges Jesus Christ as Lord, and gathers us around him as disciples, claiming our lives and possessions for the building-up of his kingdom. It organizes us, not as theists and philosophers, but as disciples and followers of one Lord and Master.

To some, this language and the idea which it expresses were both offensive. Christ was not "Lord," they said, but "Servant." He claimed no such lordship over us. The passage came spontaneously into the hearts of many; and it was written and sent along from hand to hand, "Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well, for so I am." One man said that "master," in those times, meant the same as "mister" with us. The debate showed a deep current of intense, anxious, and excited feeling; and it became very evident, that, if the preamble was stricken off, a schism would immediately follow, parting the "disciples" on one side and the "theists" on the other. On taking the vote, however, the majority was overwhelming and decisive. The preamble was adopted, and the body was organized as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. The vote probably was as ten to one, though no count was made.

Thus, after passing upon some details and subsidiary matters, closed the business-meeting of the convention. A word as to its general spirit and character. It was marked by an enthusiasm more deep and strong than we have ever witnessed before in the Unitarian communion. We think most who were present must have come away with the impression that the occasion was not got up by individual effort and influence, but that it came in the fulness of time, by a controlling Providence, as an agency required in the solemn future just opening before us. It indicated that the Unitarian body is no more to be fragmentary, but a national Church, to do its part in evangelizing and educating the people redeemed from the barbarism of slavery. It settled one point about which there had been much doubt and despondency. It had been feared, and really supposed, that the denomination

was swinging round into the naturalism represented by the name of Theodore Parker. The decisions of this convention — the first one which really ever represented the churches, two-thirds of the members being lay-delegates — came down so emphatic and strong on the other side, as to show, that either those ideas never had any real hold upon the Unitarian body or, if they had, the rebound is now pronounced and final; and a universal re-action has taken place. We are not drifting from the foundation, but standing upon the Rock of Ages ten times more firmly, for having looked into the gulf down which no light ever shines but the private reasonings and guesses of erring men.

It would hardly be right to omit the social gathering in the evening, after the business-meetings of the convention were closed. The Music Hall was crowded by some thousands of persons besides the delegates of the convention. The speaking was excellent; the best feeling flowed through the festivities of the evening; but its grand feature was the speech of our Governor Andrew, who struck the key-note both of the convention and of the national rejoicings, and, for an hour, swept the hearts of his hearers with thrills of thanksgiving for our victories, hopes of a brightening future for all races, and of subdued and most tender sorrow for our fallen brave.

So far, the convention was a signal success. Its one great article of faith places the denomination on clear and firm Christian ground, — the ground on which its fathers placed it, leaving to the right of individual interpretation to unfold the wealth of the gospel in ampler measure. If it stands on this ground, and goes forth heartily and strongly in the name of Christ to do its part in the civilization of the new era now dawning upon us, educating and christianizing the races which look to us for light, building up the waste places, covering the desolations which the war has made with the greenness of a new day-spring from on high, organizing and directing its vast resources of wealth and intellect and learning for this noble end, a new career of prosperity is before it, and the divine blessing will be upon it, we are persuaded, in ampler measure

than it has ever experienced. Having made a clean denominational line towards the neologism of the day, which had hung around the goodly ship like a cold Newfoundland fog, it may go on, if it will, in the clear sunlight, wafted by the breezes of God's spirit, freighted with the divine riches and with the best hopes of mankind. S.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXVII.

"AUS GNADEN SOLL ICH SELIG WERDEN."

Melody,—"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

BY J. G. W. FORSTMANN.

[Another hymn is in the Psalm Books, with the same first line and to the same tune, ascribed to Christian Ludwig Scheitz, 1742.]

FROM Grace alone descends the blessing,
And I am safe and reconciled;
For no desert of my possessing,
The Father owns me for his child.
Through my Redeemer I am pure;
Through Grace my hope is ever sure.

Through Grace;—for who can be deserving
Of what the Saviour Christ has done,
Who, through his cross and passion serving,
For guilty men a pardon won;
When he, who knew no speck of sin,
Chose that sharp road to travel in?

By Grace 'twas done. Revive, ye sinners,
Made clean by what he underwent!
The law-condemned are heaven-winners,
Believing now and penitent.
What gifts, which he alone can bring!
The culprit is a priest and king.

Oh, then, with feelings glad but lowly,
  Extol the hope on mercy built!
Presume not on that goodness holy,
  And thus be heaping guilt on guilt.
For they who trifle with such love
Shall find their trust a ruin prove.

Help, Lord, through Grace to be confiding;
  Be with me when my strength is small;
And, when my treacherous feet are sliding,
  Forbid that they should slip to fall.
Thy hold alone keeps man upright,
And shields him from the Tempter's might.

When Grace the soul to glory raises,
  With all the saints above the skies,
More nobly, Lord, shall sound its praises
  Than here on earth the strain can rise.
For there made perfect I shall shine,
For ever blest, for ever thine.

XXVIII.

"IESU, MEINES LEBENS LEBEN."

BY ERNST CHRISTOPH HOMBURG, 1659.

Jesus, of my life the living,
  Of my dying is the death;
For my sake his own self giving,
  Yielding up in pangs his breath;
In the deepest shadows lying,
That my soul may know no dying.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

Thou wert scorned, rejected, hated,
  And acquainted well with woe;
For thy brows the thorns were platted; —
  Why consent to have it so?

That I might thy joy be sharing,
And a crown immortal wearing.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

Thou wert willing to be wounded,
That my stripes might healèd be;
Wert with threats and bonds surrounded,
That I might go safe and free;
That my trust might ne'er be shaken,
Thou didst please to hang forsaken.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this. N. L. F.

LETTER TO ONE PERPLEXED BY DOUBTS.

Your letter, my friend, reveals a state of mind not so unusual and strange as you seem to imagine, — a feeling in which many can sympathize in these days, when the very foundations, not only of society, but of religion, are disturbed, and questions as to all that you have been accustomed to regard as sacred and immutable are discussed with a critical freedom rarely before known. Your whole mind and spirit have been disturbed, and for a time thrown off the old balance. Carefully educated in religious truths, regarding the Bible with sacred reverence, trusting its words with implicit confidence, and accepting the opinions of your Christian parents and teachers with unhesitating faith, — now that you are led to search for yourself the foundations of truth, to feel your own personal responsibility in the formation and expression of your opinions and faith; now that you feel no other soul can do more than guide you, and even then with no infallible certainty; and that, from the one Fountain of life, you must draw for *yourself* of the living waters of truth, the free gift of the Spirit, — no wonder that for a time you are perplexed, wearied, disturbed.

Your dimness of spiritual vision, and your intellectual perplexity also, re-act upon your daily life and character. The uncertainty of your faith, and the consciousness that others do not appreciate your difficulties or sympathize in your doubts, renders you too often captious and irritable. So wonderful is the mechanism of our inward being, so delicate the chords that bind all in harmony, that, if one of the members suffer, all must suffer with it; and, if one string be untuned, there must be only a discordant response. And this, too, only adds to your self-reproach and weariness. You know you are wrong; you strive to conquer the bitter feeling or the angry word; you strive to perform the old routine of daily duty with the old cheerfulness and zest: but the restless thought within cannot find an answer of peace in the outward routine of life; and, burdened with the added consciousness of failure and sin, you cry out in despair, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to his seat! Who shall deliver me from this wretched uncertainty and doubt? — from the body of this death? Who shall tell me what and where is truth?" You say, "I strive to pray; but these same questions and perplexities press in upon the soul as I approach the mercy-seat, and God becomes a vague infinity, not a personal Father, the hearer and answerer of prayer. I endeavor to approach Jesus; but how shall I think of him? as man, as God, or a super-angelic being of whom I can have no distinct conception, — neither able to love him as really my brother and Saviour, nor to see clearly the Father dwelling in him? I turn to the Scriptures. Am I to read these writings through the interpretations of scholars and divines, or am I not also to add to such critical knowledge the free use of reason and of my own intuitions? Will not, and does not, the Spirit speak now to each longing soul, no less than to evangelists and apostles in earlier times? And how shall I distinguish this voice of the Spirit from the teachings of reason and consciousness? In a word, where and how shall I find rest, after all these wanderings and sins, and in the midst of doubts and anxious questionings?"

In reply to your inquiries, my friend, let me offer you a few

simple words in true sympathy, trusting they may be of some avail in opening to your spiritual vision a clearer view of Him in whom alone is peace, — who says to all the weary and heavy-laden, "Come unto me, and ye shall find rest."

I do not doubt the reality of your Christian aim and purpose, — that you have been sincere in your words and teachings and life hitherto. All of the past is not lost nor false because God is now leading you through these valleys of humiliation, and these deeper inward experiences, to a fuller sense of your need of him. But you have rested too much in the opinions of others, have been content with the repetition of religious phrases and observances, and have too often substituted religious *opinions* for religious *faith*. Thank God, that you feel your need of a surer and more stable support; and doubt not, that, even through these weeks and months of darkness, he is guiding you to a firmer foundation, — a trust that cannot be shaken; an inward, personal realization of the truth that cannot be taken from you.

And, first of all, be faithful in prayer, and *persevere* in your longing petitions. No matter how indefinite is your thought of God, how faint your comprehension of his infinity; no matter if your heart-longings seem uttered only to a vague presence, or even to return to you void, — still *persevere*. Keep your soul open to God; keep the eye of the spirit turned to him. You *know*, that, in turning away from him, there is only unrest. Pray, even if you cannot in distinct words; for remember that these very longings of the soul are the truest prayers: and so cherish and deepen them. Pray and *wait*. Wait God's own time. Never yet has he failed to speak to the soul longing and asking to hear his voice, and patiently and trustingly waiting his own hour and way.

> "For he will come, in his own time and power,
> To set his weary-hearted children free:
> Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
> And the bright morning yet will dawn for thee."

And, next to prayer, strive to gain some distinct conception of Jesus, that no longer he may be to your soul an indefinite

person, a sort of myth, a being afar off, whom you do not comprehend, — neither man nor God, — whom your early education teaches you to regard with reverence, whose words you say you believe, whom you feel you ought to love, but to whom you have never yet been drawn with aught of the real affection you feel to parents and friends, because there is so little reality to his being. Here lies one chief source of your difficulty; and, were this in any degree removed, new light and peace would come to you. You strive to love him, to know him as your Saviour and Helper; but you can form no conception of him to your mind's eye. You have never really felt his love to you, and love only can beget love; and thus there is self-reproach for your coldness, and the thought that you ought to feel differently. The deepest faith cannot indeed comprehend him who reveals to us the Father, in whose soul are depths of being which no frail, finite spirit has ever yet fathomed. But more and more can we read, if we look to him, not through any preconceived theory or any opinions *about* him, but as he really lived among men, — as their friend and brother, and as we find he speaks to the soul's yearnings and wants, through the words uttered first among the hills of Judea or by the shores of Galilee, and now whispered to the spirit's ear through the ever-present Comforter.

Read the Gospels as they stand in their simplicity and fragmentary character. Read them with an unprejudiced mind, and without bringing to them any preconceived theory. Place yourself among the disciples who followed Jesus from day to day; go with him to the loved home at Bethany, or to the feasts at Jerusalem; mingle among the crowd on the sea-shore, listening to his words, or follow with the chosen few to the retired garden or the lonely mountain-top; watch him from day to day in his words and works of love, — and one impression will be borne in upon your soul: that pure and sinless as he was, elevated infinitely above all around him through that very purity and spirituality, he was yet one with us; the perfect man, the second Adam, the new creation of God, through whom a new divine life comes into the world. He stands as the representative of our race, the one complete

and perfect flower, — not merely the perfect man, but the perfect woman also; for in him was a completed and perfected humanity.

Losing sight of his humanity, we lose him as our brother and friend; and all that is so touching in his love, so tender in his compassion, so strengthening in his sympathy, so quickening in his example, is of no avail to us, when we place him far away, as some intermediate, super-angelic being, of whom we can gain no clear conception. For his temptations, then, are no real temptations, his sorrows no real sorrows, since he can be human only in the sense of wearing this human form of flesh and blood. He is no longer our brother in any way we can clearly comprehend. Do not fear to look upon him, as did his immediate disciples, with wonder and reverence indeed, but also with a consciousness of his real sympathy and help and love. "He grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." — "He was tried in all points, *as we are*, yet without sin." — "He was made perfect through suffering." These passages, and all such as speak of him as experiencing the emotions of joy or sorrow, pity or indignation, exaltation or depression, tenderness or aversion, reveal him as in truth the *Son of man*.

But as our brother, our example, our guide; as the representative of a perfect humanity alone, — he would not meet the soul's deepest wants. Your own yearnings and desires teach you this; your longings to know more of God, and to be more deeply conscious of his nearness to you.

Regarding Jesus, then, as the representative of a completed, perfected humanity, the "only-begotten of the Father," he was also, if we may use the term without a cold technical definition, the humanity of divinity, the "Word made flesh," — "Emanuel, God *with us*." God dwelt in him, and he in God. As the uncreate, the self-existent, the great "I Am," we cannot comprehend God. But all that we can know of him, all that can be expressed to man of his infinite and fathomless being, we see in Jesus, the personal God, the Father who loves us and sympathizes with us, who cares for us as his children, who reconciles us in Christ, and bids us live the life

of children in his home of love. "He that hath seen me *hath seen* the Father." — "God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." And thus fixing the eye on that holy one, *seeing* the Father in the Son, we feel that God is no longer afar off, but comes very near to us; not merely that he manifests himself, or reveals certain attributes in Christ, but that he actually abides in him. "The Father that *dwelleth in me*, he doeth the works." — "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the *Father in me?*"

You may speak, and truly speak, of God being everywhere present, of his filling infinity, of his spirit dwelling in every soul; yet, in your present state of mind, I believe that this view of God *in Christ* will aid you more truly than any other. It will bring him near to you, and give you that sense of his personal love and being you need; and you will hear, as from a divine voice, those blessed words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary, and ye shall find rest."

And now, in your weary struggles for light and truth, Christ comes to you, — not merely with sympathy, as the tried and suffering one, but evermore one with God: from his glorified humanity, he comes as the Comforter to sustain and to guide you, and to baptize you with those holy and sacred influences which you long for so earnestly, and which alone can still the restless cravings of your soul.

"Yes: the Comforter draws nigh
To the breaking, bursting heart;
For, with tender sympathy,
He has seen and felt its smart:
Through its darkest hours of ill,
He is waiting, watching still.

Dost thou ask, '*When* comes his hour?'
Then when it shall aid thee best.
Trust his faithfulness and power;
Trust in him, and quietly rest.
Suffer on, and hope and wait:
Jesus never comes too late!"

"God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," redeeming it from evil, lifting up its fallen and sinful humanity, and infusing into it a divine life, coming as a new life and

light amid its darkness, and imparting to it his own divinity, — what can bring him nearer to us than this sublime condescension and love?"

Looking thus to the Father in the Son, listening as a child to the Spirit's voice, — slowly it may be, yet surely, will the light dawn within your soul. You will hear the words, "Thy sins *are* forgiven; go in peace," with such a sweet assurance of faith, that no sense of personal ill desert or inward failure can take from you. And when, from the deep recesses of the soul, comes the yearning cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" the promised day-star already will have arisen.

> "Wait! for the day is dawning,
> Though the dark night be long;
> Wait! God is *not* forsaking
> Thy heart. Be strong, be strong!"

Persevere in prayer; look earnestly to Jesus until you see the Father *in* him; and so look and strive and patiently wait, — yet wait, not in apathy and indifference, but resting in God. No longer let the want of spiritual and intellectual clearness lead you to impatience and distrust, and the loss of self-control in the daily life; but *work* while you look and pray and wait. Be faithful in your daily duties; faithful in the active services of love to others; and through this very endeavor to be faithful and conscientious, as far as you see and know, new light will open to you.

Not the soul, dimmed by passion, can see the pure light of truth, or discern God's presence: only the pure in heart can see him. Not in settling opinions *about* Christ, or theorizing about his nature, will you find peace in believing; but alone in the consciousness of having him in your soul.

To refuse to walk in the narrow way because we *see* not always our guide or the end of the path, is a fatal mistake. Obedience, indeed, is easier when the vision is all clear, and there are cloudless skies above us; but to follow the Master amid the darkness is a surer test of faith. "Take up the cross, and follow me," are his words. The way he may lead us, and the cross he lays upon us, are his to choose. It is ours to follow and to bear, through darkness or light; and no light

cross is this inward darkness and perplexity. Only the soul that has known its weary strivings, its untold yearnings, its restless struggles, its bitter doubts, can know the blessedness of the first dawning of a clearer light.

And this blessedness will yet be yours. Watching and praying, working and waiting, looking to Jesus, you will more and more clearly see the Father in the Son, and be drawn to Christ as your Saviour. "*God in Christ*, reconciling the world unto himself." And so will all minor questionings sink into insignificance before this glorious truth. Still will you seek, and press on to know more fully; no longer restless and anxious, but as a child learning of the Father. Coming unto him, infolded in his love, you shall find rest unto your soul.

"May the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have *suffered* a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you!"

THE HIDING PLACES OF POWER.

EVERY reflecting person feels that he is responsible for his words and deeds. He alone is answerable for the effects which they produce. It is his agency which has brought them about. He is responsible for the form which his activity takes, and for the manner in which he employs his opportunities and his time. But there is another and a most important matter in respect to which we are too apt to underrate our responsibility; I mean, our influence. This, as its etymology implies, is something that flows out from us. It is the impress which all that is comprised in our personality produces upon others. As the sun sends out its rays of light and heat, so from every individual there proceeds a power which modifies those upon whom it falls. We cannot separate ourselves from those social, sympathetic bonds, along which invisible spiritual currents run. By the very tone of your voice, or aspect of your countenance, you affect those

about you. You cannot be sad, even though your grief should obtain no utterance through words, without others sorrowing with you. You cannot be cheerful, and not communicate your joy to other hearts. You cannot neglect a duty, and not afford excuse to some one else for deferring and abandoning what he ought to do. We may not suppose that the results of a wrong word or action stop with its immediate effects. For instance, a person may prevaricate in some matter that seems trifling. Apparently, except as a matter of present convenience, whether he spoke truth or falsehood would make no difference. But the consequence of his action does not cease with the attainment of the object which he sought. It produces an effect on other souls, modifies their characters, weakens their faith in virtue, and renders them less scrupulous to speak the exact truth. Nor does our speech and action affect simply those with whom we come in contact. Our influence is transmitted through acquaintances to thousands who have never known us. Persons who have never heard our names, nor been aware of our existence, may have the whole current of their lives changed from some thought or feeling that we have expressed.

And not only so, but our influence mingles with the stream of time, and is transmitted to succeeding generations. We can see this plainly in the case of men like Luther, Calvin, Howard, Milton, Channing; but it is equally true in the case of all. Those who come after us are different from what they would have been, were it not for what we do and what we are. The character and conduct of the rising generation are modified by the influence of the one that is passing away. With far more certainty than the transmission of property, the influence of the parent passes down the long line of descendants, modified, of course, by other agencies producing more or less effect. The great poet of Greece called words "winged." They fly not only to the understanding of him who first hears them, but issue again from his mouth, until perhaps they take the circuit of the globe, become translated into foreign tongues, and reach the minds of successive generations. When Dr. Franklin wrote the maxims of "Poor

Richard's Almanac," he probably supposed that they would excite only a transient interest; but they have spread wherever civilization has found a foothold, and regulated the practice of thousands of individuals. He himself admits that his own course was determined by two little books that long since have been banished from booksellers' shelves, and are hardly to be found in our largest libraries. Now, we can trace the influence of Franklin's words, because he uttered his thoughts in that proverbial form which fastens itself in the memory, and remains unaltered; but there are numberless thoughts expressed which take new forms from the lips of each utterer, and can never be traced back to their source. If we suggest an idea to one of our fellow-beings, or call forth an emotion from him, we, in a greater or less degree, influence his character. He is different from what he would have been, if we had not existed; and, consequently, the impression which he will make on others will have been modified by our own upon him. As the thistle commits its seeds to every breeze, and each seed becomes a new centre for the growth and dispersion of these troublesome plants; so from ourselves influences are continually passing which take root firmly in other breasts, and become inwrought into the character and conduct of other persons. These influences may be good or may be evil, but they are unceasing; and, solemn thought! their effects are endless. The loudest utterance of the human voice dies away. The circles caused by disturbing the waters of a placid lake subside; but the influences that flow from *us* strengthen as they widen.

> "*Our* echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow for ever and for ever."

They accumulate force like the snowflake that starts from some Alpine ridge, and increases into an avalanche. What an influence does the mere existence of a person set in motion before he becomes a conscious agent! The new-born child, helpless and unintelligent, calls forth a world of thought and emotion in his parents' hearts. He awakens their deepest affections; arouses a solicitude which they have never felt for

themselves; causes them to look forward into the future, and plan for his culture and happiness; enables them through love to transform labor, weariness, and self-denial into pleasures. What pleasant anticipations, earnest wishes, heartfelt prayers, a weak, dependent infant awakens! What an alteration his existence makes in the plans and management of a household! What tenderness, and sense of responsibleness, he occasions! What a restraint upon the words and conduct, what a stimulus to effort, the mere fact of his being in the world affords! While yet "new to earth and sky," a mere creature with appetites and sensations, with less apparent intelligence than the insect or the bird, he has exerted a most potent and usually a most beneficent influence, at least upon his parents' hearts. As he advances in life, and his mental and moral powers expand, his circle of influence widens. His brothers and sisters, his schoolmates and playfellows, are affected by his intellectual qualities, by his temper and his energy. A single truthful, obedient, affectionate child, such as became, when arrived at manhood, the first president of our republic, transforms the character of all his associates. He restrains them from quarrels, stimulates them to diligent application, imbues them with a frank, courageous, honorable, and generous spirit. Without knowing it, he has conferred upon his companions a benefit that will cause them to bless him as long as the soul continues to exist. Daily, hourly, every moment, his influence has been felt in the family, the school, and his circle of acquaintances; and it has made better every one upon whom it has fallen.

Or suppose, what too frequently happens, that the child, without being especially vicious, is yet self-willed, resentful, and quarrelsome. Suppose that he is regardless of his parents' wishes and the happiness of his companions and his own improvement, or that his mouth is defiled with profane and impure words, or that he is unable to curb the flow of animal spirits, and devotes to his sports the time that belongs to more serious occupations; how powerful an influence for evil does he send forth,—an influence which the most diligent efforts of judicious adults can never counteract or annul!

Without wrong intentions, from mere carelessness, he becomes like those who cast the seeds of a noxious plant into a garden, or who poison the springs that supply a community with drink. He has caused pain in the hearts of parents and teachers, compared with which the laceration of a limb might easily be borne. He has modified in a greater or less degree all with whom he has associated. They are different, probably, through life on account of their intercourse with him. They struggle with habits which his example helped them to form, and look back with regret to the dispositions cherished by his companionship. Suppose him to attain the age of manhood; and that the expansion of his mental powers, the experience of life, and his own reflections, have proved insufficient for his reformation. How surely does his irreverence, or worldliness, or disregard of others' interests, or bitterness of spirit, or other wrong quality, hinder the progress of the community to which he belongs! How are generous impulses chilled by his apathy! how are mischievous intentions fostered by his encouragement! how are dissension, variance, animosity, and wrath kindled into a flame by a spark which he has malignantly dropped! He has been the inharmonious pipe of the social organ, the bruised muscle or broken bone of the body politic, the unintentional, perhaps, but still the responsible, corrupter of souls.

How different are the effects produced by his character, from those that proceed from that man or woman whose heart is swayed by reverence towards God, and love for man; who at least strive to govern themselves, although their efforts may not always be successful; who disclose that the chief aim of their existence is to make themselves and others excellent!

Now, take the influences that have proceeded from any person in the ordinary ranks of life from the time of infancy to the age of threescore, and consider how immense their amount, upon what a multitude of persons they have taken effect, how widely they propagate themselves, and how their consequences are eternal; and can we estimate too highly our responsibility? Can we say lightly to ourselves, "It is no consequence what I do: my example is of no weight"?

May we dare to spread that subtle, moral poison that weakens and distorts the spiritual natures of our fellow-men? Must not the earnest prayer ascend to God, "Preserve me from promoting the downfall of my fellows"? Must it not be the thought of young and old, "Let my influence ever be on the side of justice, truth, good order, intelligence, freedom, piety, and good-will"?

It is said that, in a dockyard of England, a ship of many thousand tons was once built, and a large multitude had assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward, and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators; but he turned indignantly towards them, saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship, yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely-balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inestimable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

There is much, too, to encourage those who think their influence is small, still to do their utmost. They do not work alone. If they are laboring for humane and noble ends, laboring to promote the objects for which Christ labored, they have the sympathy and co-operation of all who are excellent and devout, of all those whose approbation and assistance are most desirable. "The voice of Nature and of God speaks out upon their side." With the consciousness of divine aid, no thought of failure can be joined. In the great edifice of human perfection which God is rearing, every stroke helps forward the work, and is wrought by his presiding mind into connection with other portions of his plan. The thread of

our existence is woven into the fabric by which God reveals himself, — a thread which may be beautiful throughout its course, or which may be stained and defiled by sin. It is true, then, that although we may not in any single hour seem to effect much by our influence, yet the sum of the results which the existence of each person in the world has caused cannot be estimated by human arithmetic; and a right effort, made at the right time and in a right manner, will have God's blessing go with it, and become one factor of an enormous product.

How plainly is this illustrated by those elements of our civilization which have come to us from past ages! We know not who uttered for the first time many of the truths that guide our conduct. We know not those who have helped to swell the current of philanthropy, courtesy, purity, piety, generosity, and other noble qualities, which mingles with and sanctifies the stream of worldliness that flows through the nineteenth century; but yet the power of their characters is felt by us. Plato and Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, Milton, and numberless authors, artists, inventors, and men of science, confer their benefits upon thousands who hardly know that these men ever lived. As from an inland lake a stream is brought by subterranean aqueducts, and at length comes to the surface in fountains that sparkle in the sunlight, or is distributed through numberless pipes into the dwellings of a populous city; so, through the channels of history, a stream of influence has flowed from all that were virtuous and lovely, blessing and regenerating mankind. From the spirits of the daparted, from the spirits of those friends whose bodies we have committed to the dust, what a hallowing power comes! It goes with us as we labor. It is near us in our seasons of meditation; and, though it is too sacred to find expression often through our lips, it exerts a constantly refining agency on our hearts. We are daily made purer and better because such as these have lived and died.

But the most perfect illustration of the power of right influences is found in him so justly named the "Son of Righteousness," the "Light of the World."—"The music,"

says a writer whose prose is alive with the spirit of poetry,— "the music which led the shepherds to the manger was not sweeter than flowed evermore from the words and deeds of Jesus. As the clouds surcharged with gathered waters drop down upon the earth, so fell on the waiting souls of his disciples his words of promise; and as the earth opens her bosom to drink in the rain from above, so drank their spirits of the descending influence, and grew, though they might know it not. As sun he shone; as planets they received the beams and were glad, though they might wait long before they understood what were all the illuminations that fell upon them. And when the last dark hours are over,—those hours in which their faith faltered, and their love was found insufficient for the trial,—a new insight would naturally succeed. The Life re-appears from the realm of death. The Spirit descends, and they know the Lord. The vast continent of truth, on whose coast they had been passing so long in the evening shades succeeded by the deepest midnight, but from which brightest lights had shone and sweetest voices had floated to them, is now open and radiant,—its mountain heights with their pure celestial airs, its rivers and valleys with their groves and Edens, its whole unlimited sphere of new and divine beauty. Not more really did the disciples bear the image of the parent through whom existence came to them, and by whom their childhood had been nourished, than they bore also the divine image, which, thus impressed, enlivened, illumined, ennobled them; in virtue of which they perceived themselves likewise the sons of God."

The influence of one life that was perfectly loyal to duty, that satisfies our highest conceptions of spiritual excellence, how quickly it spread through the world, and formed societies in its corrupt cities, whose members were bound to each other by closer ties than those of nationality and kinship! How it operated then and operates now in bringing souls to a consciousness of a paternal God; in restraining them from sinful dispositions; in elevating them above the power of temptation; in affording them support, consolation, and repose! How, from that great reservoir of truth, rills of sacred

influence have been carried down through the centuries, and over all the world! How, like the inflowing tide, which causes the rivers to reverse their course, does the current of spiritual life that proceeds from Christ counteract the wrong tendencies of the human race, and subject the appetites, passions, and affections of each individual to its superior power! The brief, and, as it seemed, the insignificant ministry of Jesus has been the most important agency in the historical development of mankind. And let it be remembered, that, in so far as we are like him, we become centres of illumination, light-houses of the world, shedding the radiance of a Christian character over the storm-tossed waters, and giving guidance, hope, and courage to many a mariner that is seeking the sure haven of God's love.

We have two modes of influence: the first is voluntary. We may put forth direct efforts to affect the conduct and character of others. We may persuade them by our words. We may seek to convince them by our arguments. We may employ the strength of personal affection to lead them with us. We may appeal to their own sense of what is true, honorable, and right. We may intentionally modify our own conduct in order that they may be moved by our example.

But we exert a still more powerful influence unconsciously. It flows out apart from our own efforts, and produces impressions which are entirely hidden from us. From each person, actions, words, and looks continually proceed, which, without his own or others' knowledge, affect the behavior and disposition of those about him. The very presence of those who have gained an intimate sympathy with our Saviour's spirit elevates the tone of conversation of a company into which they come. There are those, before whom evil thoughts, selfish motives, wrong desires, vanish; who carry with them an atmosphere of purity, peace, gentleness, and love; while there are others whose touch makes vocal all the discords of the soul. Let no one think that he is irresponsible for these unintentional influences. They are the natural outflow of the character. They are the pure or impure current that proceeds from a sweet or a brackish fountain. There is no

spiritual law more important than this: *We tend to make others what we are ourselves.* God grant that it may not be the lot of him who writes or of you who read this page to look back upon a life unproductive of good results, but fruitful in pernicious effects! May the painful consciousness be not ours, that our example has led others to frivolity, to an unprofitable use of time, to the various vices of the tongue, or to the exercise of the evil passions that obtain lodgement in the heart! Let rather be ours, through the help of God, the hope, that, although we have been unworthy, yet in some degree we have contributed to render those within our influence more trustful in Providence, more desirous to be excellent and useful; that we have lightened their burdens, cheered and comforted them in sorrow, and helped them in their struggles against temptation, — helped them to obtain the blessedness which springs from confidence in God, and obedience to his will.

CHRISTIANITY is not a *bare conceit* that a man need only to acknowledge with the mouth, and believe that Christ died for us, and hath satisfied for sin; that a man need only to give assent to the gospel, and hold the history of what was done by Christ to be true; and that a man need *only* and *barely* to go to his testament, and there receive the grace which he left behind him, and comfort himself therewith, and account it as a merit and *imputed grace.* It is not *enough* for a man to hear sermons preached, and to be baptized to Christ, and go to the Supper, so that a man do but keep the custom. This by far maketh *no* Christian; it must be earnestness: none is a Christian unless Christ *live* and work in him; as Christ himself saith, *Without me, ye can do nothing.* John xv. 5. Also, *He that gathereth not with me, scattereth.* Matt. xii. 30. — *Behmen.*

A MAY IDYL.

THE Spring is here; the sweet May-blooms,
Like snow-flakes, whiten all the air:
I smell the delicate perfumes
Of apricot and pear.

I wander down the garden slopes,
And take the path that nearest leads
To where in blind assurance gropes
My buried store of seeds.

Ah, Nature fails me not! She keeps
Her promise sacred as of old:
See where her glad fulfilment peeps
Up through the softened mould!

Pansies and pinks and daffodils, —
A brave array of bursting green;
Prophetic of the bloom that fills
The summer days with sheen.

A handful of unsightly seed, —
That was the simple gift I brought;
And, lo, in answer to the deed,
A miracle is wrought!

Nature, sweet Conjurer! I kneel,
Grateful yet awed before thy shrine:
The mystery of thy strength reveal,
And make thy secret mine.

I know the rich, warm summer hours
Shall crown the promise of the Spring,
And I shall walk among my flowers
As happy as a king!

But for that other, higher growth, —
The flowering of a perfect soul, —
Alas, that care and sin and sloth
Still keep us in control!

We are not wise as Nature is:
She follows on where we essay
A smoother path; small marvel 'tis
That we do go astray.

And when shall come her autumn days,
And she, among her fruits and flowers,
Stands glorified, 'twere doubtful praise
To match her work with ours.

Oh, bitter tale of wasted years!
Oh, record of a life misspent!
That might have been so void of tears,
So brimful of content!

But what avails it? Let us cast
The old aside; it may be, yet
We may glean something from the past
More potent than regret;

And, standing at the last, may hear
The heavenly mandate, "Hither come!"
And with a tearful gladness bear
The tardy harvest home.

Thus, they who entered in and wrought
At the eleventh hour with zest,
Received — so Christ the Master taught —
Their penny with the rest.

C. A. M.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

EVERY party striveth only about a literal image, and will have Christ bound to their imagelike opinion, and will be *patron* of that image, and do it upon no other ground, but that they will attain glory, honor, and high *esteem* by it; which may be known, in that they all of them *disgrace* and contemn one another, that each of them may but maintain his imagelike opinion, and be called and esteemed lords of the mysteries of Christ; and yet in their heart's respect, nothing but the earthly *Lucifer*, with temporary honor and self-will; and will be worshipped as Christ. Every party would have it so, that men should worship their image; viz., their *framed* literal opinion. — *Behmen.*

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER V. — SUBMISSION.

I THINK I have once or twice alluded to Arthur Ashton's brothers and sisters. His parents left five children; and of the youngest but one, Sarah, my story requires me now to speak.

She had passed her fifteenth birthday, and had become a healthy, well-proportioned girl, whose regular features, pleasant smile, affectionate ways, and native gracefulness of manners, had been noticed by all friends of the family.

What an element of personal attraction is this gracefulness of manners! Elegance of form, brilliancy of complexion, and perfection of features, may at first more impress the eye; but they do not win the heart so much as attitudes, gestures, movements, which seem inspired by the soul of beauty, and have a living charm. In none of her gifts does Nature appear more capricious; for, while there are some to whom this grace is as spontaneous as the aroma of the flower, there are others to whom no art can give even a consciousness of their defects.

I had also noticed in her, as united to strong good sense, a rare self-possession, and quiet self-poise of character; and, to a remarkable steadiness and endurance of purpose, she added those bright sparkling emotions which well forth from a deep fountain of imagination and sensibility.

Every one saw how quick was the sympathy between Arthur and this sister. In some respects, she strongly resembled him. He had secured for her a thorough, solid education, and was now looking to see her mature into womanhood, —

> "Like the swell of some rich tune, —
> May advancing into June."

Is there any other point in human life more full of expectation and hope, or when loving eyes observe more intently the daily unfolding of bloom and beauty?

There is likewise, I believe, at this precise age, a peril that often sends sorrow into circles which but yesterday were radiant with hope. It is the fruit falling from the tree just as it has received its form; it is the rose dropping from the stem just at the opening of the bud.

It seems to add to our conception of the treasures of heaven, when we think how many have been taken hence in virgin innocence, with no mark of this world's care or sorrow on their souls, and with that first, fresh thirst for what is divine, which seems to make them even here but a little lower than the angels. Perhaps it is through some mysterious consciousness that such as they may at any time be claimed and called up higher, that we all feel such an interest in that age.

The fact of Sarah's sickness had not been named to me in a manner that gave me any impression of supposed danger. It was in the latter part of summer, in those long, warm days when the sun pours forth such a dazzling brilliancy, and the song of the birds is hushed, for their season with us is ended, and the locust, high in the trees, with his prolonged and zealous whiz, has taken their place, and hardly a thing moves, save now and then a soft breath from the west lifts the silken tassels of the corn.

Amid all that quiet repose around, how swift in one place was the progress of disease!

> "The light of her young life went down,
> As sinks behind the hill
> The glory of a setting star,
> Clear, suddenly, and still."

The partition that separates this life from the other, at times seems thin, and almost transparent.

I shall not soon forget the tenderness of our interview when Arthur and I first met after Sarah's death.

I believe there are few such occasions of contact and blending of souls, as, among near friends, the first hours of bereavement present. May not an intimation that One comes tenderly to us in our sorrows be drawn from the fact that he has made others to come so close to us then? Why did he do this if he be indifferent to our griefs?

There is an unquestioning assurance of human sympathy in the longing to tell all the story of our trial. And here, too, why should we be made to find help out of ourselves, if help from the Highest be only a dream?

I know that others cannot share the hardly suppressed emotions with which we dwelt upon all the particulars of her sickness, — her gentleness and patience; that calm self-composure which she maintained throughout; the clear possession of her mind up to the last; that looking steadily to what might be before her, yet without one symptom of fear; and then, in the final slumber, that sweet smile on her lips, as if she discerned kindred forms, and heard loving words of welcome — as she may have done — from the other side of the rending veil of time.

Perhaps we have not always given the right name to an event which comes with so much gentleness and beauty.

"I cannot tell you how it is," said Arthur, after a long pause, "but my heart seems full of the conviction of His unutterable love. Never, in my happiest hours, have I felt it so thrillingly as now in this chamber of death. In making me capable of sustaining these precious relations, in giving us that loved one at all, in the memories of those happy years of her childhood, and now in that gentle voice with which she still speaks to me, how much is there here that melts my heart! I feel not only that it is all right and well, but that He is infinitely good."

I could not but think that perhaps the newly-ascended so much draw our minds after them, by spiritual attraction, that we have momentarily the advantage of their clearer sight, distinguish better between shadow and reality, and know God more in his substance, which is love.

I have often reflected upon the fact that it is in our highest states that faith is strongest: it is only when our soul falls into neglect that the bats and owls of doubt fly to the windows to lodge therein; and I believe I made some remark upon the confirming power of those higher visions which we have in the presence of death.

"How is doubt possible," said Arthur, "when I feel the

divine hand laid upon me, and I know by so much that thrills through me that it is the hand of the Father? Say not that he is too great to notice us individually; for he has noticed each of us, because he has made us; and the infinitely wise and loving One is not like a poor artificer who casts aside and forgets the work of his hands. 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice;' and why should we renounce our faith in that, in order to believe that we are only bubbles, floating, uncared for, on the currents of a boundless ocean?"

We sat for sometime silent; but our thoughts turned again to her who had left us.

"To the earthly eye," said Arthur, "it seems strange that she, so hearty and full of promise, should be the first to be taken from our little flock. But what do we know of all that belongs to those times which are in His hands, that we should call any thing untimely? Even for us who are left, it may be best that she should henceforth live, as she will, closer to our souls than when she was in the body; while, for her, will not those elements of a noble womanhood unfold more perfectly there than here?"

A reference of his hand and eye gave another direction to our minds. We uttered not a word, and yet somehow we seemed conscious of each other's thoughts through processes more subtle than speech. It was before the impenetrableness of the mystery of death that we stood dumb.

It was with us as with a party of friends who arrive at one of those Italian cathedrals, before the portal of which, in summer, hangs a heavy leathern curtain. It lifts up suddenly, and one passes in: we seem to get a glimpse of arches and statues, to catch the swell of the organ and a wave of the incense, when the curtain instantly falls, and the wonders of that temple are known only to the one that has entered, and left us standing outside in speechless awe.

"She has entered within the veil," said Arthur, "to explore, earlier than we, those mysteries and glories of which we cannot here conceive. And, when I think of her as wondering and happy in those upper mansions, is it wrong in me to long to know those things, and to wish that I was there?"

I cannot describe the hushed and eager manner in which these words were uttered. To my surprise, I detected in his eye an expression I had never seen there before. It was that sort of unearthly radiance which sometimes accompanies mortal disease. It startled me, and made me mentally ask if it were a token that his trembling aspirations might ere long find their object. But, thinking it possible that the look might have come from weariness and excitement, I rose to take my leave.

I drew Arthur to the window to observe sunset clouds, such as we sometimes see in early autumn, the beauty of which the skies of no other land, I believe, often surpass. The sun had just gone down; and his full rays fell upon a long mass of clouds that hung in motionless repose, and in folds of infinite grace, just above the horizon. From the gorgeous splendors of this line, up, up, even to the zenith, in ever-varying hue and brightness was the western canopy illumined, while its golden reflection tinted all the trees and hills around.

It was one of those sunsets which make us feel as if we might expect to see the faces of such angels as Raphael has painted peep over the clouds in grateful adoration.

I have often heard the stricken and bereaved remark that Nature seems to have no sympathy with their sorrows; her ongoings are the same amid all their anguish. They feel as if the sun ought not to shine brightly, nor the cheerful order of the world be continued. Some thought of this kind I let drop in the hearing of Arthur.

"No, no," said he earnestly; "such is not my feeling. I remember that, when a boy, if any thing unusual befell me in the presence of my father, if only I saw his smile, I was assured that nothing bad had happened. Here is the smile of the Father! Nothing bad has happened. Death benignantly takes its place in the quiet order and beauty of His works."

LIFE FROM THE DEAD.

A Sermon preached in the First Church, Boston, on the day following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

LUKE xxiv. 5, 6: "And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

THE voices still sound for the ear of faith; and he who hath that ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches to-day. It is our resurrection-morning, a time consecrated to gladness; and yet it finds a nation in tears. Our tower of strength is fallen. Bloody violence has invaded the high places of the land; and he who was in deed as well as in name the head of the people, more and more trusted, more and more loved, as he was better and better known, lies dead, — our country's martyr. Only on the last Thursday, I tried to acknowledge, in a few earnest words, the eminent worth and high services of our noble President, and now he is no more with us on earth; and, saddest thought of all, the wrath of man hath wrought for us this woe. Let every believing soul exercise a high and serene and Christian trust, according to the great necessities of an hour which hath no precedent in our history, and be wise and calm and faithful in the persuasion, that, in the providence of God, the wrath of man shall accomplish all the more completely that divine purpose which nothing can defeat or so much as delay. Our Easter * flowers shall remain in the house of prayer, not because we are glad, — we cannot be glad to-day, — but because we are full of the great hope which is the Christian's anchor, and which holds in the stormiest sea. They are providentially here to grace the burial of our Chief Magistrate, honored and well-beloved, the best defence of the nation, under God, only yesterday: they shall be eloquent

* Easter Sunday, April 16.

symbols of immortality, shining witnesses of the light that burns behind the darkest clouds, and of the love which is unchanging; of the earth, earthy, and yet fragrant as with the airs of heaven, and telling us of things heavenly, that —

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green."

I am not sorry that it is Easter-morning; that the sad message has found us at the open tomb of Jesus, thankful, with a Christian thankfulness, that death is for ever abolished, and taught, by that look of triumph in the eyes of our risen Lord, how surely and how swiftly sometimes God brings the best things out of the worst, and clothes the heaviest spirits in the most radiant garments of praise. Let us confess his hand; and that known unto him are all the works of man from the foundation of the world; and that this blow also was needed, else it had not been given in the providence of One who never willingly afflicts.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." It is a pious, faithful, and most tender office to go to the graves of our loved ones; and not to weep there were to be less than human. Know ye not, said the apostle, that ye are the temples of God; and that your very bodies are consecrated, fashioned into majesty and beauty by the life within? And we have all seen how the departing spirit sets upon the lifeless form its own lovely image; and, in proportion as we honor the soul, we deal very tenderly with the soul's wonderful tabernacle. Nevertheless, there is need of the question, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" — need that, even here in Christendom, we should again and again be told, "He is not here, but is risen." They are not the words which man's wisdom teacheth. Science does not announce them amongst her discoveries, old or new. The heart of nature hath no such burden as that to roll forth from its burning core, persistent as is its hope, deep as is its desire of immortality. The voices are the voices of angels: they come to us from that tomb in which Christ and his gospel seemed to be for ever buried; they are the echoes

of those early testimonies which declared to all the world, beginning at Jerusalem, that he who "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried," rose from the dead on the third day, to be called, ever after, the Lord's Day, to be the Easter of each week, —

> "Till week-days, following in their train,
> The fulness of the blessing gain;
> Till all, both resting and employ,
> Be one Lord's Day of holy joy."

It is an unspeakable privilege to live in days when the angelic voices are to be heard; and we never hear them more distinctly, and are never more sure that they are from heaven, than when, in our human weakness, we are afraid, and our faces are bowed down to the earth. It would be agony sometimes to look upon the poor stricken body, over which the change may have passed almost in the twinkling of an eye, if the spirit which leads us into all blessed and consoling truths were not waiting for the opportunity to say, "He is not here, but is risen;" for that is what the spirit whispers in the heart of every true believer since the Lord abolished death. The bridegroom has been taken from them, and the children of the bride-chamber may well mourn; but it is a holy and hopeful sorrow which moves their hearts, and they are lifted at once into heavenly places with the departed, and he is transfigured before them; and the eyes which were holden before that they could not see are anointed; and, because he lives, we live. Listen now, as you never yet have listened, for the angelic voices. It is a nation's opportunity to grow into a deeper faith in the everlasting life, — a faith that death only sets free, and reveals the bound and hidden soul. It is a faith which we owe to Christ. He changed the philosopher's opinion and the people's hope into a practical and abiding persuasion. The angels did not light up the tomb with their glowing faces and shining garments until he was laid in it. Then words of good cheer were heard, which were not passed by as the idle tales of the superstitious, but were taken up as most authentic

Gospels, and proclaimed wherever men, from fear of death, were subject to bondage. It is our blessed heritage from those who were glad because they had seen the Lord. It is a faith which we can have in its power and fulness only so far as we are thoroughly Christian, not merely in the reception of the outward facts, but in a conformity to the very heart and mind of Christianity. It is a faith which must be proportioned to our other faiths, and chiefly to our confidence in truth and goodness and immortal love. Not to all the people is Christ revealed, but to witnesses chosen before of God, who, though like Thomas they might hesitate for a moment, could not scoff like the Athenians when Jesus and the resurrection were named together, since nothing could be more credible than the rising of such a Lord.

Not of us is it to believe; and yet God's gift is also our act, and we must exercise ourselves in this grace; and a public grief so heavy and so unlooked for, and so suggestive of anxious questionings as this which presses upon all hearts to-day, may challenge and exalt our faith in things unseen, and help us to taste the powers of the world to come even more than a private sorrow. Let this be the measure of our Christianity. By this let us know whether we have been the companions and friends of Jesus, whether we look at the things which are seen, or at the things which are not seen, according as we shall be able to look up from the grave, and to seek for the living in their appointed and exalted places. God is not the God of the dead. Truly to confess him is to confess the life everlasting. No hand of violence can rob you of aught living, or consign you to hopeless sorrowing for the dead, if you yourself are truly alive. Find the soul in the body whilst the body lives, and you cannot be persuaded, — no, not though an angel from heaven should say it, — that, when the body dies, the soul too goes down with the dust into the grave. "Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Oh for that strong and ardent faith, which, in losing a visible person, gains an invisible life! — a life which is ours no more by virtue of corporal contact or contiguity, but flows in upon us through channels hidden and

divine. It is a blessed faith which enables us, when the man is gone, to rejoice as we never rejoiced before in his high and gracious manhood; and, when the countenance is changed, to walk more gladly and steadfastly than ever before in the pure light which illumined it, and made the hard lines of a plain and often sad face soft and flowing and almost comely. It is a blessed faith which so joins us to the wisdom and goodness, to the honor and gentleness, and all the fair and sweet humanities of our friend, that, when he is taken from us in a moment, we find that what made him justly dear is more ours than ever; not to be groped for amongst the dead, but already abroad in this world of the living; accomplishing still the will of God on earth, and amongst the children of men. It is a blessed faith which suffers us not to linger over our dead beyond the just time of a natural and healthy sorrow, but commits and commends us, as soon as may be, to the paths of our daily life in which he walked, to the works which he was not permitted to do, and to the greater works which he promised, which makes him more to us in the way of inspiration and guidance than he could have been whilst he was in the body. In mourning for the tabernacle which a mad and wicked hand hath invaded, do not forget to seize and appropriate the great life which hath been not so much unclothed as clothed upon. Disappoint any who may have secretly desired or planned this great crime, by showing forth, with the enthusiasm of a new discipleship, the very being, the very persistent purpose, which they would have put out of the world had it been possible. And what vengeance is to be compared with that divine vengeance which multiplies a thousand-fold the one voice that a cruel death has silenced, and makes of the truth which was buried in the ground a word of strength and joy for the whole world?

There is a crime unto death. It ought not to be lightly dealt with. Let no man ask that it may be forgiven; but, when the ministers of God who bear not the sword in vain have fulfilled their office, and the criminal has received the stern sentence, let us remember, were it only for the honor

and the love which we bear to our dead, the generous and humane spirit that was so large a part of his noble manhood. I confess that I have not thought that they mourn for him wisely, who, renouncing his spirit before his poor outraged clay was cold, propose to be bitter and revengeful in fact, though not of course in name, as he was not. Friends, — *Christian* friends, — followers of him whose first disciples were as loving as they were just, let us not forget the many sad warnings of man's history, the cheats which his deceitful heart has put upon him; let us not forget that what is begun in righteousness and love is often ended, and not well, in unrighteousness and wrath. We shall have lost our noble leader indeed, if we lose his spirit, the wise and considerate mind, the excellent judgment, the tender, humane heart, that were in him; if, with all the wrongs, cruel wrongs, foul wrongs, that we have suffered as a nation, we forget that we are a Christian nation, and proceed to demand, and that too in the name of our gentle sufferer, measures of severity which he would never have sanctioned; so taking advantage of his dying, to thwart one of the high aims of his living. You know that I have spoken in but one voice from the beginning of this war, pleading for its rightfulness in the sight of the highest Christianity; and so you will not misunderstand my warning, lest, misled by passion, and not following, as we suppose, our man of peace, we inaugurate a reign of terror and blood. God grant that our martyr may be our deliverer; that he who was raised up in the most manifest providence of the Lord to be our counsellor and guide in our years of sore trial may still rule and bless the people from the hiding-place of spiritual power; and, if we have had occasion to distrust him who is now called to the highest seat, may our fears be changed into hopes, and the desire of the nation be accomplished! *

* The preacher desires that the paragraphs above may not be interpreted as recommending lenity to the authors of privy conspiracy and rebellion, and he is glad to add that the circumstances, well known to the country, which led so many to distrust our present national Chief Magistrate, have been explained by those who speak with authority to his entire satisfaction.

ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF THE BURIAL OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.*

BY RUFUS ELLIS.

"Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe."

THANKFULLY do we give an hour to prayer and to a few commemorative and, let us hope, submissive and trustful words. Would that we also might bend over the nation's honored dead, and join the sad train of mourners in the chief city of our land, and hear that solemn passing bell, though its iron hammer would fall upon our very hearts! But, since this cannot be, we do well, throughout our borders, to pray together as with one heart and voice, and fill the air of a loyal country with acknowledgments of Him who gives, and of Him who takes; whilst in our sanctuaries and before our altars, and as in the presence of the great God, we record a new vow of consecration to that cause for which, as himself has told us,—and he was no mere word-monger,—he was willing even to die, and that by the hand of an assassin. It is a time when human lips frame themselves almost inevitably to the speech of praise; but this need not be the speech of falsehood. Perhaps we never utter truer words of those whom we honor and love, than in the time when our grief is sore upon us. The calm if not cold critic, weighing and gauging and analyzing, is more likely to be unjust than even the loyal friend pouring out the abundance of a sorrowing heart. Reverence and love are the best of all interpreters. With their help we can discern, in their strength and beauty, the spirits that inform these mortal bodies; and, not fastening our attention upon the infirmities of our poor dust, we gladly bear witness to the inward glory which is immortal. And I

* Delivered in First Church, Boston, on the 19th April, 1865.

am persuaded that the words of sincere and heartfelt admiration and affection which may be spoken in this hour, when the dead lies out before the face of the whole nation, will scarcely need any abatement in the more quiet days that shall come.

1. *The Lord gave.* It is true of every good and perfect gift; but we cannot always see it as in these years, as on this day. It requires no singular discernment to recognize in him who has been struck down, a providential leader and guide of the people, and so to make good our frequent saying, that our world hath not been forsaken by the God who made it. I am not surprised that he bore, though a Christian, that old Hebrew name: it befitted one who, in so many ways, was signalled as a man for whom there was a purpose beyond our common and every-day purposes. I find no difficulty, I do not charge myself with cant, when I call him, in old Bible phrase, a man raised up, as the Lord is wont to raise up his servants, from the midst of the people, from following the herds, to accomplish the people's purpose, which is also the divine purpose, as hath been manifest ever since Christ came from Nazareth, and had compassion on the multitude, and was heard gladly by the common people. For the common people *the Lord gave* him to be the best embodiment of a genuine Christian democracy which these days or any days have yielded, to labor, to suffer, to die for his brethren. According to its highest interpretation, that is what this life, so cruelly assailed, means for us. He believed in the people because the spirit of the people was given so abundantly unto him, and in circumstances which were singularly favorable for its exercise. He was not learned, — the people are not learned; he was not a man of outward graces, — the people are not outwardly refined; his was not the imagination of the poet or the tongue of the rhetorician: but he had, more than all the people, the common sense which the people has; and his nature was singularly receptive at once of the divine and of the human. He had in large measures that religious faith without which no great work is ever done, — that faith which scholars and philosophers

and poets, nay, priests, may lose; but which the people, unless they have been sadly abused by the superstitious and tyrannical, never lose. Unlike some, who live as if God were dead, he listened for the words that proceed from the mouth of God, the oracles that are never dumb. He was content to walk with that Invisible Guide, not going before as some would have had him do, nor yet lagging behind. He was *raised* up, I say; for he was no will-worshipper, and his wisdom did not come by any private interpretation; and, though compelled against his instincts to be a man of war, he had no thought of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence; knowing the people better than they knew themselves, he was willing to be blamed alternately by one or another faction of them, sure in the end to be commended by them all, as on this day. His truth was the people's truth; plain, practical, homely; such truth as all honest and good souls are led into, at least in gospel lands, where the Bible lies in the cottage window, and catches that other light of the sun as it shines in through the leaves of the creeping vine, and is read by the poor man's boy. His goodness and his gentleness made him great; and, when sometimes we impatiently asked for a greater, we presently found that this child of the people was better for us than any son of the wise or mighty. He took no thought for the morrow; he lived a day at a time; and lo! whilst the reasoners were reasoning and the schemers were scheming, the people were made free: we could hardly tell how. God gave us what we needed, not the unconsecrated power which would have ruined us, but the righteousness and love which are saving us. I did not mean to dwell upon this being and character. I meant only to say, *the Lord gave*, only to point you to the providential in this great life.

2. Shall we say also, *The Lord hath taken away?* Yes: there is deepest wisdom in the old words, "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God;" and, rightly interpreted, they do not diminish man's responsibility, while they do re-enforce his trust. The people needed another martyr. That poor fool and sinner accomplished the very purpose which he thought to defeat. He sent one who, perhaps, had

battled long enough, — for joy and sorrow dwelt together in that heart as in every really great heart: you can read that in his rough, sad face, — he sent one who had fought a good fight, to the world of peace: but whether he acted alone, or, as there is too much cause to fear, with a host behind him, he brought into the light, as never before, the spirit which scorns and flouts the people, and, like Pharaoh in Egypt, is ever reaching forth a hand to slay the man-child who is born to inherit the earth. Let the people take courage. There is nothing that enriches the ground like the precious blood of a martyr. Deep damnation hath the murderer wrought for himself: for his own soul he has dug a deep grave. It had been better for that man if he had never been born. But we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth; and the cause of the people was never so hopeful as it is to-day, when they bend over the bier of the Strength of their Israel.

3. *Blessed, then, be the name of the Lord!* So we round the inspired sentence; praying that the breath of its divine life, the holy, heavenly Comforter, the Resurrection, may breathe through our souls, and that our land may be lifted up from its mourning, and take up the burden which he who has gone bore so faithfully and so well. Blessed be the name of the Lord! for memories the proudest, and hopes the most sacred, are more than ever ours; and the Saviour of the people still lives. "Fear not," saith the voice out of the heavens; "for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God. Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee; therefore will I give men for thee and people for thy life." In this promise let us trust, and the night of our weeping shall give place to a glorious day. Let us look backward, only that we may the more bravely and confidingly look forward; let us gaze in sorrow upon our dead only that, in the strength of Him who liveth for ever, we may be more devoted citizens

of that country for which our dear and honored friend was willing to die; and, as we turn away for ever from the face which has been changed, let us gather about him who, in the providence of God, is now the head of our nation, with hearts full of loyalty, and lips framed to prayer.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

WHAT times are these in which we live! What tragedies are we compelled to witness! The President of a free people assassinated in his own capitol! A conspiracy to murder the chief rulers of the nation, and thus paralyze or destroy the Government! Our flag, that so lately waved joyfully in the breeze, now draped in mourning; our bells, that rang out pæans of victory, tolling for sorrow; our nation in tears, that but yesterday was jubilant and triumphing! In what age, in what country, do we live, that such catastrophes are realities? If the sun had been turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, the horror would scarcely have been more dreadful. Passion Week is henceforth to be doubly significant as commemorative of a nation's agony, and Good Friday will be shrouded in a deeper gloom from association with the slaughter of the most beloved of magistrates. It is a personal as well as a public loss. It is a stab at every loyal heart, as well as at the cause of order, civilization, and liberty. God speaks to us by such events; and it becomes us to listen to the teachings of his providence, as well as to his written word.

The first impression that is made upon us, after we have recovered from the shock which well-nigh overwhelmed us, is the feeling of mingled astonishment and shame at the baseness and enormity of the crime. We see of what wickedness man is capable. Human nature seems disgraced. The principal villain was not an ignorant, but a cultivated man. He had no personal provocation. The object of his dastardly

and deadly aim was the representative and instrument of the people, who had given the least cause for the assault. If such a deed had been perpetrated under a despotism, during the dark ages, we might not have wondered. But that it should have occurred here, in this nineteenth century after Christ, in this enlightened land, under the most liberal form of government, at the hand of one intelligent, refined apparently, and even accomplished, proves the iniquity which man may commit, and the inadequacy of mere culture to prevent it. Education, indeed, only enables the criminal to be more artful and more successful. The arch-fiend himself has consummate power and intellect. It is the moral sentiments alone that control the will and the life. As man may rise in the scale till he reach the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, so he may sink till he approximates the devils. The character of Judas is now less difficult to understand. He was only a betrayer, not a murderer. Here, however, was a parricide as well as a traitor.

> "Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
> But this most foul, strange, and unnatural."

It was an attempt at the life of the nation in the person of its Chief Magistrate. On the very day upon which our flag was replaced at Sumter as the symbol of the national authority, the head of the nation was struck down in Washington. It is a matter of humiliation as well as sorrow for us as a people. Those who hold their power by force against the will of their subjects now seem to say to us, "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?" We never believed it possible that the spirit of assassination could exist among us, since we publicly declared, that rulers derive all their authority from the consent of the governed. We can hardly hear with patience of the deification of human nature; that men are all embryo saints; that sin is only stumbling, necessary to man's development, and deserving only of pity, but not of punishment. As this war has for ever silenced the advocates of peace, so let us hope that we shall hear no more of views which represent the criminal as merely

unfortunate, and the assassin as only a less fully developed Christian.

If we turn now to contemplate our great loss, we cannot but admire and bless that signal Providence which selected one who was the son of a "poor white" in a slave State, and who grew up in a log-cabin in a Western wilderness, to be the ruler of this great nation in the most critical period of its history. Abraham Lincoln was pre-eminently the product of our institutions. Not graceful or refined, not always using the English language correctly, so that he did not receive a degree from Harvard College, he has proved to be the very man for the times; and he has won a place in the opinion of foreign critics and in the esteem of his countrymen, which is second only to that of Washington. He had the greatness of goodness; not a powerful or a brilliant intellect, but plain, practical good sense, a sincere purpose to do right, an eminently catholic spirit that was ready to listen to all sides, and a firm, unshaken belief in the expediency of justice. He believed in God, and in the victory of truth and righteousness. And when so many of our distinguished men have employed their talents to defend iniquity and to bolster up injustice, when so many of our presidents have encouraged corruption and intrigues, both at home and abroad, it was most auspicious that we had in the chair of state one whose honesty was unquestionable, and whose patriotism was above all doubt. Hence he proved such a skilful pilot, because he pursued so straight a course; no man who ever wielded such power having had so few enemies. Considering that his life was menaced before he was inaugurated, and that he was constantly in peril, it is wonderful that he was spared so long. But his work is done. He lived to restore the old flag to the spot where it had been stricken down, and to tread the streets of the conquered capital. He has now gone to join the great army of which he was the commander-in-chief, who have laid down their lives for the country, and with whom he will ever be associated as the chief martyr. Providence did not permit him to rebuild the temple of our liberties; but he was enabled to lay its foundations, to see its outlines and its glori-

ous proportions, and to behold all nations and races worshipping in it. No greater treasure could be left to us than the legacy of his services and his example.

It is impossible that one man could have concocted, matured, and executed such a crime. There was a cause behind, and this act was only the "crest of the wave." To those who are familiar with the society of the South, this deed did not occasion surprise. Opinions and practices prevail there, which are in perfect harmony with this atrocity. Founded on a system of injustice which abrogates all natural rights and all personal relations, which denies liberty, marriage, knowledge even of the Bible, murder is rife there as the natural concomitant of ignorance, concubinage, and barbarism. Slavery corrupts the conscience, and relaxes the entire moral law. Deeds of violence are permitted and prompted by it; and it is within the remembrance of all of us, that Southern senators in the Congress of the United States have publicly threatened to hang Northern men, if only they could arrest them. The same fiendish spirit which massacred our wounded soldiers, which starved our prisoners, which endeavored to burn the women and children in the hotels of a great city, renders a deed like this neither impossible nor improbable. And when we know that it was declared by many at the South that Mr. Lincoln would never live to be inaugurated; when we know that a million of dollars was asked for in their public prints as the price for the assassination of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of State,—we are compelled to find here the instigating cause of the murder. The assassin says in his letter: "My love is for the South alone. This country was formed for the white, not for the black, man. African slavery is one of the greatest blessings God ever bestowed upon a favored nation."

The author of this diabolical act was not a rebel, but a confederate with rebels; and his deed is the result of sympathy with treason. A Northern sympathizer with the enemy is far baser than a Southern foe. Not daring openly to take up arms against the Government, he opposes it by every means in his power. We all know in what quarters praise has been given

to the insurgents, false charges have been preferred against the Government, hatred has been enkindled against the blacks, and the prediction made, that, if war broke out between the North and South, it would be carried on also in our own cities and towns. These declarations have tended to embarrass our cause, to weaken the Government, to sow dissensions at home, to strengthen our enemies abroad, to encourage the South, and to create that state of disaffection which has now ripened into malicious murder. They who by their words have helped to make that public sentiment which has now manifested itself in act are morally participants in the guilt of it. "He that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds." Because treason involves such prodigious crimes, because this rebellion is so gigantic, we do not perhaps regard it with the abhorrence which it deserves. Villany often makes men bold and desperate. But robbery and murder are not excusable because they are committed by many rather than by few, by States rather than by individuals. One might perhaps find even in Satan some qualities to admire. The enemy of the country is far more to be loathed than a personal enemy. Jefferson Davis is a far greater criminal than Booth, because a nation was his victim, and he has sacrificed thousands of lives. The republic is in a life or death struggle. Public sentiment is our only safeguard. To praise the enemy is to assist them. On this account, men should be held to a strict responsibility for their expressions. These may incite others to overt acts of treason. The North is full of persons of doubtful loyalty. The subtle poison instilled by slavery is still lurking in all its parts. It is well known that many of the friends of Edward Everett regretted his patriotic course. The assassin of the President has friends in Boston, and doubtless a large number of accomplices throughout the country. There are many persons of wealth and influence who have no word of condemnation for the rebellion. Such persons are unworthy to live in a free country. Sympathy with treason is more dangerous than open rebellion. If allowed to pass unrebuked, no one is safe, and civil war may at any time break out in our streets. We

must have a public opinion which shall not allow even the utterance of disloyal sentiments. Let those who hold them, whether they be foreigners or natives, be compelled to silence; or, if they speak, let them be shunned as the enemies of their country and of their race. If one can take of this recent tragedy with any feeling but that of abhorrence for the actors in it, and for the spirit that prompted it, let him be excluded from society, and avoided as one who is in league with the powers of wickedness.

In our treatment of the rebels, we must be careful not to give way to the spirit of revenge. There is a tone of haughtiness and contempt which is but little different from that used by the Southerners themselves. Sarcasm, malice, hate, are not justifiable even in a good cause. If we punish a boy, we should not taunt him. There should be righteous indignation, but not unrighteous and unchristian resentment and wrath. There should not be vengeance, but justice; a complete vindication of the right, and an utter extirpation of the wrong. There must be a distinction made between the leaders and the people. The latter are to live with us, and must be conciliated and civilized. The former, who knowingly and wilfully have plotted and achieved all this mischief, must receive no forbearance or indulgence. They have been guilty of the greatest offence known to the law. They have sought the ruin of the nation. It is not safe that they should be permitted to live among us, to destroy our peace and injure our prosperity. We owe it to posterity that treason shall be regarded and punished as the most heinous of crimes. These incendiaries have no claims upon us, no rights which we are bound to respect. They are vipers which must be crushed, else they will sting the hand that would nurse and feed them. Their spirit is inexorable and implacable. Their civil ruler declares, that the war shall be continued, that he will never abandon the work, that no peace shall be made, that again and again will he renew and maintain the contest. Their military leader, in his farewell to his defeated soldiers, expresses his increasing admiration of their constancy and devotion to the Confederacy, and says, "You will take with

you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed." The Southern correspondent of the London Times writes, "If Richmond falls, and Lee and Johnston are driven from the field, it is but the first stage of the colossal revolution which will be completed. The closing scenes of this mightiest of revolutionary dramas will not be played out, save in the times of our children's children." No toleration must be extended to men who continue to avow such sentiments. The theory of State sovereignty must be for ever annihilated. The curse of slavery must be for ever extirpated. They who take the sword must abide the appeal to the sword. This even-handed justice must —

> "Commend the ingredients of their poisoned chalice
> To their own lips."

We must have hereafter a stronger government, which can deal with the elements of treason and rebellion. There must also be more respect paid to our rulers, and more confidence reposed in them. Party opposition has been carried altogether too far. Prejudice and political feeling have, in some persons, well-nigh extinguished patriotism. We find fault with every act which does not accord with our views or policy. We do not recognize Government as the expression of Right, and obedience as a sacred duty. We do not appreciate our great men until they are taken from us. All persons now unite to honor the President when dead, who would not praise him if he were living. What a sad commentary is this on our injustice and ingratitude to public men! Mr. Lincoln is a striking instance of the unreasonableness and unfairness of political opponents. He was blamed by both extremes. Let us see to it that his successor is better supported.

In this country where the people rule, every citizen has a duty to perform. The State requires his allegiance and his service. Especially should the intelligent and religious portion of the community feel under solemn obligation to give their influence in the nomination and election of wise and virtuous rulers, in the support of all measures of sound public policy, and in the maintenance and increase of all use-

ful institutions. The republic cannot spare the voice or vote of any of her good citizens. And yet a few persons control our elections, nominate our officers, superintend our public interests, and watch over the public good! The withdrawal, one after another, of our prominent men, imposes an added responsibility on those who remain. When there are so many materials of discord in the State, every one should exert himself to maintain order, liberty, and progress. A few reckless individuals can cause incalculable injury to the community. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. The organs of public sentiment must be true. The tone of public debate must be candid. The spirit of public assemblies must be loyal and firm. The best tribute which we can pay to the memory of our great chief is increased fidelity to the principles which he represented. If his course commands our admiration, it should also incite us to imitation.

We have many reasons for hope and encouragement as to our country. We have cause for gratitude, that, with all the hostile elements among us, we have escaped the outbreak of civil war at the North. We have cause for thanksgiving, that our people have showed themselves so devoted and brave; bearing cheerfully the burdens and calamities of this conflict, and resolved that it shall be closed only by a righteous and lasting peace. We have cause for praise, that, notwithstanding our great loss, we have still so many able leaders left, and that our Government is so well able to cope with its open and its secret enemies. Our land is the dearer to us for our sacrifices. The blood of our martyrs sanctifies and enriches it. Their spirit passes into thousands of hearts. How costly is the progress of the race! It is only by the giving of life that we can have life. The first period of the war is nearly closed. The military portion of the work is almost done. There remains the more difficult part, that of civil reconstruction. We must have faith in our fundamental ideas. We must have faith in man and in human progress. Above all, we must have faith in God, in the triumph of his truth, in the establishment of his kingdom on the earth. New glory and prosperity are in store for us, if we are only true to the

principles of that kingdom. In the wise words of our late President, let us hope that peace "will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cases, and pay the cost. Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God in his own good time will give us the rightful result." E. J. Y.

RANDOM READINGS.

OUR GREAT SORROW.

THOUGH its first expression has been most solemn and universal, it still lies heavy on every loyal heart. The thought that we must now go on without ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the good President, brings a gloom over the household as if one of its dearest inmates had been taken out of it. For he *was* an inmate in the families of the land, since he came home to the hearts of the people as no other man has ever done. God gave him to us in our hour of need; and we clung to him more closely as he grew upon us every day. We were just beginning to get some adequate appreciation of his moral greatness and goodness. A great military leader, in his place, if tainted with selfish ambition or a vindictive temper, would have changed the form of the government into a despotism. But how mildly and how tenderly did our beloved President wield the tremendous power committed to his hands! With all the abuse and obloquy heaped upon him, not a tinge of bitterness or vindictiveness ever colored the fountains of his heart, that ever flowed with the milk of kindness. His pleasantries, which many sneered at as unbecoming the dignity of his office, were surface irradiations, which showed the breadth and depth and richness of his nature.

His statesmanship was of the very highest order, — so high that it raised him into the immediate sphere of the divine guidance; and the leading measures of his administration seemed more like divine suggestions and inspirations than State policy. We thought him dull and slow; but how wisely timed were his proclamations, as if a higher wisdom than we could discern was shining upon his path! His second inaugural will be regarded as the most remarkable state paper that was ever written, for its high religious tone and its majestic simplicity, as if the politician had been completely merged in the prophet-statesman. No man before had such a fearful burden laid upon him. And the reason why it did not crush him was the singleness of his aim and a reliance on God, like that of the old Hebrew faith, when Jehovah led visibly the armies of Israel. It is hard to think, that such a man, so good and so gentle as well as great, should be murdered by men whose crimes he was seeking to forgive, and over whose treason he was trying to throw the oblivion of a general amnesty. But he is not lost, and his stainless fame is our treasure. No other name will pass the lips of men with such tender benedictions as the name of Abraham Lincoln. In the lowly cabins of four million emancipated slaves, and their descendants for coming centuries, it will be pronounced with grateful tears. And our American institutions will commend themselves anew for having produced, as their spontaneous growth, a statesman who embodies so perfectly the precept of Christ to his disciples: "Behold, I send you forth in the midst of wolves: be ye, therefore, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

There is a permissive Providence which turns the wrath of man to its own glory and praise. Mr. Lincoln is safe now beyond the malice of enemies and the strife of tongues, and the heart of a great people embalms his memory. It may be, that, in the new times that now open before us, there was needed a sterner hand than Mr. Lincoln's; that his mild and generous nature would have been abused by the plotters of treason. And, now that God's awful justice is to take hold of the ends of the republic and shake the robbers out of it, it may require the ministry of a more swift and avenging retribution than his. So, while we bow down in our bereavement and kiss the rod of the divine anger, let us remember that God's majestic purpose moves on, and that the crimes of wicked men may only hasten its execution.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

We find in a Paris newspaper, the "Journal des Debats," a report made last month to the Emperor of France on the state of primary instruction in the kingdom. We gather from it some items which suggest the rapid progress in popular education now making in that country. In 1832 there were 59 pupils in public schools to every one thousand inhabitants; in 1847 there were 99; and in 1863 there were 116. In the year last named, there were 8,566 public schools newly opened, and a gain of 806,233 pupils. Still there were 818 communes where there were no schools; though these communes were small, and the children living in them, to a great extent, attended the schools of neighboring communes. In 1863 there were 3,133,540 children at public schools, between the ages of seven and thirteen; the whole number between those ages in the kingdom being 4,184,270. Catholic children leave school at the time of the first communion, generally between the ages of eleven and twelve. Protestant children leave at the time of their first communion, which is for the most part at the age of sixteen. It is to this prolonged study, as well as to the Protestant injunction to be familiar with the Bible, that the superior scholarship of Protestant children is attributed. The empire expends fifty-eight millions of francs on its public schools, and employs seventy-seven thousand teachers. Of the young men conscripted for the army in 1863, only seven and a half in a hundred could not read; though the proportion in former years was so much greater, that, in point of fact, about one third of the French soldiers know not how to read. The relation of public education to morals is revealed by the remark, that "what has been gained by the schools has been lost by the prisons." The number of persons under twenty-one accused of crime in 1853 was 1,172, and only 657 in 1863. This report was made the subject of discussion in several sessions of the Private Council at which the Emperor presided in person; and projects were considered for extending schools for girls, offering rewards for constant attendance, increase of wages of instructors, requiring higher qualifications for teachers, &c., &c.

"The Philosophy of St. Augustine" is the title of a book, by M. Nourrisson, just published in Paris. It was crowned by the

Academy of Moral Sciences, and is looked for with much interest.

"A HISTORY of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art," by Thomas Wright, Esq., published in London, traces the love of the comic from the ancient Egyptians to the Greeks and Romans, through the Middle Ages and old English literature, down to the days of Punch, — a faithful and scholarly work, it is said, of five hundred pages, with numerous illustrations. He gives the drawing of a caricature found on the Palatine in Rome, placed there when Rome was pagan, and Christianity first attracted attention. It represents one Alexaminos worshipping a crucified figure that has the head of an ass, with an inscription underneath, rudely but clearly written, — *Alexaminos adores God.* We almost forgive the impious derision in reflecting upon this early, curious, and undesigned evidence of Christianity.

"FRASER'S Magazine" for March has a remarkable article by the Dean of St. Paul's, against "the expediency, wisdom and righteousness" of requiring, in the English Church, a subscription to the thirty-nine articles. He says he does not in conscience object to signing them himself; but he proceeds, in a singularly candid and tolerant spirit, to show why subscription should not be required of others. These articles, he says, were composed in a time of controversy, and cannot now be properly understood without more critical historical knowledge than most clergymen possess. They are inadequate to meet the exigencies of the present age, and have proved impotent to suppress the Romanizing, Evangelical, or Rationalizing tendencies in the church. The best protection the Church has is in her Liturgy and Prayers. Besides, as he says, the great doubt in what sense these articles are to be understood has exposed many to "a very immoral trial of conscience." We think that the creed here referred to is not the only one to which these objections apply.

THE progress of religious liberty in Naples has been signalized by a remarkable event. Five years ago, Protestant worship in an obscure hall was hardly tolerated. Quite recently, a Protestant Church, near the Chiaja, has been publicly consecrated with imposing ceremonies.

FROM the Paris "Revue Germanique et Française," we learn that M. Colani, of Strasbourg, is the author of a work just published on "Jesus Christ and the Messianic Beliefs of his Times." The

name of Colani will be recognized by many as that of one of the most learned and earnest writers of the liberal school of French Protestantism. The Review above referred to names him as a pastor, theologian, hebraist, man of science and of faith, who labors to place Christianity in accord with the progress of science and philosophy. It adds that he believes that Christianity cannot much longer escape the attacks of a criticism which shakes all problems in history; but, far from being frightened at this tendency, he is convinced, that in the end, wherever truth is found, there the Evangile will be also. The Review then gives us this extract from Colani's book: "A bold hand has lately removed from the fresco of the Last Supper a layer of painting which has long been honored as making a part of the great work of Leonardo Da Vinci. But, lo! we are compelled to acknowledge, that hitherto we have admired only a suppositious addition to his work; and, thanks to this removal, the authentic figure of the true Christ of the Last Supper comes out in the incomparable majesty of its resignation. If the Evangile be the eternal truth, historical criticism will only render to it a like service: it can never extinguish it, or obscure it."

A WRITER in the French Review above named, gives a long list of many recent works called forth in defence of Rénan's "Life of Jesus," of which it says two hundred and sixty thousand copies have been sold, less, as the critic thinks, in consequence of any scientific or philosophic merit of that book, than for its power to transform into a living, real being one who has hitherto occupied only "the nebulous domain of theological abstraction." He thus claims the welcome accorded to Rénan's book as essentially a profoundly *religious* movement, deepening that sense of the divine, which, if we can never fathom, so also we can never wholly lay aside, and which sooner or later brings the word God to all our lips, — "last word alike for those who know and for those who are ignorant." Leaving the adaptedness of Rénan's book to French modes of thought to be settled by the critics, we will only add that we have been pleased with the calm, hopeful, and devout criticism, the closing lines of which we may give in the original: —

"Tu ne dors pas souvent dans mon sein, nom sublime,
Tu ne dors pas souvent sur mes lèvres de feu;
Mais chaque impression t'y trouve et t'y ranime,
Et le vie de mon âme est toujours toi, mon Dieu!"

THE Empress Eugénie has addressed a letter, admirable for its simplicity and directness, to the princesses of Europe, asking their co-operation in repairing the Dome of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This Dome, built by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, and rebuilt by the Latin Christians in the twelfth century, was burned in 1808, and has since been in a state of dilapidation which endangers the safety of pilgrims, and is a scandal to all believers. The Empress proposes to raise a sum of money sufficient to rebuild the entire Church of the Sepulchre, on a new plan and a large scale. A writer in the "London Reader" praises this effort of the Empress, and calls it a spectacle of rare interest "that this exalted lady, the brilliant leader of a gay and splendid court, should be occupied with a subject for which of all others the world would be last disposed to give her credit." But, while grateful for the attempt to *repair*, he protests against the proposal to *reconstruct*. He calls the Dome "one of the noblest monuments in existence of the Byzantine architecture," and he thinks it should be religiously preserved. To supplant it by some edifice of modern design, without a single sacred association or a single claim on our reverence, would be, he says, "an act of the greatest vandalism, and sufficient to mark the latter half of the nineteenth century with eternal disgrace."

A GERMAN paper says that it was the opinion of the late Baron Bunsen, "that Zoroaster was the Hebrew Adam." Ernest de Bunsen, a son of the Baron, is shortly to publish a book supporting this view. M.

THEOLOGICAL PARTIALITY.

IN his "Note on the Corrected English Translation of the Epistles to the Corinthians," Stanley gives us two curious instances of this offence. In 1 Cor. ix. 27, "cast away" ought to be "reprobate:" the translators were anxious to avoid the conclusion that the apostle might fall away from grace. Traces of the controversy as to the receiving of the elements in the Lord's Supper in two kinds, or only in one, through the Romish practice of withholding the cup from the laity, are to be discerned in the incorrect translation, "eat *and* drink" for "eat *or* drink." In truth, all sects live in glass houses, and will find the throwing of stones an expensive and troublesome entertainment all round.

E.

STATEMENT OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

A STATEMENT prepared originally by the Channing Church, at Newton Corner, has been adopted by several other Unitarian churches in Massachusetts. It is not a creed to be imposed upon others; not made a condition of church-membership or Christian fellowship; but designed as a distinct avowal of belief by the churches which adopt it.

It involves the following heads: Belief in the Father Almighty, in Jesus Christ his Son, in the Holy Spirit, in human depravity, in the atonement, in regeneration and conversion, in forgiveness of sins, in a future retribution, in the efficacy of prayer, in the brotherhood of man, and in the transcendent worth and importance of religion. All these topics are touched and expounded with admirable clearness.

Under one head we should withhold assent. The second article describes Christ as "the brightness of the Father's glory" and the "express image of his person," the "incarnation of the Divine Word," the "ever-living Head of the Church," to whom "all power is given" and under whom "all things are placed," the Father excepted, and "God manifest in the flesh."

This grand utterance is soon followed by the following: —

"We believe that our Saviour was a being distinct from the Father, to whom he prayed; *that he possessed but one mind and will, one character and consciousness.*"

There are several forms of Unitarianism proper, and specially three.

There is Arianism, which makes Christ, though a creature, the Creator of the Universe; a kind of sub-deity. Few believe this. There is Socinianism, which makes him a man, born like any other man, and only an inspired prophet and teacher. There is the Antenicene Church doctrine, which asserts an indwelling of God in Christ, which was more than inspiration, called an hypostatic union. This doctrine is still preserved in all the forms of Unitarianism known as Sabellian; in another form, somewhat modified, by Swedenborg; in many Orthodox creeds, which reject the words "three persons" as Tritheistic; and, as we suppose, in the devout consciousness of multitudes of Unitarians who feel themselves united to Christ as the living Head of a living fold,

and would stoutly reject the Socinian theory without attempting to formulate their inmost and tenderest convictions.

Now the last sentence quoted above is merely negative, is a human interpretation, and seems to us to *interpret away* the grand utterances preceding, making them mean little or nothing, and positing the church on bald Socinianism. Why undertake to say that Christ had only one mind, will, and consciousness? Why not say, that, in his highest, most authoritative speech and manifestation, his finite consciousness was in abeyance, and that Christianity comes to us out of the pure mind and consciousness of God himself? Why not allow, what the Church of all ages affirms with emphasis, that divine incarnation is more than inspiration, or direction *ab extra*, even a union of the divine *nature* with the nature of Christ, through whom, therefore, Christianity comes as the absolute religion, and the divine attributes in unclouded moral glory beam upon the world?

Vain are our definitions of the line where the Divine touches the human, the Infinite the finite. It can no more be done in regard to inspiration than incarnation. So when we move to adopt the above Statement of Faith in the church to which we belong, which we may very likely do, it is generally so excellent, we shall "move an amendment," even to "strike out" the sentence quoted above from page 5th, and leave the divinely inspired sentences which precede to their untamed significance. Even of us poor mortals the statement would be too bald, — "but one will and consciousness," — much more of him of whom it could be said, "The Father who DWELLETH in me doeth the works." S.

AN ORTHODOX CREED.

We have the creed of a large Orthodox church, in six articles. There is less private interpretation in it than in the Unitarian statement above referred to. We give three of the articles: —

"We believe there is only one true God, self-existent, eternal, perfect in wisdom, power, goodness, and holiness, revealed as subsisting in a manner mysterious to us as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

"We believe that God so loved the world that he gave his Son for its salvation; that his Son became incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ; that he set forth an example of perfect obedience and purity, taught the

way of life, and suffered on the cross for sinners; and that, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, he became a propitiation for the sins of the whole world; and opened a way whereby all who believe in him, with repentance of their sins, may be saved, without impeachment of divine justice and truth.

"We believe that Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of God the Father, whence he sends forth the Holy Spirit, and where he ever liveth to make intercession for us; and that through him God offers full forgiveness and everlasting life to all who will heartily repent, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

THE WINTER IS PAST.

[Readers of the Magazine not acquainted with Latin and Greek metres, are advised to read H. T.'s poems, "De Republica bene speravi," and "The Winter is Past," *aloud* before condemning them as unmusical. — E.]

Soft, on this April morning,
Breathe, from the South, delicate odors,
Vaguely defined, giving the breezes
Spring-like, delicious zest.

Breezes from Southern forests,
Bringing us glad tidings of Summer's
Promised return; waking from slumber
Each of the earliest plants.

Lo! in the night the elm-tree
Opened its buds; catkins of hazel
Tasselled the hedge; maple and alder
Welcomed with bloom the Spring.

Faintly the warbling bluebird
Utters his note; song-sparrows boldly
Fling to the wind joyous assurance, —
"Summer is coming North."

None can express the longing,
Mingled with joy, mingled with sadness,
Swelling my heart ever, when April
Brings us the bird and flower.

Tender and sweet remembrance,
Filling my soul, gives me assurance
"Death is but frost. Lo! the eternal
Spring-time of heaven shall come." H. T.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

At the evening festival in New York, after the close of the business meetings of the Unitarian National Convention, Governor Andrew, in a masterly speech which carried his audience clear away, at the close of it paid a tribute to our fallen heroes. He ended with quoting these lines from Collins in a tone of the tenderest pathos; and they are specially appropriate now that we weep for the death of the greatest martyr who has fallen.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S SUCCESSOR.

Who would be President in case of the demise of President Johnson? is a question which spontaneously occurs. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that, if the assassins had succeeded in the complete execution of their plot, the Government would have been paralyzed, and left without a head. Congress has the power, by the Constitution, of providing successors to any extent, however frequently the chief executive officer may be disabled or removed. See article ii. sect. 1. Probably the assassins were not aware of this, and expected to bring the whole machinery of the Government to a stand. There is no possibility of doing it. The provision of the Constitution is as follows: —

"In case of the removal of the president from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the vice-president; and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of the president and vice-president, declaring what officer shall then act as president; and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a president shall be elected." S.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Hymns and Sacred Pieces, with Miscellaneous Poems. By RAY PALMER. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1865. 12mo. pp. 195.

There is no form of literary production that can take precedence of the devotional hymn. This the ancients recognized, and we confess it by the place still accorded to the Greek hymnists among the chief of the Greek poets. If there was room for this estimate under the sensuous mythology of Athens, can there be less scope for it in the vast, sublime, tender, soul-filling objects of the Christian faith, reverence, and worship? A Christian hymn — worthy to be so called — is not merely a rhymed prayer, thanksgiving, or dogmatical statement. It must have as much of fancy as of devotion. It must stir the heart through the imagination. It must borrow its imagery from finite and material objects; and yet must so transfigure and glorify them by the relation into which they are brought with the unseen, the infinite, and the eternal, that there shall linger about them no trail of earthiness, or savor of mortality. Then, too, it must have unity of conception and purpose; and it is most adequate to its mission, when, in each successive stanza, it but deepens and intensifies the thought suggested by its opening words, insomuch that all our best hymns are not only familiarly known by, but epitomized in, their first lines. The hymn must have action too. It must represent, not the statics, but the dynamics, of the spiritual life; so that the devout men and women who sing it shall be conscious of the heavenward movement while they sing. And, withal, it must be rhythmical, not only negatively, but positively, with a spring to the feet and a ring to the lines, so that it shall never be subordinated to the tune to which it is set, but shall have sufficient lyric force to surge and swell beyond the limits of the written score, and to add a melody entirely its own to that on the pages of the music-book. It is difficult to estimate the world's indebtedness to the author of such a hymn,

when we reflect for how many thousands and generations it may be a perennial source of strength or of consolation to young and old, to the living and the dying.

For one such hymn, by the admission of all, the Church is indebted to Dr. Palmer. "My Faith looks up to Thee," would be retained in a collection of hymns, however small. Before it was written, a high-toned, though too fastidious critic, in turning over the leaves of one of our portly hymn-books with undisguised contempt, said, "There are three hymns in the English language: I know not where to look for the fourth." We think that he would have recognized this of Dr. Palmer's as the fourth. Of the thirty-two hymns in the volume before us, there are several which approach this in merit, — two or three which we should pronounce equal to it, had they taken an equally strong hold on the general heart, while there is not one that has not all the characteristics of the true hymn which we have named above. The Sacred Pieces which follow are, without an exception, rich equally in poetic thought and religious sentiment, while the versification is pure and strong. Dr. Palmer has shown rare skill in the use of the sonnet, which may well be taken as the test of poetical ability. His sonnets compress, without cramping, enough of fancy, thought, and feeling within the normal fourteen lines, to make of each a complete poem, with its clearly defined purpose, and its distinct and vivid impression on the reader. Of the Miscellaneous Pieces that occupy the latter part of the volume, the longest is "The Spirit's Life," — a poem delivered at certain academic festivals, and, for a poem thus made to order, singularly poetical, though, notwithstanding its very great didactic merits, it interests us less than the least piece in the volume beside. The remaining poems seem to us very charming for the union which we trace in them all of prolific fancy, pure taste, and strong devotional feeling, — the last even more impressive and winning, when, as in some of these pieces, it has manifestly stolen in without the author's knowing it, than in the hymns, where it is professedly kept in the foreground.

We would add, as not the least among the merits of this volume, that we understand every word of it, — which is more than we can often say of newly printed poetry, though we suspect that the obscurity generally results from muddiness rather than from depth of thought. But Dr. Palmer is guiltless of the solecisms,

archaisms, imported idioms, inversions of sentences, suppressions of auxiliary words, audacious experiments on his reader's apprehensive powers, which, in some cases, deform works of real genius, yet are much more frequently employed to hide the writer's meagreness of intellect and poverty of resource.

Annals of the American Pulpit. By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. Robert Carter & Brothers.

This is every way a remarkable book. That Dr. Sprague, an Orthodox divine, could give so fully the biography of Unitarian ministers, differing from him so essentially in theology, and yet do full justice to his subject, were hardly to be conceived. And yet he *has* done justice to it, and given us a series of biographies with a rare candor and impartiality, and a thorough appreciation of the moral excellence of Unitarian divines. We doubt whether any Unitarian would have done this work so well, or in a way that subserves so fully the great ends of biography and history. The letters which follow the biographical sketches, written generally by those who were personal friends or acquaintances of the subjects of the sketches, are a most pleasing feature of the work, and impart to it a living interest. There is no book which Unitarians will read more eagerly, touching their own history, and delineating the characters which they dwell upon most fondly among the sainted dead, than this noble contribution to religious literature. S.

The Thinking Bayonet. By JAMES K. HOSMER, Author of the "Color Guard." Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Company.

Mr. Hosmer, in the "Color Guard," has evinced qualities, both as a man and a writer, which will secure for his subsequent work an eager reception. His description of scenes and incidents in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Fort Hudson under General Banks, is unsurpassed both for vividness and tenderness; and, though the narrative is exceedingly unpretending, the amiable and manly spirit of the writer shines through it. The present volume is not a book on the war, though designed to illustrate the influence of the stern duties which it imposed in the development of character. The narrative is fictitious, with the strong coloring of reality; and shows a power both of natural description and moral painting which is the attribute of genius. Herbert Lee, the hero of the tale, is a noble character, finely drawn,

whose tendencies to scepticism and perilous speculation are all checked and removed by the practical duties of the march and the battle-field. The book is very interesting, and excellent in its moral bearing and influence. S.

Religious Duty. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Boston: William V. Spencer.

The new Theism of which Miss Cobbe is an expounder, differs from the old English Deism mainly in its acknowledgment of the immanence of God in the human soul, and its capacity of communion with him. Therefore it is more devout, and believes in the efficacy of prayer. Miss Cobbe, without any direct recognition of Christianity, writes here a very religious book. It is edifying, and excellent in spirit every way. Her two chapters on Faith and Prayer are very earnest; and the Christian spirit, without the Christian theory, pervades her book. But the book loses immensely in spiritual power, because the object of worship is not unveiled and yielded to the believer in the open sunlight and warmth of Christianity. The book will do good in two ways. It is positive, and not negative; and therefore, so far as it has any influence, it will be on the side of a pure religion and a lofty morality. And yet it is not so far positive as to satisfy the soul's deepest hunger, and it will be pretty sure to turn with fresh longings for the bread which came down from heaven in the Saviour of the world. S.

Essays. By R. W. EMERSON. First and Second Series.

Poems. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These two volumes Ticknor & Fields have added to their series of blue and gold. The admirers of Emerson will delight to find his best utterances embodied in this convenient and beautiful form. The "Poems" have an excellent likeness, which fronts the title-page. S.

Cape Cod. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

"If you hav'nt been to Cape Cod, you might as well not have been anywhere," was once a remark of Daniel Webster. We have been there, and can testify to the graphic touches of Mr. Thoreau, and his wonderful power of description. He has also

a broad humor that never fails him under any circumstances, and gives him a sort of sympathy with nature, even in her lowest moods. But much of his description is caricature, rather than the true picturing of men and things. The people of the Cape, its sands and barrens, he does not see in their best aspects, though his book is thoroughly entertaining. S.

Lectures on the New Dispensation of the New Jerusalem. By B. F. BARRETT. Sixth edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A new edition of a work first published twenty years ago. It is written in Mr. Barrett's popular style, and has had a wide circulation as an exposition of the Swedenborgian system of doctrines.

PAMPHLETS.

The Unions of the Liberal Faith. A Discourse by O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Society in New York. David G. Francis.

The Fountain of Christian Truth. A Discourse delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Philadelphia. By W. H. FURNESS, D.D. Published by request. Sherman & Co.

"*God is One.*" A Sermon preached on Trinity Sunday, May 22, 1864, at Southampton, and on Aug. 7, 1864, at Newport, Isle of Wight, by Rev. E. KELL, M.A., F. S. A., with a lithograph of Dr. Priestley's birthplace. London: Whitfield, Green, & Son.

The American War, by the same Author. From the "London Inquirer," Dec. 17, 1864.

A noble plea for our cause by *one* English Unitarian who understands us, and rebukes the treachery of his brethren to the rights of man. We thank Mr. Kell for his timely and eloquent words. S.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. JUNE, 1865. No. 6.

THE SONS OF RECHAB.

A WORD TOUCHING THE DESTINY OF OUR NATION.

THE city of Jerusalem was in great commotion. An invasion of their country by the king of Babylon had begun. The country people were flying in consternation before the approaching army, hurrying with such portion of their goods, herds, and flocks as they could snatch in their hasty flight, to secure the protection of the walled city. The inhabitants of the city were alarmed to see multitudes crowded within their walls, which might on any day be enclosed by a besieging host. Terror and confusion reigned on every side. Some of the bewildered fugitives were running hither and thither, vainly seeking shelter for their families; others, giving up the search in despair, had sunk, wearied and exhausted, in the streets.

One man, however, walked the streets of Jerusalem calmly; calmly, but sadly. He was not unprepared for the calamity that overhung the city. He had foreseen and foretold it. He had shown his countrymen how it might be avoided, and had implored them to take the only way of safety. He had exhorted them to put their trust in Jehovah alone; to make no alliances with idolatrous neighbors; to take no part in their disputes: especially had he warned them against seeking the protection of Egypt, and thus invoking the jealous

wrath of Babylon, and had assured them that, by so doing, they would be ground between those mighty kingdoms, as between the upper and nether millstone.

Jeremiah was a true patriot. He had shown his love of his countrymen by steadily opposing their darling wishes, and faithfully speaking to them unwelcome truths. There were false prophets enough in those days, to flatter both rulers and people, and to encourage them in any evil purpose. Jeremiah had incurred obloquy, persecution, and imprisonment, by fearlessly speaking to king and people the words that God had put into his mouth. Now he was witnessing the sad fulfilment of his own predictions. It is easy to imagine his thoughts, as he passed through the thronged streets, on his way to the temple. Alas for Judah! how has she forsaken the God of her fathers! How has she lost sight of the great purpose for which she was chosen! How unfaithful to her mission among the nations! and how is she punished for her unfaithfulness! What a high place might she have held among surrounding kingdoms! but to what wretchedness is she brought! Had she held fast to her allegiance to Jehovah; had each successive generation of her children been trained in the worship of the true God, and in obedience to his law, — she would have become the light of the world, a nation of priests and prophets, a standing rebuke to the dark idolatries of her neighbors; and then, trusting in God alone, she might have dwelt in peace and safety whilst war raged and surged around her borders. But she has been ever ready to turn aside after the gods of the Gentiles. She has renounced the protection of the God of her fathers, and trusted in the horses and chariots of Egypt. And now her punishment has overtaken her. She is about to be delivered a prey to the Chaldean. The God whom she forsook, has forsaken her. Instead of being a bright example to the nations of a God-fearing and God-serving people, she has become to them an awful warning of the consequences of disobedience and apostasy.

As the prophet revolved these sad thoughts, his eye fell upon a company among the fugitives, whose appearance and

demeanor distinguished them from the rest of the crowd. Amidst all the confusion and dismay, they alone were quiet, and seemed to know what to do. They were dwellers in tents, and had brought their tents with them, and had pitched them in the open spaces in the neighborhood of the temple, and were living, in their simple way, as peacefully as in the pastures of the wilderness. They were a strong, hardy-looking people, clothed in the skins of their own flocks, evidently accustomed to an abundance of the simplest fare, — an innocent and honest race of rustics. These were the Rechabites, — descendants of Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses. The family of Jethro joined the Israelites in their passage through the wilderness, and entered with them into the promised land; but, as they belonged to no one of the tribes, no portion of the land was assigned them, and perhaps they would not have cared to receive one, for they were not addicted to agriculture. They were Arabs, and continued to live the wandering pastoral life to which they had been accustomed. From the first occupation of the land till now, they had lived in tents, tending their flocks and herds, and moving from place to place as the inducements of good pasturage led them. It had been an original command of their ancestor, that they should always live a pastoral life, and be content with the simple subsistence it would afford them, and never be seduced by the example of their neighbors to more luxurious modes of living; that they should not build houses, or sow seed, or plant vineyards, or drink wine. This command had been faithfully handed down from father to son, and religiously observed in all their generations. And they had thriven in the way of life thus marked out for them. Their family had increased to a tribe; and they had always been blessed with an abundance of all that their simple and frugal habits required. Though they may not have conformed to all the Mosaic law, they were faithful worshippers of the God of the Hebrews. They had always shown themselves friendly to the Hebrew people, and had been hospitably treated by them in return.

Jeremiah was accustomed to teach the people by facts,

events, sensible objects and symbols; and no sooner did he look upon the tents of this singular people, than he felt a divine impulse to use them as a means of instruction and reproof to his countrymen. He brought the head of the tribe, with his brethren and sons, and the whole house of Rechab, into one of the most public apartments of the temple; and set before them an abundance of wine, and invited them to drink of it. Their answer was just what the prophet had relied on to enforce his instruction. The sight of wine was no temptation to such men. They instantly replied, "We will not drink wine; for Jonadab, the son of Rechab our father, commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, ye nor your sons, for ever: neither shall ye build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, but all your days ye shall dwell in tents; that ye may live long in the land wherein ye are strangers. And we have obeyed the voice of our father, in all that he charged us, to drink no wine all our days, neither we, nor our wives, nor our sons, nor our daughters: neither have we houses, or vineyards, or fields; but we have dwelt in tents, and have done according to all that our father commanded us."

Then spoke Jeremiah, in the name of God, to the people of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, — "Will ye not hearken to my words, and receive instruction? saith Jehovah. The words of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, have been performed. His sons have drunk no wine to this day, but have obeyed the commandment of their father. I also have been continually speaking to you; but ye have not hearkened to me. I have sent to you my servants the prophets, saying, Return every one of you from his evil way, — amend your doings, — go not after other gods, — and you shall dwell in the land which I have given to you and to your fathers; but ye have not inclined your ear, nor hearkened to me. Therefore thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will bring upon Judah, and upon all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, all the evil I have pronounced against them; because I have spoken to them, and they have not hearkened; I have called to them, and they have not answered."

So, then, this little community of Rechabites carried on the idea of their ancestor through all their generations for several centuries. That idea was all the time kept steadily in view, and transmitted from father to son, and fulfilled with unvarying fixedness of purpose. It moulded the habits of the tribe, and gave them a distinct character, and a permanent existence as a people. This is the way in which communities and nations are to be fitted to perform their duties in the world. Every nation has duties to perform, as well as an individual. Each is raised up for a particular purpose. Each occupies its own place in the history of the world. Each has a part assigned it in the great plan of Providence. How shall that end be best answered, — that place best filled, — that part most perfectly performed? It is evident that it cannot be done by a succession of self-seeking generations, each aiming to accumulate as much as possible in its own little day, unmindful of those who have gone before, and unconscious of obligations to those who are to come after. The realization of the national idea is to be spread over the whole existence, and to be developed by the whole history, of a people. For this end there is need of a continuity of purpose, an unity of spirit, a persistency of will, extending through successive generations, binding them all closely together, and making of the nation, through the whole duration of its national being, one great and long-lived person.

Various causes tend to produce this effect, without any intention or effort of the nation itself. Identity of race produces identity of character. A common climate, soil, and geographical position, lead to common pursuits and interests. The forms of a people's government, their political and social institutions, are moulded by their natural peculiarities, and, in turn, serve to fix and perpetuate the peculiarities in which they originated. Every nation thus acquires a marked character, which distinguishes it from all other nations, and by which it may be described, in a general way, as precisely as an individual can be characterized. Even the people of this country, though spread over such a variety of latitudes

and soils, and composed of immigrants from all nations, has rapidly assumed a national character, by which it is more or less favorably known and described. The children, at least, of the foreigner who seeks a home among us, are insensibly modified by the new country into which they have come, the free government under which they find themselves, the boundless scope for industry and enterprise open before them. The influences of country are too strong for them. They inevitably become Americanized.

But this unconscious submission to the force of circumstances is not enough for the highest ends of a nation's life, nor for the attainment of the best national character. That highest character can be acquired only by a thoughtful, intelligent, conscientious people, — a people into whose character religious patriotism largely enters, — a people capable of keeping steadily in view, century after century, a noble aim, which each generation takes up where the preceding left it, and disregarding temporary and selfish interests, and conscious of its own relations both to the past and to the future, transmits it, somewhat more completely realized, to those who come after it. Such a people will not, however, allow itself to become a slave to the past. It will be wisely conservative. It will acknowledge the duty of improving, as well as perpetuating, its institutions. It will heed the instructions of experience. By reason of its very faithfulness to the national idea, it will hasten to remove whatever is found to hinder its most perfect fulfilment. Each generation will aim to do, not precisely what their fathers did, but what they would have done in the light of better knowledge. Thus only can a nation achieve the purpose for which God raised it up, and help on human progress, by successfully developing the type of manhood which God has impressed upon it by the education afforded by the circumstances in which he has placed it.

What, then, is our special duty as a nation? For what purpose has a place been given us among the families of the earth? From all that we have inherited from the past, what obligations result towards those who shall come after us?

There has never been a nation whose place in the history of the world was more distinctly marked than ours. No Israelite in the days of Moses had any greater assurance of the divine purpose to be fulfilled by his people, than we may certainly gather, from all the circumstances of our origin, the whole course of our history, and the position in which we find ourselves to-day. Here, in this new world, an opportunity has been given us of ascertaining man's capacity of self-government, of exhibiting the stability and strength of a government founded directly upon the popular will, of embodying the Christian truth of human brotherhood in the institutions of a state. Our descent from the freest and most law-abiding people of Europe; the removal of our ancestors to a distance from the traditions and influences of the old world; the necessity under which they were placed of creating and conducting, to a great extent, their own governments; the discipline of the struggle for independence; the character and influence of the great men who framed our constitution; seventy-five years of prosperous self-government; the terrible cost at which the nation has re-asserted its determination, that the great experiment, so well begun, shall go on, — are all so many means and steps of the national education for realizing the idea of a great Christian commonwealth.

But this magnificent destiny will not be thrust upon us: it must be achieved by our own efforts. Providence has done much for us: we must do much for ourselves. And the consequences of our faithfulness or unfaithfulness will not be limited to ourselves. If, when our Government was assailed by treason and rebellion, we had shrunk from defending it at every cost, not only should we have brought ruin on our own heads, but the hopes of the friends of humanity and freedom throughout the world would have been extinguished, and an inheritance of anarchy and violence would have been entailed on a remote posterity. Just in proportion to the greatness of our vocation does it become necessary that we should be imbued with that disinterested patriotism, that allegiance to the national idea, which shall

inspire each generation to live and act for the wise and faithful performance of its share of the national duty.

To this end we must be an educated people. So thought the fathers of New England. They meant to found a Christian commonwealth, in the government of which each member should partake; and they saw that it was essential to the perpetuity of such a state, that every member of it should understand the nature of the government, and how it should be administered. It was a noble and just idea. If it had been fully realized, if an universal diffusion of knowledge could have been effected through the whole country, we should have been spared the calamities we have been suffering. It may be hoped, that the day is not far distant when common school education will be commensurate with the length and breadth of this whole land. Our youth ought to be especially educated for their duties as American citizens. They should be made acquainted with our national history from the beginning, that they may understand the course of events by which the country has been led to the times in which they live. They should be familiar with the lives of the great and good men who have blessed the country, and whose memory is a most precious part of its inheritance. They should understand the geography, productions, resources, and industrial interests of every part of the land, that they may see of how great a country they are citizens, and not feel that they belong merely to some one state or section of it. They should be instructed in the general principles of political science, and in the particular construction and working of the state and national constitutions. Thus should they be prepared for all the duties, public and private, that devolve upon a member of this great republic. They would be able to judge intelligently and justly of public men and measures. They would be qualified to cast their vote wisely, and to fill, with benefit to the country, any office to which they may be called. Nor should the sons of the country alone be thus taught, but the daughters also. Thus only will they be fit to be the mothers of American citizens, to fulfil their function as the earliest educators of the community,

and to exercise beneficially that influence which they cannot but exercise, whether for good or evil.

And, in order to carry on from age to age the great designs of Providence, we must be a religious people. It is a religious work, and can be rightly performed only in a religious spirit. If it can be said of any nation that godliness is more necessary to it than to any other, it may be said of us. From the fact, that with us sovereignty is vested in the whole people; that a decision of the popular will is final; that there is no human authority to reverse it, — there is danger of our coming to think, that whatever the people decree is necessarily right; that it can change moral distinctions, and put evil for good, and good for evil. All human sovereignty, popular or autocratic, is subject to divine sovereignty. No nation or government, though it may be powerful enough to defy the moral sentiment of the world, can escape its accountability to God. As they do not exist as nations and governments in the future world, they invariably suffer the retributions of the divine law in this. They are safe, stable, and strong, only so far as they obey those eternal laws of right, which are the will of God. If it forsake those laws, a popular government rushes to destruction more swiftly than any other.

Why does a nation ever grow old? Its physical life is perpetually renewed. Why should it not flourish in immortal youth? Why have so many nations, once great and powerful, vanished from the history and the map of the world? Does this doom of extinction necessarily await every nation that shall hereafter exist? It would seem that nations have died, because their national spirit has decayed. The idea that was the informing principle of their national character, and the lifeblood of their national being, was exhausted. But suppose that the central principle of a nation's life were one that could not be exhausted; that it were the eternal truth of Christ's gospel, capable of endless development, and of application to all possible exigencies of human society. Such a nation would try the experiment of national life under entirely new circumstances. Its ex-

tinction could not be certainly predicted from the experience of the past. By the good providence of God, a great Christian principle is at the centre of our national life. If, by his spirit, he shall breathe into successive generations the disposition and purpose of fidelity to it, the heart of man cannot conceive the future glories of our country. C. P.

MOTHER'S LAST FLOWER.

Poised in a perfumed loveliness,
Midway the double hemisphere
Of heaven mirrored in the mere,
Behold the pure white water-cress!

Here, seeming, in its own survey,
To heaven's azure bosom pressed,
And by the purling rill caressed,
Its sweet soul breathes itself away.

In pain of separation near,
Musing on mysteries of death,
I caught the flower's mellifluous breath,
And saw it, as I sauntered here.

It seemed my heart with snowy hue
And redolence to re-assure;
For she was like a lily pure,
With such a soul of sweetness, too!

She loved the tender-breathing flowers,
As types of heaven lent to earth:
Full many owed her hand a birth
And culture in the garden bowers.

And when I brought the water-cress,
A last flower, where she lowly lies,
Light kindling in her languid eyes,
She smiled upon its loveliness. R. F. F.

THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF OUR DAILY STUDIES.*

"Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."

JACOB had left his home, and had gone a day's journey on foot, and quite alone. He was passing through a wilderness into a land of strangers. It was not to visit distant friends, and return again: he had sundered the ties of his birthplace, he had left his father and his mother, to seek his fortune far away. He must have been very lonely that night as he lay down to sleep under the open heavens; but the stars were over his head, — the same stars that we see now; and, wearied with his journey, doubtless he fell quickly asleep. He did so without saying his prayers, I think; for he had not been religiously inclined heretofore, nor very good and kind at home. He was a thoughtless young man, and with not a very tender conscience. He had not left home at peace with all there. Something evidently must have been wrong; for he had departed hurriedly, leaving his aged father at the point of death. The truth must be told. He had deceived his father and wronged his brother, and he was fleeing for his life; yet, for all this, he does not seem to have felt the reproaches of a guilty conscience, till he was startled by the revelation made to him in his dream, wherein he saw himself in the presence of his God, — the Almighty and the Holy One. In his dream it appeared to him, that the very spot he had chosen for his resting-place was the sacredest on earth; that it was at the foot of a stairway which connected earth with heaven; that on it the angels were coming down and going up. It was one of those life-like dreams that we rarely have, and, having had, can never forget. It startled him like a reality; and, awaking out of his sleep, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." And he was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of

* An Address delivered before the Pupils of the Derby Academy, in Hingham. By Rev. DANIEL BOWEN.

heaven." Why did he call the place dreadful? He had not awakened from a distempered dream, his imagination crowded with frightful spectres. A more beautiful vision you can scarcely conceive, — from the opened heavens, a broad stairway to the earth, with bright angels passing and repassing thereon, and filling all the plain with happy groups. "The house of God, — the gate of heaven!" he exclaims. Why, then, was it dreadful to him? To the purest, a lively sense of God inspires profoundest awe; but, when we have done wrong, awe turns to terror, and reverence to dread. We are afraid as Jacob was, — as Adam and Eve in the garden were, seeking to hide from the presence of the Lord, when they heard his voice among the trees at evening. When the better sense is awakened within us, we feel the alarming contrast between what we are, and what we ought to be.

"Surely the Lord is in this place," said he, "and I knew it not." He had not been to Sunday school, or he would have been told that the Lord is everywhere. But how is it that his mother, who was so fond of him, or that his father, who was so prudent and exemplary, had not taught him at least so much of religion? And consider whose son he was, who supposed he was spending a night where God was not. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, — Jacob was the third of the illustrious three, — the grand patriarchs of the Israelites. We must make much allowance for the childish ideas of Deity entertained in that remote time; and it is not impossible, that Jacob, the worldly-minded boy, had paid little attention to the teaching of his parents. It is thought that some young persons at the present time are not altogether clear of such an imputation; that there are others beside Jacob who do not earnestly consider the instructive words that are addressed to them. It may be that there are many who now hear me, who, if the great truth of God's presence flashed upon them, would be scarcely less astonished than Jacob was. Yes, I think that every one of us, if we were made to realize vividly God's nearness, would awake to the fact as from a dream, awe-struck, and ready to fall on our knees before him.

Some might treat as mere imagination the vision Jacob saw in his sleep, and regard his new and lively sense of God as unfounded. But we must not thus do violence to the best part of our nature, and to an experience which we have all shared in some measure with the patriarch. We do not seem well to understand the relation of the earthly and the heavenly, — the relation of man to God, — of the body to the soul. We are prone to scepticism regarding that which we do not see with our eyes, and touch with our hands. We believe in the material, but have not a lively faith in the spiritual. Like Peter, we have been in the habit of regarding as common that which God has sanctified. We put God and the divine life at a distance, by our theories and vain traditions. We need to come upon higher ground; we need to have the mist cleared from our eyes, and to perceive that the divine is as near to us as the common; we need to awake, and find that where we had not looked for God, behold, he is, with all his holy angels; we need to learn that our daily lives are God-given, and ought to be inspired and sacred.

I suppose, children, you have entered upon your studies in the academy somewhat as Jacob set out into a strange country — that is, with scarcely a thought of God's being there. Some of you may not once have thought that your work has any thing to do with religion. You have been accustomed to think that the church is the place for sacred things; and that religion is something different, and quite separate from your lessons. Let me explain to you, then, how it is not so; and show you that God has not less to do with the school than the church, and that true learning is the noblest means of grace. You have in school different kinds of studies. There are, for instance, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. Now, when you are studying arithmetic, it is not expected that you will be learning from it geography and grammar; and, when you are studying grammar, no one thinks it will make you good arithmeticians and geographers. The reason plainly is, that these studies have respectively their own end and aim. What I mean to say of religion is, that it is not like one of these, a special and peculiar branch;

so that you might say, "I attend in school to arithmetic, grammar, and religion." If religion had not been, and were to be, introduced into your school, it could not with any propriety be made a separate pursuit, like that of the languages and mathematics. Religion is infinite. The studies of grammar and chemistry have their sphere. Religion has no sphere. It does not have to do with this, and not with that. It is all-embracing. You may wonder how, if religion includes every thing, there can be other things, — how, if the divine embraces all that belongs to life, there can be any place left for botany and geology. That need not puzzle you. It is easily explained. Life has two sides, — the common and the sacred. Yet these are not two lives, but one. The common life is our whole life in its relation to the earth, and the religious life is the whole life in its relation to heaven. We are not all the time aware of the divine hand that shapes our earthly life, and makes it what it is; but none the less does the whole life come in contact on one side with God. So, when we are asleep, we are not conscious of our natural lower life; yet it goes on none the less truly. All the time, our life is twofold. We touch the earth with our senses, and we touch heaven with the spirit. Thus you see that religion may embrace every thing, and, at the same time, there may be other things beside religion. We hear of sacred and profane history: profane is not a good word, or rather we do not now often use it in the sense attached to it here. It means common or secular history. Yet is not all history sacred, since directed by a divine Providence? The fact is, all history is sacred, or all secular, according to our point of view. It is not the history of one nation that is sacred, and of another that is profane or common. To the worldly-minded politician, the history of our own Revolution, or of our present war, is secular; while, to the religious mind, the same facts are sacred. Sacred history, then, is history considered in its religious significance, or on the side where it touches God; and common or secular history is the same thing considered with reference to human actions and policies. In like manner all your studies at school are, looked

at from one side, secular; and, from another, all are sacred. Arithmetic teaches something more than how to compute with figures, — to add, subtract, multiply, and divide: it teaches the order, harmony, symmetry, and perfection of God. When we learn that two and two are four, we learn so much, not only of ourselves and the world, but so much of the mind of God. We learn a universal and eternal fact. We learn something that was true before the world was made, — something that will be true when it has perished. When you cipher correctly, you do it by rules that men have indeed written in human language; but which, to speak truth, God made in the beginning. Viewed on the worldly side, you study Colburn's or Greenleaf's Arithmetic; but, from a higher point of view, it is God's Arithmetic that you study. Do you not know that mathematics is the science by which God shaped into orderly proportions, and moves in harmonious orbits, the earth and the planets; that by mathematics he conducts the growth of all living forms; that by the rules of this science he disposes the leaves upon the stem, and arranges the petals upon the stalk? Celestial bodies rotate and revolve as it were in music, because they keep time; because there is a respect to number; because two and two are always four. Arithmetic is a divine revelation, without doubt. Not less so are the special sciences of nature.

In this season of spring, many of you are looking a little into botany. You pluck wild flowers, and analyze them; that is, you pull them carefully in pieces to see the several parts, and how they are put together, so that you can see the relation of one flower to another, and classify them. You learn a good many hard names, perhaps; but that is merely incidental, and ought by no means to take all your thought. Getting the learned names at your tongue's end, so that you can show off your knowledge, — that belongs to the secular side; but there is a sacred meaning in all you learn of the form and growth of plants. Who put together the flower that you pull in pieces? and, when you learn its construction, whose constructiveness do you explore? Do you not get a glimpse into the Infinite Mind?

Another science that you may begin at a very early age, and pursue in winter as well as in summer, is the elevating one of astronomy. No sermons of good instructions can so inspire and fill with great thoughts, as God's sermon written in gold above our heads, and which the telescope is enabling us to read more and more understandingly. Does not the science seem much more divine than human? We only look at the work which God has done: we only trace with feeble vision the Almighty's ways. The awful depths of celestial spaces, the inconceivable circles which the planets run, and the grand whole of all that we can take in, — what words shall express the majesty suggested of the Infinite Being? Even in ancient times, with but a glimpse of our later science, the Psalmist could not help breaking forth: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

You see now what I meant in saying, that religion is not a special branch, — that it is not something different and separate from all other pursuits. You see that our common, every-day studies have a religious side; and the more you reflect, the more clearly you will see that all our human life has two sides. It is all human in one aspect, and in another aspect it has all a divine meaning. Just as the plants which have their roots in the earth, and their leaves and flowers in the air; just as they are, with one part buried, fixed in darkness, and the other waving in air and sunlight, — so we ourselves are in part of the earth with earthly tendencies, and in part of heaven with infinite aspirations. And just as the lower part of the plant exists not for the mere sake of groping in the earth, but for the sake of that more exalted part which lives in the freedom and joy of air and light; so the common part of our life finds its true end not in worldly action and passion, but in affording foundation and nutriment for the element that is immortal. Each side, in fact, is for the whole, as the body is for the mind, and the mind is for the body. From a physical point of view, the body is the whole man; while, from the mental or spiritual point of view, the spirit is the whole man. There is no part of the

body that is not animated by the soul, and is not dignified, yea, glorified, by the spirit's presence: so there is no spot in the universe not vivified by God, who is the soul of the world; there is no point in the history of nations or individuals excluded from the hallowing touch of the Spirit of spirits, the Life of all lives. And never can we be where we may not say, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

You hear a great deal said, it is true, of the laws of nature. But do not imagine that nature is a goddess, and that the many forces of nature are individual powers. In that case, we should have back again substantially the old mythologies. A law is a rule, — a constant method. The laws of nature are the laws of God. All that nature seems to do, God really does. We speak of his way of doing as a law; and the various operations of the world seem like the products of machinery, only because of that perfect regularity which ought to make us all the sooner acknowledge a divine agency.

It is now the most charming season of the year; and, whether you are distinctly aware of it or not, you all enjoy life with a peculiar relish. But a little while ago, the earth was locked in the death-like embrace of winter. What a change has passed upon our world! Little blades of grass have sprung up thickly, side by side, sweetly clothing lawns and pastures. The tender leaves upon the trees have invited the singing birds to build their nests once more among their branches. All sounds and sights give a sense of joy in the out-gushing of new life, so that even the aged, breathing the delicately perfumed air, say to themselves, that it is good still to live. What a resurrection! what a miracle! If this does not prove that God is still at work, the same beneficent Father, what could demonstrate it? You know that nothing does itself. You know that the roots of grasses have, in themselves, neither wisdom nor will to push the tiny blades up into the air. I could as soon believe, that a stone might, at pleasure, hurl itself to a distance, as that a

leaf might grow of itself. All movement, all life, is from a hidden, mysterious, spiritual source. He who in the beginning made all things, now preserves, refreshes, revives, by a touch not less real and marvellous than at first. He who made the first plant grow is here to make the trees blossom to-day. Creation is not something long ago done and finished: it is that very process of God manifesting himself in his works, which we now see going on around us. It is that process of forth-putting which we call growth. And, beholding this, so unspeakably magnificent, and in it beholding God, the everlasting Father, the morning stars still sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy.

The lower material forces whereon life is founded, are also wholly God's. If you throw a stone into the air, it presently comes back again, and with a force equal to that by which it was sent. A power from your spirit, guided by your will, impelled the stone upward; but whose power returns it? Do you say its weight brings it down? That is only another way of saying, that all bodies on the earth's surface have a constant tendency towards its centre. Now, the fact that all other bodies observe the same law of gravity that the stone does which you throw, is no reason for the stone's falling. The stone's weight is a force pushing upon the stone. The sun and all the planets feel the same power urging them towards one another. We call it the attraction of gravitation; but naming a fact is not explaining it. Now, what is this almost infinite power, which brings a leaf floating gently to the ground, and drives the earth and all the planets around the sun? It is the activity of God. Do not think that these things are so because God fore-ordained they should be so, or, as we say, because he long ago established the laws of nature. To determine that something shall be, does not make it so, unless we carry out our resolve. We must believe that the awful power which at this moment is carrying forward the operations of nature is the same as that which instituted them. Every day the laws of nature manifest wonders to which God alone is equal. Left without

him a single instant, the world would fall into a ruin that a new creation alone could repair. Why, the very existence of matter, as a piece of rock or wood, is possible only as its particles are held together by some mysterious force. "It is the law of cohesion," your worldly philosophy says; but the religious side of that philosophy affirms, that it is God who holds and "upholds all things by the word of his power." Wood or rock is composed of atoms too minute for the microscope to discover. In the smallest particle you can see, there may be millions of atoms. Now, God holds all these together in their proper places, or else there would be no earth for us to stand upon, or food for us to eat, water to drink, or air to breathe. Indeed, we should have no bodies to care for: life would be impossible. The life of all living beings, yea, the substance of all matter, not only once came from God, but now comes from him; and without him nothing exists. You have here the reason of the religious side to life, and why the religious sentiment should pervade all our work and ways. There is nothing finite that has not a side bordering upon the infinite; for creation is the finite side of God. Nature on one side is divine, and the divine on one side is natural. So, in our human minds, there is a sense of God beside the sense of earth and self.

"Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky."

Pupils of the Derby Academy! It is with unusual confidence that I present to you, in this form, the claims of religion. To you it seems more probable than to the older, that our common world should be embraced and glorified in a sacred one. You are not yet completely enslaved by habit to dead matter and the senses. You are ready to believe in something beyond that which you positively know by sight and touch. You are now not far from that period of life to which Wordsworth refers: —

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light, —
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Already you are beginning to look back to an earlier age for your purest and sweetest joys. Shall I say, Go back in reality to the simplicity and innocence of infancy? That is impossible. You must go forward, not backward. But let me suggest to you how to find that which is not less the kingdom of heaven than that belonging to little children. First of all, open your eyes to the other world, — I mean, you know, to the divine side of this world, — so as to see the sacredness of your own lives, of your capabilities and opportunities, of present moments, and the present works of God, — the sacredness of your bodies and of your souls. Jacob in his dream saw heaven opened, and himself surrounded with celestial visitants. Would that you might have the same revelation in your waking hours! Tell me, do you not sometimes have real and earnest moments when you feel that you are more than a creature of the earth, — that there is a life within, more noble than your outward existence? You cannot think that those moments in which you seem lifted out of your lower selves hold but empty fancies. Those seasons are an awakening of the whole

being, — the coming to one's self, regarding the truer and higher part of us. Therefore, though they come to you rarely and linger but for an instant, entertain them as angels' visits; do not let the thought of them die away; cherish them as Jacob cherished the remembrance of his dream at Bethel. It may be silence, often it is music, that makes the soul forget for the time its bondage to the flesh. A circumstance trivial in itself may transfigure the world before us; but it belongs especially to the beautiful thus to remind the spirit of its birth and destiny. To the lover of natural science, the wonders of astronomy or chemistry will often so powerfully suggest the presence of Deity as to make the bosom swell with emotion. The word that finds us may have been spoken by a kindly living voice, or have been handed down to us by sacred tradition. Wherever or however the reality of life is brought in upon you, and God is seen to be nearer than you had thought, let it be to you as a holy revelation, — as the inspiration of the spirit of truth. It is Goethe, I think, who says, "Be true to the dreams of your youth." You cannot make too much of your best moments. As a great ship is guided by a small rudder, so all the days of your life should be directed by the hallowed influence of elevated moments. Do you not know that your best thoughts and desires are the whisperings of God, — that they come straight from heaven? It is natural that your lives should be in large measure, taken up with the world on its common side. It is expected of children, that they will live somewhat as birds and flowers do; and, if there is not given to you a sense of something higher, of the spiritual and immortal, then live wholly the thoughtless life of unintelligent creatures. But if you have glimpses, as I know you have, of an infinite worthiness and beauty of spirit, let your conduct evince a corresponding earnestness; do not trifle with your sacred being; do not allow your earthly existence to be mere chaff, driven and scattered by the winds. Lose not your souls in frivolity. Your days should be joined each to each by one manly purpose, and then your life will have a meaning and a dignity. Be true

to the dreams of your youth; and on that ladder which you see not less plainly than Jacob did, — on that ladder which joins earth to heaven, you shall ascend step by step, and the good angels shall be your companions, and the eternal blessedness your end.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Some of the old divines speak of Christ's kingdom as consisting of two portions, which they term the kingdom of grace, and the kingdom of glory. These they imagine to lie respectively on this side, and on the other side, of the stream of death. The church is the kingdom of heaven; but the cold death-current of Jordan divides it, — the church militant being the kingdom on this side, while the church triumphant constitutes the kingdom on the other side. Here the Christian incessantly toils and fights and prays; but, as soon as he crosses the river, his toils are exchanged for eternal rest, his fightings for ever cease, the humble petitions he has sent up to the throne give way for everlasting songs of praise. Although there is much truth in this conception, we are able to gather from the Gospels a more enlarged and adequate idea of our Saviour's meaning.

We are aided in our attempt to gain a true notion of Christ's kingdom by his language when arraigned before Pilate. There stands the Man of Sorrows at the bar of a Roman governor to answer the charge of sedition. Jesus had taught that he was the true Messiah. By proclaiming his Messiahship, he had stirred up the indignation of the Jews. By his lofty spiritual teachings, by his endeavors to correct their errors, by his denunciations of their vices, he had engendered from them a hatred which could be appeased only by his blood. How shall they so easily gain his condemnation for a capital offence, as by making the accusation to Pilate, that he had declared himself a king? He is sent to the Judgment Hall. Pilate demands, that he answer the charge brought against him. Jesus replies, that his kingdom

is not of this world; yet intimates that he is establishing a kingdom on the earth. Pilate next inquires, "Art thou a king, then?" Jesus answers, "Yes, I am a king: to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth." Here Christ evidently regards himself as the king of truth. Now, if he is the king of truth, his kingdom must be the kingdom of truth; and its subjects, the believers in the truth he has revealed. And since Christ, to a far greater extent than any other, disclosed to the world fundamental, universal, and eternal truth, he rightfully called himself its king.

Truth is the true sovereign of the human mind, and the true ruler of mankind. It is irresistible; it is universal; it transcends the limits of time and space. Its empire extends wherever man is man. Its dominion may extend from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. Its reign may be universal and perpetual; for truth is as eternal as the human soul. The most veritable king who ever walked the earth was he who "came to bear witness to the truth;" for a throne with such a foundation must last while God exists.

Viewing the subject in this light, we see that the kingdom of heaven is the reign of truth declared by Christ.

We may notice one or two more scripture passages which seem to be most naturally interpreted in accordance with this view. Jesus had remarked how hard it was for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. The disciples, still holding their Jewish conceptions of this kingdom, were seized with amazement; and Peter exclaimed, "Lord, we have forsaken all, and followed thee: what, then, shall we have?"—"And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Here Christ, in conformity to his idea of himself as the king of truth, may be understood as saying to his disciples, When my teachings shall have gained such a hold upon the world that they are made a standard for human conduct, then your actions, your sayings, shall not be without their effect upon men; when I

shall judge the world by my truth, then you, the first believers in that truth, the first to spread it abroad, shall sit in judgment with me. This seems to be the only tenable interpretation of the language.

That Christ meant by his kingdom the establishment and reign of truth seems to be confirmed still further by the allusions which he makes to *coming in his kingdom*. He evidently represents it as one to be permanently established immediately after the overthrow of Judaism. He was to ascend his throne while some who heard him were living, yet not until his doctrines had been preached to all the then known world. But what kingdom arose upon the ruins of Judaism, except that of Christian truth? Was it not the destruction of Jerusalem that left Christianity the only God-sanctioned religious system, and exalted the Son of man to the throne of his glory? Did not this event first establish the Redeemer's reign on earth? Christ, then, calls the permanent establishment of religious truth, after the downfall of Judaism, his kingdom, the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven. The everlasting dominion of truth was to be his kingdom, a sceptre of righteousness was to be his sceptre.

But it will be asked, "Did not Christ use the phrases in more than one sense?" We answer, Yes; and yet we might almost as truthfully answer, No. We have now stated the chief sense in which he employs them. The others are closely connected with it. Sometimes he means an inward principle operating in the individual soul, as in the expression, "The kingdom of God is within you." Sometimes he refers to a spiritual power extending through the world, and bringing it into submission to the divine will, as where the kingdom of heaven is "likened to leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened." Sometimes he means a mere external organization, as where the kingdom of heaven is likened "to a net cast into the sea, taking in fishes both good and bad." It may be doubted, however, whether our Saviour ever makes the phrases we are considering refer exclusively to heaven in the common acceptation of that word. We say *exclusively* to

heaven; for none will deny that he extends his kingdom into the future world, although he may never speak it *solely* in this sense. There are a few texts which seem at first view to refer to the future world alone; but they are so highly figurative, and were uttered under such circumstances, that it is very difficult to determine their meaning with accuracy. But, whatever interpretation we may give them, it does not affect the general statement, that Christ regards the reign of truth as the kingdom of God. The triumph of the truth is the kingdom of heaven, whether it be limited to the individual heart, or extend throughout the universe; whether it conforms to an ecclesiastical polity, or acts independently of any organization; whether it manifests itself in this world, or the world to come.

It is interesting to notice how, in these expressions, Jesus seems to distinguish many shades of meaning, yet to blend them all into one great idea. To his mind, if the germs of truth were visible in a single heart, there God had his throne. If this truth were diffusing itself throughout the world, it was his Father's kingdom establishing itself on earth. If it were promoted by means of an organization, it was God asserting his rightful sway through the agency of men bound together by love to him; and as the felicity of the righteous after death will be in the enjoyment of truth gained, and sin and error conquered, that state may be called pre-eminently the kingdom of heaven. With Christ, wherever righteousness is, there the kingdom of heaven extends. He speaks of his kingdom as existing in this world, as well as in the world above. He never represents these bodies as necessarily shutting out heaven from the soul. In his mind the reign of truth is the kingdom of God, and no external condition need exclude it from the heart. It is righteousness begun here, and to be continued for ever in a higher and better state of existence. P.

It is a thing so evident, that God ought alone to be the object of our love, that no miracle is needed to prove it. — *Pascal.*

MATINS.

Melting softly into day,
Sweeps the night her stars away;
From the orient gray and calm
Float the breezes spiced with balm;
And, along the solemn hills,
Morn her golden chalice spills.

For this waking, fresh and bright,
From the mystery of night,
Shall I not my offering bring?
Gratefully thy praises sing?
Ay; the day is not begun
Till thy smiling bless its sun!

Over hill and valley slow
Warmer hues of light inflow,
Clothing with their filmy dress
Plainest things in loveliness, —
From the dew-drop's trembling pearl,
To the skies thy hands unfurl.

So, O God! within my soul
Rule, and reign, and charm the whole,
Till the darkest cloud I see
Mirror back some ray from thee;
Till the saddest tears I weep
Faith in living brightness steep.

As in Labor's thronging mart
Now a million pulses start, —
Sorrow, care, the vague unrest
Throbbing in earth's weary breast, —
Breathe thy presence through the day,
Leading in its untried way,
Till we hear the vesper chime
Ringing out the hours of Time.

C. M. P.

CONVERSION.

[The following article on a most important stage in the Christian experience has been deferred longer than we intended. We do not remember to have seen the subject here treated presented anywhere more tersely and clearly, or more finely illustrated. We commend the article to teachers of Sunday-school classes, as clearing the subject of much needless mystery and misapprehension. — ED.]

MANY people seem to labor under the impression, that *conversion* is a mysterious process, altogether beyond the comprehension of human reason, and altogether beyond the reach of human interference. They imagine, that God, by his own miraculous power, takes a sinful man, and makes a Christian out of him, just as he would speak a new world into being in some far-off region of space, by a fiat of his omnipotence. The wonderful instances of conversion, which are often given in books and papers, and the more wonderful experiences which are sometimes related in our hearing by imaginative and uneducated persons like "Awful Gardner," while they may be real in themselves, yet are fitted, in some respects, to say the least, to exert a questionable influence upon the popular mind and heart. They divert men from the simple, child-like duty which lies right in their path, and lead them to look for some startling display of divine power; to wait for some miraculous interposition of providence in their behalf. Now, I may be wrong in my opinion; but it seems to me, that there is no more mystery — no more miracle — in a man's conversion than there is in any well-defined voluntary act of his life. The consequences may be more vital and far-reaching; but the process is no more complicated than that of a thousand acts in our every-day life upon which we do not bestow a thought. A circle is a very simple curve. Almost any schoolboy would undertake to describe one on the blackboard without the slightest hesitation. But yet, if we examine the matter closely, we find that, in striking a circle rapidly by the crayon, there must be at least four different muscles set in motion by a single volition; two acting together in different directions at the same time, and all accel-

erating and retarding their motion by peculiar laws. The schoolboy does not stop to consider the physiological or psychological difficulties in the case; but he sees in his mind's eye the curve which he would form, and a single impulse of the will sends the pencil along the waving outline. It is *his* will, working in him and through him, which carries out the action. Just so are we to work out our salvation, remembering that it is God who worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. The overwhelming thought in every case of voluntary action, whether it be the describing of a circle on a blackboard, or a turning from sin to holiness, is this, — that the guidance of God's power is intrusted, is made subject, to our will. It may seem strange to us that God should do this; but the fact that he has done it we demonstrate to ourselves in every step we take. God commands us to repent and be converted. Now, we can repent and turn to him, or else he has commanded us to do an impossibility. We can forsake sin, and do the works of Christian men and women, or else God's requirements are too difficult to be understood and obeyed.

We are away from God and duty: we are straying farther and farther. Shall we wander on until our feet are on the dark mountains, or shall we return? A turning-back is conversion, as its name implies. Of course there must be a change of purpose, a stern resolve, — the highest exercise of the will, — or else there will be no turning-back, no conversion. One implies the other. A truant child, some summer afternoon, leaves its home, and strolls over the fields and along the river. He loosens a boat which he finds from its fastenings, and floats in it down the stream. He does not realize, as he looks at the flowers on the margin and listens to the songs of the birds in the meadows, where he is, or whither he is tending. But at length he comes to himself. No matter what brings him to himself. It may be the coming-on of night; it may be the cry of wild beasts among the trees, which begin to overhang the banks of the river; it may be the sound of a cataract growing more and more distinct and terrible in his ear; it may be the thought of home. It is of

no consequence whether it be one or all of these. There is just one thing for him to do, and he does it. *He turns his boat*, and, with the prow up the stream, he plies the oar like a man, and is saved. The duty of the child in the case supposed is the duty of every one who is conscious that the distance is widening between him and a Father's home. The great difference between the unconverted and the converted man is here, — the one is rowing up stream; the other is floating down. The Christian may make poor progress in his course; his boat, like Virgil's, may oftentimes drift down with the current; but, if he be a true Christian, his hand will always be on the oar, and the prow always turned towards the fountain-head.

The new convert should not expect "his experience," as it is called, will be like that of everybody else, or anybody else. No two faces are alike in any audience; no two trees are alike in the woods, — no two blades of grass in the field. So no two human minds are so constituted as to be affected in the same way by the same truths. It matters not if you cannot tell just when you became a Christian. I do not suppose one Christian in twenty could do it. If we sow a handful of wheat in our garden, we could not tell, though we watched it ever so narrowly, the exact moment when it germinated. But, when we see the waving grain in the autumn, we know it *did* germinate; and that is all we care for.

The young disciple should not expect too much light at once. It will grow brighter with every Christian duty he performs. The Christian life is a sort of mountain-path; and the higher one climbs, the clearer the atmosphere, and the sooner he will see the morning sun. To the adventurous traveller who has ascended to the summit of Mount Blanc, the sun rises earlier and sets later, and *the night therefore is shorter*, than to the peasant who lives in the valley at its base. So is it in the Christian life. Clearness of vision, and firmness of foot, and beauty of prospect, come only to those who have struggled up to the heights, — to the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Conversion may be the work of a moment;

. ·ıuıle in an hour. Character — Christian
.. ın act, but a process; not a sudden crea-
...lopment. It grows and bears fruit like a
ıc a tree, it requires patient care and unwearied

ASCENSION.

Hasten, Lord, the glorious day
When thy children freed from sin,
Glad their Saviour to obey,
To his rest shall enter in.
Christ hath risen, — the night is gone:
Hail the bright ascension-morn!

True to him, with him they rise;
Here like him they bear their cross;
Still, their treasure's in the skies,
Safe from earthly harm and loss.
Christ hath risen, — the night is gone:
Hail the bright ascension-morn!

Faithful to each duty here,
Strong in hope and love and prayer,
What have they to doubt or fear?
For their Lord they do and dare.
Christ hath risen, — the night is gone:
Hail the bright ascension-morn!

What though trials dark and long
Follow to the open grave?
Christ hath risen, he is strong, —
Strong to love, and strong to save.
Christ hath risen, — the night is gone:
Hail the bright ascension-morn!

"NOT ASHAMED OF OUR FAITH."

A SERMON FOR OUR RELIGIOUS TIMES.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." — Rom. i. 16.

I GLADLY accept from St. Paul this measure and defence of the gospel. A religion which is at once a divine power and a saving power is not a religion to be ashamed of. It takes the highest place amongst acknowledged realities. It stands before princes. It does not ask to be tolerated, or to be patronized. Great shall be the company of those that publish it. It shall be known by its fruits. Whispered in the ear at first, it shall presently be proclaimed from the house-tops. The world will not be able to do without it. Science, learning, genius, shall own their Lord, and shall worship and bow down.

It was the fortune of Paul, beyond any of the early teachers of the Church, to stand between Jew and Greek, and to be intrusted with a testimony for the one and for the other: for the Jew, against the charge of heresy and impiety; for the Greek, against the contemptuous sentence which classed the Christian apostle with the herd of superstitious propagandists that infested all the principal cities of the Roman world in that age of moral decay and corruption. He was charged, on the one hand, with infidelity to the faith of the fathers; and he seems to have felt the charge very keenly, and to have done all which prudence suggested, and sincerity did not forbid, to disarm prejudice and prepare the way for his unwelcome truth, — as when he preached first as a Jew to Jews in the synagogue, — until, pressed in the spirit, he testified that Jesus is the Christ. He was charged, on the other hand, with foolishness, as he very frankly tells us, and, as in his discourse on Mars' Hill, he endeavored to find some

point of contact with the Grecian mind, which was almost sure to despise him. Now, he had many ways of discoursing. Sometimes he narrated what he calls his Gospel, — the glad message of the resurrection, the earliest word. You will find it in the 14th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, — the oldest of all the Gospels. Sometimes he described his own wonderful experience; but he loved best to insist upon what the new faith could do. His gospel, he said, was not in word, but in power. It was an argument, the force of which all might be made to feel. That is the end of controversies and of apologies.

It will often happen in the progress of the Christian Church from age to age, that those who would be reckoned Christians will find themselves in a position not unlike that of the apostle. To some good persons they will seem to be heretics; by others they will be accounted bigots, enthusiasts, unwise. Their gospel, some will say, is another gospel, and one of which they ought to be ashamed, if they are not; whilst, to others, most of what is brought forward upon the subject by orthodox and heterodox alike will be greeted only with a bland smile, as beneath the notice of positive science. In such circumstances there can be no better word than this of Paul. There are other words, but I turn to this more than to any other. I am concerned beyond any thing else to be able to say to you, not boastfully, but as a faithful witness, that the gospel, as I am compelled to interpret it in dissent and non-conformity, is none the less to me the power of God unto salvation.

Better than any marshalling of texts, than any appeal to Church history, than any doctrinal discussions, valuable as these may be in their way, will be the question, Is our Gospel saving us? It is no light matter to me to find myself in dissent from the great multitude of Christians. The lack of outward and visible fellowship puts me all the more earnestly upon asking whether I belong to the inward and visible communion, and share in the grace of God which is by Christ Jesus. What ought religion to do for me? and is my religion such a religion? Only because in a humble and yet

hopeful way, not as having attained, but as one who sees a plain path and an open door, and a face of divine encouragement bending over me, am I content to be unchurched of Christendom. Is our gospel a divine power unto salvation? I have no words in which to tell you how searching I would make this question, or with what increasing significance it comes home to me as my days and my ministry go on. I have no words to express my ever-deepening sense of what our religion ought to be to you and me, of what we ought to mean by salvation. I can only inquire upon my knees, as one who confesses the mysteries of God and of the human soul. I can put the question, not as from a curious intellect, but only from my inmost heart, as one who feels the deepest and most abiding necessities of our wonderful nature. I can put the question, not as one about to leave the world, but only as standing in the very midst of the world, with all its joys waiting to be chastened and consecrated, with all its sorrows demanding a loving ministry. Here is a broad, plain question, — a question almost as plain as these, whether we have food to eat, clothes to wear, — Is the whole influence of Christianity upon me and mine, and all who have a right to look to me for help, a saving influence? Are we living near to God? Do we continue in prayer? Is there working in our hearts and lives a divine power, to be recognized at least in its doings, which is superior to spiritual and moral doubt, the infidelities of the soul; superior to passion and the fear of man, able to overcome the world? Is there a Spirit with us, according to the promise of Christ, which does not leave us comfortless, but guides us day by day into the truth, — so that we are not tossed about by the winds of doctrine, but are under a divine authority in matters of faith and practice? Is there a heart in us to love God and to keep his commandments, and to serve his children? Is there a heart in me out of whose abundance I can speak and act? Is there an everlasting life in me, which prophesies immortality, and makes the world to come no realm of ghosts and shadows, but a blessed home? Have we a religion which is worth more to

us than any or all of our possessions, and which we should cheaply retain at the cost of our earthly lives.

This is what the Gospel ought to be. This is what millions of human souls have found it to be, justifying the great words in which the Saviour describes it, and the huge cost at which he gave it to the world. Just so far as one who is in dissent can answer these questions satisfactorily, will he be satisfied that the saving power of God does not work through Christian theology, so much as through Christianity itself; and that there is for every living member of the Church a common faith, which all the creeds and all the catechisms vainly try to express; and which is only revealed, as they need it and use it, to those who, because they are doing the will, are learning the doctrine. The hiding-place of Christian power is Christ himself. He represents and is Christianity. Men differ as to Trinity and Unity, and the power of God passes none the less into their hearts through the person of Christ. One who is not a Trinitarian may yet rejoice to testify, that God in Christ hath reconciled us unto himself, and that Christ in us is the hope of glory.

The Protestant has shown, by centuries of holy living, that the power of Christianity does not reside in what is peculiar to Romanism; and it is for all who are unable to subscribe the catechisms and articles of Protestant Orthodoxy to show, by their steady and practical faith in divine things, that the power of Christianity does not reside in a technical Orthodoxy. I rest in the persuasion, that, if any thing has dropped out of the doctrine, the effect of the loss will appear in the life. I believe that I have found some lost doctrine in this way. Unable, with some, to look for natural science in the Scriptures, finding more or less which gives me pause in the liturgies and the creeds of Christendom, I am not, spite of my scruples, ashamed of my gospel of Christ. I find those in the old Church connections, some of them personal friends, who interpret the Word of God much, if not altogether, as I do, and only retain their good standing, it would seem, because no one cares to challenge them. I think that there is some ground for the declaration of Rev. Dr. Bel-

lows, — you will find it in a sermon which was placed in your pews a few Sundays since, — that it would not surprise him in the least to see, in five years, a thousand American ministers, of all denominations, re-united in a new organization, animated with the very essence of our own ideas and opinions, but clothed in a more emotional, a less purely intellectual, a more external and attractive ritual and worship than we inherited. I am not so hopeful, by half, as he in the matter; but there is truth in what he says. As it seems to me, we can render no encouragement to those who scruple about the old statements of doctrine, and yet, for reasons which they deem sufficient, retain their old connections, like that which will be afforded by the example of a Church as exemplary in its piety and abounding in its good works as liberal in its doctrine. I long and pray for a Christianity so deep and high and large, so comprehensive and so earnest, so tender and so rich, so abundant in the knowledge and love of Christ, that the world shall be content to call us only Christians, or even to say, See how their freedom from the burdens of a metaphysical theology has made it all the more possible for them to grow in goodness. In one sentence of Dr. Bellows's sermon, I entirely agree with him. He says, "We really want neither Trinitarianism nor Unitarianism, but only true Christianity. The Trinitarian and the Unitarian divide the real Saviour between them: the Trinitarian goes off with Christ the God, and the Unitarian with Jesus the man; and both lose Jesus Christ, who is God in man." I say I agree with him, and yet these doctrinal statements have no interest whatever for me, compared with any word, old or new, coming from whatsoever quarter, which will make my consecration to God more complete, my measure of the Christian spirit more abundant, my heart richer for all Christian utterance and for all Christian work.

My creed satisfies me, I am willing to confess, better than the use I have put it to. I am not inclined to boast of my liberal ideas; rather am I ashamed because of my small measure of Christianity. Sometimes our friends are moved, as they think, by the spirit of prophecy, and predict for us

changes of opinion, position, and the like. If it were only as easy to predict, and to insure a more uncompromising and zealous Christianity. And why should it not be?

And now I have only time to say before I close, that in commending the gospel to those who have it not, or who seem to me to have it not, it would be by no means the least of my reliances to set it forth as the only power of God unto salvation. The world must have a religion, because the world has a heart, — bread from heaven, truth, love, light, a personal God, a spirit to help human infirmity, a revelation of another life, a heart to do God's work, and to bear God's will in these places of care. It cannot live long without the supernatural: it must not only believe that God is, but also that he is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him. It has enjoyed, since Christ's coming, a positive faith in divine things, immeasurably beyond any thing which was vouchsafed before, — that is the fact, explain it as you will; and we shall find that this faith shall live and grow, in the multitude of cases, and as a rule to which there will be few exceptions, only when and where the Spirit that Christ sends into the world leads the mind into truth, and lifts the heart into prayer. The world may forget for a time, — it is forgetting now, but it will only be for a time, — that he who gathereth not with Christ, scattereth.

You know how tolerant Christ was. He was so, because he was so strong; because he knew that we had such great need of him. "He that is not against us is on our part," he said, and "Forbid him not; for there is no man, which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me." Wait a little, he seems to say, with that divine patience, — wait, and uncompelled, undenounced, they shall come to me, the only Light that never grows dim, the only Name whereby men can be saved, the only fountain of living waters.

We are told, that the Unitarian movement logically, and therefore inevitably, issues in the simplest humanitarian Christianity, without so much as a miracle to cast about it a halo of mystery. Let time decide that, along with so much else; but, however this may be, there is also a counter-movement.

There are those who long, as the heart panteth for the water-brooks, for more of the life of God. They love the sweet words and the gracious works of Jesus. They worship his *divine character*. They sit at the feet of the man of God. They follow him in his blessed charities. They make a nice distinction, perhaps, between Jesus and the Christ; but they rejoice to be called Christians. They keep his commandments, because they love the Master in sincerity. And now let me, too, play the prophet: let me say, that the old word of benediction shall be fulfilled, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." As they look, their faith shall grow by what it feeds upon. As they follow him, they shall be amazed like the disciples of old. The divine shall shine through the human, as on the Mount of Transfiguration; the light of the glory of God in the face of their man Jesus. They shall hear him forgiving sins, — their own sins, perhaps, — and shall ask, Who is this that forgiveth sins also? They shall hear his sweet "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," — peace from the bosom of God. And his name shall again be Wonderful; the miracles which could not be grounds of faith shall become objects of faith, and unto the increase of faith; and once more, as in the blessed days of trusting childhood, they shall see the broken tomb, and Mary kneeling at the feet of the risen Christ, and the cloud that half veils, half reveals, the vanishing Lord; and, from that day onward, he shall be not only the man Jesus, but Christ their life; and it shall be the dearest hope of their hearts, that, when he shall appear, they may appear with him in glory.

A MAN must bring a serious mind to this work. He must come before God with sincere earnestness, deep humility, and hearty sorrow for his sins, and with a deliberate and firm resolution not to enter any more into the old, broad way of vanity. And though the whole world should account him a fool, and he should lose both honor and goods — nay, and the temporal life also — for the sake of his new choice, yet he must resolve firmly to abide by it. — *Behmen.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXIX.

WARUM BETRÜBST DU DICH, MEIN HERZ?

[By Hans Sachs, the famous shoemaker poet, about the middle of the sixteenth century.]

Why dost thou vex thyself, my heart?
Why discontented with thy part
Of this world's transient good?
Thy trust be in thy God alone;
For earth and heaven are all his own.

He will not take his presence back;
He knows full well what thou dost lack,
And where thy burdens press:
Thy Father and thy God, he still
Stands by thee in extremest ill.

The foolish boast their golden dust;
In God I meekly put my trust,
With slender means content:
There rests with me the joyous thought, —
Who bide in him can lack in nought.

O God! thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast shown thyself alway;
That is my stay and staff.
Give me but wealth within the breast,
And scatter as thou wilt the rest.

From what must waste I well can part;
With the Everlasting in my heart,
The world's vain lusts flit by;
They offer but a short success,
And lead no step to blessedness.

O Lord, my God! all praise to thee,
That, through thy Son, thou call'st e'en me,
Thy saving health to share.
My spirit fast to thee engage,
And make thyself my heritage!

XXX.

VON GOTT WILL ICH NICHT LASSEN.

[Written by Ludwig Hembold, during the Plague at Erfurth, in 1563.]

FROM God I will not sever,
Since he doth ne'er forsake;
But keep the faith for ever
That sacred promise spake.
He reaches me his hand;
He grants his aid and warning
At night as in the morning,—
This well I understand.

When human love and favor
Grow cold, or turn aside,
His kindness will not waver,
While we in him confide.
He helps in all our straits,
Redeems from prison-places,
Sets free from all disgraces,
And snatches from death-gates.

To him will I commit me,
When I am sorely pressed;
E'en then he will permit me
A refuge and a rest.
Confided to him still
Be body, soul, and living,
And life that is his giving;
Do with them what he will!

Praise Him with souls and voices
Who filleth to the brim:
How every hour rejoices
That gives its heart to him!
So use we well the time:
Then shall our joy be telling,
Here in this earthly dwelling,
And more in the upper clime.

N. L. F.

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER VI. — SOUL AND BODY.

I NEVER had the greatest respect for the man who always has at hand some favorite theory, which, like a portable foot-rule, he can slip out of his pocket, and tell you the exact measure of the world at any time. I am apt to fancy that the world is somewhat larger than he imagines, and has more in it to minister to humility and awe.

Yet the rage of explanation is very common, in spite of ridiculous weaknesses to which it has led. The force of system is the veritable hydrostatic press, where a slender column of theory balances tons of absurdity. If, to one bent upon elucidating every thing by the sole principle of benevolence, you object that the wolf eats the lambs, — "Ah, yes!" he replies, "without doubt he eats them, and herein shines the goodness of Providence; for the lambs are eaten when they are young and fat; they thus escape sickness and old age. If they were reasonable creatures, and foresaw the future, they would, in dying, bless their carnivorous benefactors." How much more sensible is it to confess, that there are some things which we do not understand!

It is not at all my meaning, that this confession should worry us, or give us the least wish to be beating our brains against dark corners which have been harder than all human heads ever since the world began. Around such questions as the origin of evil, the freedom of the will, the fore-knowledge of God, there seems to have been a strange fascination, akin to that longing sometimes felt on the tops of monuments and towers, to throw one's self headlong below; though I suspect that, in both cases, he who yields to it finds he has not proved much beyond his own daring and folly.

The truth is, these grand mysteries lie along our mental horizon like mountains. It is good for us to have them there. They show us our littleness; they fill us with emotions of

sublimity; they give us exalted conceptions of Him to whom they "are very little things;" and I hardly know who furnishes the most evidence of not having a truly sane mind, — he who tries to prove there is no mountain there, or he who sets to work with his pickaxe and spade to shovel it away.

It was in the interchange of some of these thoughts, that Arthur and I, one afternoon, had a walk in the woods behind his house. The leaves had assumed those thousand-colored tints which mark the decline of the year; the golden rod, cardinal flower, and aster displayed their bright colors along our path, while the distant field and hill-sides were wreathed with that airy gauze which sometimes gives to our autumnal scenery almost the softness of an Italian landscape. Perhaps it was the influences of the season, perhaps the remembrance of the late bereavement, that gave a direction to our talk.

Arthur. — Among those mysteries to which we have just alluded is the mystery, that we are brought into such a connection with matter that the soul is temporarily imprisoned in this body of earth. Here too, you know, some men must have a theory, and so they talk about our suffering here for the sins of some pre-existent state; though even that seems to me less improbable than the notion of others, that it was originally intended we should live here for ever. How flesh and blood could stand an eternal wear and tear is not quite apparent; to say nothing of the fact, that the solid matter of the globe itself might in time fail to furnish sufficient substance for so many bodies of undying beings. But I dare say the advocates of these opinions find ways of getting over these slight difficulties; at any rate, will try to do it, rather than stand silent before this mystery, saying, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Neighbor. — That lurch of opinion which assumed that mind is an attribute of matter is, I believe, fast passing away.

Arthur. — And little merit was there, as it seems to me, in abandoning it. Who can praise very highly the discrimination that fails to see the difference between the indivisible, self-acting, reasoning, loving, aspiring, limitless soul, and the divisible, inert, unconscious, gravitating, and bounded matter?

Neighbor. — It is for this reason we must regret that our lan-

guage is so much founded on a materialistic basis; for we say our eyes see, our ears hear, our fingers touch, when we know that they can do nothing of this kind. How much better would it have been, had our language expressed the exact truth, that it is the soul which sees, hears, touches, through the bodily organs.

Arthur. — Ah, well! if the making of language was to be done now, there are many things that would be changed; and, after all, a reflecting mind is no more deceived by what you refer to, than by the phrase, "the sun rises and sets." But language itself gives us a hint, you know, that the soul is restrained and fettered by the body. We all feel what an imperfect communication between two souls is this reverberation of air. We are conscious of having burning thoughts and emotions which seem cold and spiritless as expressed in the best word that can be found; and how often can we find no right word at all! What is the poet's struggle but the effort of the soul to give an adequate outward sign of the conception of truth and beauty which is so resplendent within? Why is adoration, in its highest form, so speechless, if not because no words can utter the soul's emotions of gratitude and love?

And then, on the other hand, scarcely less suggestive is the fact of the soul's occasional independence of the need of speech. Two lovers read each other's heart merely by a look. Two minds of a kindred genius require hardly a word to suggest a whole volume of meaning. If we suppose their two bodies suddenly destroyed, and their souls, surviving, to be immediately together, these might have more perfect communication with each other without any mediation of tongue or eye.

In both cases then, in our stammering modes of utterance, and when we know each other without utterance at all, what a conception we seem forced to have of something distinct from the prison-house of the body, and boundlessly greater than that!

Did you ever look into the eye, so human, of an elephant, and imagine a human soul imprisoned in that unwieldly mass? The distinction between soul and body came home pretty strong then. What is there, except our familiarity with the human body, that should make this seem less a prison of the soul?

Neighbor. — It may be said, you know, that the human body is a better organization; yet there is no reason to suspect, that it is any thing else than a more delicate arrangement of the same corruptible elements of bones and flesh and blood.

Arthur. — And, then, how is the general position we are now looking at fortified, by considering that there are in the soul ideas which lie back of all phenomena of the body, and which none of these seem to suggest! Such is our idea of the Infinite, which no familiarity with finite things appears to create; our idea of the Perfect, which no accumulation of imperfects can form; our idea of Right, which no induction originates; our idea of Causality, which no succession of events inspires. It is, I think, by no devious process that we feel that these things place the soul in relations above time and sense, and intimate a nature and destiny differing from those of the body.

Neighbor. — They seem like that harmony which existed before your musical instrument was made, and will never die, even after that instrument be broken. And, as we grow older, I suspect this thought more and more comes to us. In youth, animal life almost overlays the spiritual, of which we become more conscious as bodily forces abate.

> "The soul's frail mansion, battered and decayed,
> Lets in the light through chinks which time hath made."

Arthur. — "A bridge," says an author I was reading to-day, "shows the space between me and the world of matter; but, of the two banks joined by this bridge, that where I am is the most real: the other may possibly be a mirage, but verity must be here." And, if we look to the metaphysicians, I suppose they will tell us that it is harder to prove the existence of matter, than that of spirit. How much do we suffer ourselves to be deluded, if we deem matter so solid, and spirit so unsubstantial; and only once in a while wake up to see, not that we *have* souls, but that we *are* souls, and beside these there is nothing else that is not a transitory shadow!

Neighbor. — Do you remember the confession of the heroic apostle, "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell"? I suppose that all heroism sometimes lifts one up to a like uncertainty.

Arthur. — Yes: men for a moment seem to overcome the limitations of the body, and to forget it. So does the poet in the hour of his ecstacy; so does the loving friend, who lives with the absent and far distant one, and, for a moment, can hardly persuade himself that he is not there; so does the astronomer, as his thought

flies from one planetary world to another; so does the martyr, who, at the stake, is insensible to all pain; so does the Christian, who, in his rapt devotion, feels as if he was even now bowing before the shining throne, with the Lamb, and the elders, and the golden harps, and the vials full of odors. When we think of these things, it does not seem to be the highest exercise of reason to call in question the distinction between soul and body.

Neighbor. — And, once possessed of that distinction, immortality is not so hard to believe.

Arthur. — The mystery of mysteries is, as before said, that we are in this body of flesh at all. Our separation from it seems not only possible, but probable. Why should the prisoner perish because his prison-walls are taken away?

At this point, Arthur seemed inclined to glance at some of the intimations of immortality; but I felt obliged to remind him of the approach of the evening air, and of his cough, which has already awakened our anxiety. He told me, that the next day a party of neighbors and friends proposed to pass the afternoon at the glen, a place I have before described; and, if I would accompany him, we might have a side chance to carry on a little further the conversation here interrupted.

READER, who lovest God, if thou wilt use this book aright, and art in good earnest, thou shalt certainly find the benefit thereof; but I desire thou mayest be warned (if thou art not in earnest) not to meddle with the dear names of God, in which and by which the Most High Holiness is named, stirred, and most powerfully desired, lest they kindle the anger of God in thy soul; for we must not abuse the holy names of God. This little book is only for those that would fain repent, and are in a desire to begin. Both sorts will find what manner of words are therein, and whence they are born. Be ye herewith commended to the eternal goodness and mercy of God. — *Behmen.*

PERFECTION.

In the Sermon on the Mount, our Saviour laid down for us no less a standard than perfection. That sermon, which has been the fruitful source of so many discourses, and indeed contains in itself all the righteous sermons since delivered and to be delivered, fell upon the Jewish ears with a stunning force of paradox. Its principles quite reversed their precepts, poured contempt on all their pride, and pointed out sources of happiness hitherto unknown, or known only to be despised. To this day, that precept to which we have now especially adverted has remained a paradox, running counter to general Christian profession and alleged experience. Christians generally admit sin to be insuperable in the present state of being; and in their temple-worship they continually proclaim to God their own unworthiness and vileness. With some, this strain of homage is, no doubt, the voice of a deep consciousness. With others, it sometimes seems to indicate an idea, that God, like an Eastern despot, likes to have his worshippers grovel in the dust before him; degrading the subject to exalt the Sovereign. It is sometimes a painful spectacle, as if a thoughtless insult to Him who has created and redeemed us. Does it not somewhat reflect upon the Sovereign himself, to inform him that even his works of grace are so alloyed? Does the praying Christian forget that he is God's own workmanship, both initially and much more by the transformation of the spirit? Such homage, when the sincere breathing of a bruised spirit, is fit to move the tears of the speaker and hearer. When, on the other hand, it appears to be dictated by a magnifying of God through the belittlement and slander of man, his workmanship, it is painfully counter to good taste; and, when it smacks of cant, it is repulsive to the spectator, and cannot be acceptable to God. Does the worshipper really believe his own exhibition of himself? If even his fellow-man should take him at his word, would he not be bitterly affronted?

The Saviour's precept, however paradoxical, is so explicit, clear, and demonstrable as to be almost self-evident.

So far as the past record goes, does not the blood of Jesus Christ cleanse from all sin? If so, it renders the past lily-pure, — pure as he is pure. And, if not, then the atonement is at fault. And, if it fails partially, it is a total failure; for a sinner only partially redeemed cannot be admitted into heaven, where nothing can enter which defileth in the least degree.

So, too, of the future. If the grace of God in Christ is insufficient to enable us to live without sin, then the grace is incomplete, and our redemption is at fault. Nay, more: if we cannot live without sinning, then a sin which is compulsory we are not to blame for, and it is no sin. It is evident, therefore, that we can live without sin, if we take refuge in the Ark of Safety, and lay hold on all that help which Christ has provided for us.

It is evident, also, that we reproach Christ if we say he requires of us more than we can accomplish. He has presented the standard of perfection: would it be righteous and benevolent for him to thus exact of us, if compliance were out of our power? Nay, if this were so, then perfection itself is satisfied at a lower rate; for a man who does as well as he can, does all that can be justly demanded of him, and is, in fact, perfect.

The only way to escape this reasoning is to qualify the Scripture by some imaginarily and arbitrarily supposed tacit reservation. We think such a course of Bible exposition is liable to the anathema pronounced against the adding to, or taking from, the Word of God.

But what is perfection?

It has degrees. A shell on the sea-shore is as perfect as a solar system or a galaxy; but it is not as large. If we are perfect as God, our perfection is finite, and his infinite.

It is progressive. Gabriel is a greater being now than he was in the days of Abraham. There is no standstill in perfection. The perfect Christian is on the advance, — a pilgrim ascending that ladder which Jacob saw reaching from heaven to earth, and he is every day nearer to God. A Christian who had got his growth would be so far from perfect, that he

would be a dead thing without any Christian vitality; for, with the Christian, to live is to attain, to advance. This "one thing I do," says Paul: "forgetting the things that are behind, I press on to those which are before."

Perfection, again, is God's work, and not man's. In all human achievement, the divine agency is still so vastly out of proportion, that the contributive work of man seems slight indeed. This is in the natural world. The husbandman ploughs the ground; but who made the ground? Who made the oxen? Who made the wood and iron shaped into the plough? Who made the ploughman himself? Who ministers to him the strength he must put forth in the work? All this is so great, that the effort of man seems small indeed. Yet that effort is man's own, given by God to the free human will, and made the condition of the result. This smaller quantity is lost sight of by the fatalists, who make puppets of themselves in error of intellect or the mistaken hope of pleasing God. An opposite class impute all to this human element, losing sight of the preponderating divine agency. It is to correct these that we are told in the word of God, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." It was this self-glorification that unmanned Nebuchadnezzar, and degraded him to the rank of the irrational brute till seven times passed over his head.

The perfect man glories in God, not in himself; for he knows that his righteousness is Christ's, imputed, and thereby imparted, to him, that, in his goodness, it is God that works in him both to will and to do of his good pleasure. He does not say, "Behold this mighty Babylon that *I* have built!" but, rather, "Behold this work of grace that God hath wrought!" Still he does not ignore his own contributive agency, but, consciously alive to his God-imparted strength, his freedom and power of will, he puts forth his strength, and co-operates with God.

The perfect man, in the next place, does not know his own perfection. He thinks so much of God, that he thinks little of himself. A few persons I have known intimately in

whom I could find no fault, but everybody thought more of them than they did of themselves. They did not count that they had already attained. Humility is itself the crown-jewel of perfection, and humility is not self-conscious. Paul was perfect, but he did not stop to count upon it: he "pressed on to the things which are before." Those perfectionists who announce, "I am perfect," furnish evidence of their own frailty, and discredit their profession.

The perfect man is so vigilant against the heart, which he knows to be deceitful above all things, that he dare not trust its testimony in behalf of his perfection. He fears it is overweening; he dreads callousness of conscience; he thinks his self-satisfaction arises from losing sight of the higher heights which ever open up in grandeur and glory in the blue serene above him. The perfect man is a watcher; and his constant prayer is to the Searcher of hearts, to show him if there be any wicked way in him, and lead him in the life everlasting.

Again: the perfect man is not delivered from propensity to sin. Christ was without sin; but he was not without propensity to sin; for he was tempted in all points like as we are. Paul was a perfect man in his degree: yet the thorn in the flesh gave him anguish, and he exclaimed, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

No man is so perfect as to be safe from temptation. It lurks for him at the next corner, and endangers his spiritual life. It presents evil thoughts and evil lures to him. It is nearest when seeming farthest off. When the soul has but now been soaring in devotion, there is danger, as it sinks from its flight, that Satan will enter into it. The man who constitutes himself perfectly safe, and relaxes his guard or throws away his weapons and armor, is sure to fall into sin.

In considering the doctrine of perfection, it is necessary carefully to discriminate between sinful propensity and sinful practice. To merely be tempted to do wrong, to have evil thoughts offer themselves, or evil lures solicit, is not sin. If we could not resist such temptation, then duress would be a good plea, and irresistible sin would be no sin. This would

be proportionably true if these temptations could be only partially resisted; for, to the extent of impossible resistance, the forced wrong would not be sin, since only free agents can commit sin.

This is the evil of preaching up the impossibility of perfect sinlessness. Bad men hear good men accounting themselves vile; and, taking them at their word, they suppose them no better, regard holiness as impracticable, and content themselves to grovel in moral degradation.

To say that we cannot be perfect is a libel upon God, and a license more or less to commit sin. It discourages us to expect to live without sinning, or to believe we can so live; and in this respect, as a man thinketh, so is he: he cannot accomplish what he believes beyond his power, and useless to endeavor. Consequently, where this hopelessness of virtue is preached up, the moral standard is not high, and the Christianity is gross with alloy. We fear there are many who, at the judgment, will find their faith tried by their works, and will incur condemnation because they unnerved their strength with sluggish ease in a debased moral standard of possible excellence.

This doctrine of perfection is inculcated by the beloved disciple, and gives the key to the First Epistle of John. In the eighth verse of the first chapter, he says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Here, we take it, he refers to sinful propensity, and not to sinful indulgence. Or perhaps it refers to the past record, and is another rendering of the tenth verse intended to be expository of it, — "If we say that *we have not sinned*, we make him a liar, and the truth is not in us." We take it both statements are true of the perfect man, and that he is a wretched fanatic, who does not recognize that he was once a sinner, and still is liable to sinful propensities. That it does not imply that a Christian indulges sin is very obvious from the third chapter. In the fifth verse it is written, "And we know that he was manifested to take away our sins." The sixth verse says, "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him.

Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin because he is born of God."

John thus clearly states, that, while the man who says historically that he has not sinned, or denies that he has propensities, liabilities, or temptations to sin, either intentionally falsifies, or is blinded to holiness; yet, on the other hand, the man who professes conversion, and still sins, is a deceiver, or himself deceived. The divine lineage into which he has thus been born through faith in Christ transmutes his tastes and affections, so that he must love godliness and loathe sin, do righteousness and detest iniquity. Sin now contravenes his nature, jars upon his spirit, and tortures his sensibilities. Some commentators limit such sin to known sin. But, where there are means of recognizing sin, ignorance is itself sin. Others restrict the sin, intended in the passages cited, to habitual sin. They say a regenerate man may occasionally fall into sin; but it will be so at war with his new nature that he cannot go on in sin. Others again refer the passage to a completed sanctification, which they regard as begun, but not perfected here.

We shall not insist that those who have faults or foibles, or who even fall into grievous sin, may not be Christians. This would be constituting ourselves their judge, while "to their own master they must stand or fall." What we do claim is, that it is possible wholly to avoid sinning, not sinful propensity, but sinful indulgence and practice. The atonement for sin is ample. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin." It is not an imperfect remedy. The grace of Christ, the Holy Spirit, Israel's Keeper who neither slumbers nor sleeps, — these are not inadequate agencies, but completely effectual, if a man will fully avail himself of them, to wholly guard and protect from sinning. This proposition is so clear, that to doubt it seems an imputation upon God and a sacrilege. To doubt it is to enervate Chris-

tian energy, unman Christian effort, put to sleep Christian vigilance. To recognize it is to raise up the man to the full stature of his God-given strength, and place him shoulder to shoulder with those Christian heroes to whom the Scripture seems applicable, "I said, Ye are gods."

We have thus sought to vindicate the possibility of Christian perfection, to insist upon it as a clearly attainable duty to which we would bid every child of God apply himself. We have even claimed, that there are, in observation and experience, specimens of men seemingly perfect; and we have pointed out some of the characteristics by which such may be distinguished. We add yet one more badge of perfection, — instancy in prayer. The perfect man breathes ever — without ceasing, in season and out of season, in the closet, at the home and conference and temple-altar — that vital air without which holiness cannot exist. He prays in a heart's desire bearing ever upward, indicting his thoughts, touching his lips, as occasion offers, with fervid utterance, nerving his hand to charities, illumining his look and gesture and deed with a heavenly halo of love, shining into all hearts as an unmistakable Christian light which cannot be hid in a darkened world, sanctifying his whole mind and body and spirit, and rendering his body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.

The perfect man knows what prayer is, as he knows what breath is; and he will not cease from one till he discontinues the other.

Finally, there is another most pleasing mark by which the perfect man is distinguished, — his end: "Behold the perfect man, and mark the upright! for the end of that man is peace." — "His last days are his best days."

The end is the crowning perfection of the beautiful and good. *Finis coronat opus.* Perfection does not wane out of existence. Its close breaks into a sunset of glory, bursts into stars like the culminated rocket, shoots forth the brightest beam in parting, like the consuming candle. Its end is thus fair and full of peace, because it is not its end, but, in truth, a grander beginning. In its setting, it soars to another existence, and "flames in the forehead of the morning skies."

"If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."*

It is that which makes the natural type so affectingly beautiful in its setting. Otherwise we could have no heart to mark the perfect man in his end. We could gaze at no sunset, we could watch no withering flower, no pining bloom, no waning existence. It would be the blackness of despair for ever. But now that death is a door opening up a new, joyous, expansive existence, which, though our eyes fail to penetrate, yet our hearts' awakened sentiment discerns; therefore doth a glory play about the parting hour of the perfect man, and lend to his brow and eye a halo of peace and preternatural beauty.

We are aware that the train of reasoning we have pursued is ordinarily opposed by holding up to view the perfect law of God, demanding, as it does, divine love to the extent of mind, soul, and strength; and the Christian is challenged to point to a day or hour when he is sure he has come up to this requirement.

If he has not done it, however, that does not invalidate our position, which is merely that it is in his power to do it. And the correctness of this position is manifestly implied by the very statement of the divine law; for, otherwise, that must require us to love God *beyond* our mind and soul and strength, whereas the requirement is only commensurate with our ability. As to the challenge, no Christian ought to take up the gauntlet; for that would render him judge in his own cause, instead of his loving Master and Saviour. Doubtless many a trembling saint, who dares not exonerate himself of culpability, is acquitted by the approving smile of his tender and considerate Judge. The Christian himself ought to be diffident of his attainment, and ever anxious after perfection, that, having done all, he may stand. He should watch now, for he is among perils and foes. He should not take his rest now, but work ere the night cometh, and labor to enter into that rest which *remaineth* to the people of God.

R. F. F.

* William Ellery Channing, the poet.

RANDOM READINGS.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY.

PERHAPS it is not wise to question the genuineness of the sympathy proffered to us by the English nobility in our great national bereavement. But when those *thirteen thousand prisoners* at Andersonville were being murdered, or starved to death, and as many more at Richmond, Salisbury, and Danville; when the loyal people of East Tennessee were shot down on their own hearth-stones, or before their doors, in presence of their wives and children; when the colored prisoners of Fort Pillow after surrender were butchered with English guns and bayonets; when loyal men throughout Dixie were hunted into caves by bloodhounds, or hung upon the limbs of trees; and when all this was within the nation which Mr. Gladstone said was "created" by Jefferson Davis, it strikes us that English sympathy would have come with as much propriety and grace, and very likely would have prevented the great wickedness which only consummated these barbarities. Jefferson Davis was eulogized by the English minister with plaudits, and "Hear, hear!" Mr. Lincoln was scorned, and jeered at. The portraits of each were exhibited; one as the finished gentleman, the other as an outlandish boor. If Mr. Lincoln's assassination had been a great success, and Southern independence had been achieved thereby, we should have had small condolence from the English nobility, who, for three years, had been the patrons of pirates, of the murderers of helpless prisoners, and the robbers of graves. It alters the case when the "nation" which Jefferson Davis "created" has crumbled in pieces, and the finished gentleman is running from the gallows disguised in petticoats; when the nation preserved by Abraham Lincoln comes strong and whole out of the storm of battle; when four millions of slaves drop their fetters at his word, and emerge into the glorious prerogatives of manhood; when the true and the good everywhere rise up to call him blessed, and a great people is weeping tears of love and sorrow over his

bier. We hope none of us will be again deceived, or suppose that the English aristocracy, whether in our prosperity or adversity, regard us with any thing but aversion and hate. But, for the sake of the English *people*, on whose mighty heart we have leaned for sympathy all through our great agony, let us strive after peace, and maintain it. And when *their* struggle comes on apace, when their day of emancipation and enfranchisement into all the prerogatives of English freemen is drawing nigh, may the heart of the republic beat with them, — the republic whose cause they have cheered on in its hour of peril as the cause of universal liberty and the sacred rights of mankind! S.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

Lines of railway are being established in Asia Minor. It sounds oddly to read of them as connecting places once reached by the bleeding feet of the apostles. Think of Paul and John as going from Ephesus to Smyrna in the first-class express-train! They could do that if they lived in these days. There has lately been opened to public travel a railway about fifty miles long between these two cities. Anglican enterprise is at the bottom of this undertaking. Spacious station-houses have been erected, and a hope is cherished of developing a large traffic; but at present a single daily train renders sufficient accommodation.

In zeal for missionary labor, no class of Christians equals the Roman Catholic; and few persons who have visited the College of the *Propaganda*, in Rome, where almost every language spoken on the face of the earth is taught to those in training for missionary life, will forget the impression there derived of the earnest and almost ubiquitous efforts of that Church. It says, that in Judea alone it employs no less than 2,056 Italian priests, of whom 490 are Jesuits, 442 Capuchins, and 215 are Franciscans.

If one should undertake to describe all the strange and, in some senses, cruel customs that are still observed in the old cities of Europe, the inheritance of former ages, we might obtain a very lively idea of our good fortune in this country in escaping the past. A French paper says, that, in Berlin, apothecaries are still forbidden to prepare medical prescriptions for sick Jews. It adds, that

the privileges of that noble corporation would be forfeited by non-compliance with this prohibition. Berlin has ten thousand Hebrew inhabitants, some of whom are persons of great distinction. Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn and Neander, who were of Jewish extract, were from that city; and what names of eminent men grace its annals! — Hegel, Humboldt, Schleiermacher, Ranke, Ritter, Fichte, Schelling, and a list too long to quote, and quite too long not to leave us in wonder that the abolition of the above-named inherited restriction has not years ago been effected.

In "Notes of Travel in 1862–3," by Francis Galton, just published in London, there is an interesting account of a large female school in Beyrout. It has, he says, no less than four hundred pupils, married women and girls. They are studying the English, French, and Arabic languages; and, what seems to be of still greater consequence, they are taught useful lessons relating to a practical and energetic management of the affairs of domestic life according to European ideas on this subject. The writer says, that "nowhere has the experiment of female education in the East been tried with more thorough success." He says that a sight of the pupils in this school was of deep interest. Their countenances betokened all the races of the East, — Greek, Moslem, and Christian; and, as they sat side by side with those of a hostile creed, the lesson of a kindly and respectful tolerance was not the least important which they learned.

No city in Europe excels Rome as a nest of superstitious signs, sayings, oracles, and fears. These always flourish where there is little rational belief; and, besides, many old pagan observances survive there to this day. Among these, some mystic sibylline words have strange power. A writer in Rome, whose letter in the "Independence Belge" we have just read, affords an illustration. "Just now," he says, "the minds of many are exercised by the belief that the sybilline expression, *crux crucis*, applies to the present times. *Cross of the cross*, — what do those mystic words mean? Some whisper, with fear, that the papacy and the Catholic Church are about to be crucified by the hands of Victor Emanuel and his soldiers; though, as they hope, these institutions will then rise again with renovated power. Others exultingly interpret the phrase as implying, that the present hope has proved a cross of the cross, — a bad ruler, who has brought every thing to disgrace and ruin. Here is an ambiguity worthy sibylline fame.

We find, in "L' Opinione" of Turin, in the last month, an interesting article, based on information received directly from Rome, touching the prospect of the pope's remaining in that city after the withdrawal of the French troops. It seems, that all sorts of discussions on this subject abounded. It is evident, that there is already a clear foresight of the sure triumph of the patient and waiting policy of the Italian Government, and a wide-spread conviction that the papal power is destined to occupy a still lower place in the coming history of the world. What will become of it? Shall it seek some other seat? To what place can it go? Venice, Austria, Bavaria, France, Spain, the Balearic Isles, Malta, Regusa, have all been named; but it is already known that large places do not want to receive such an element of disturbance as the papal court would constitute, and small ones would feel themselves suffocated by its reception. It is supposed, that the reactionary Catholic party in France would give a cordial welcome to the pope as an instrument of excitement in that country against the liberalizing tendencies of the present Government, and in the hope of an accession of power to the waning influence of Catholicism. In the midst of all this discussion, the "Unita Catholica," the organ of the Roman court, expresses the opinion, that, after all, the pope will remain where he is, and shape the future in the best way he can.

The indifference to sanitary regulations evinced by many municipal corporations seems oftentimes no better than deliberate and wholesale murder. When it is known, for a certainty, that hundreds of deaths may be avoided, and yet the requisite conditions are not complied with, the hands of civic functionaries are red with blood. The little sensibility which officials in many places show on this subject is one of the most amazing spectacles of the times. Illustrations of diminished mortality by sanitary reforms are not wanting, and the city of Paris presents one quite worth considering. Within the last fifteen years, the French capital has been greatly changed. Old and overcrowded blocks of dwellings have been demolished, and pure air has been admitted into many close neighborhoods by opening broad streets and public squares. Better tenements have been provided for the poor, who now enjoy, in many instances for the first time, the comforts of pure water and good drainage. What are the consequences? We see them stated in the "Journal de la Société de Statistique" as follows:

"From 1845 to 1849 there was one death to every 32 inhabitants; from 1850 to 1854 there was one death to every 34 inhabitants; from 1855 to 1859 there was one death to every 35 inhabitants; from 1860 to 1863 there was one death to every 40 inhabitants. In 1845 there were 31 deaths in every 1,000 inhabitants; while in 1864 there were but 25 deaths in that number of inhabitants making an annual saving, by sanitary means, of six lives in every 1,000, or of 1,200 in the entire population of Paris. That city has a death-rate but a little higher than the average of the whole of France, and considerably less than other French cities less careful of sanitary provisions, — such as Marseilles, Rouen, and Lille. Happily, what was announced as the Russian plague proves to be no "pest" in the proper sense of that word, but only a more fatal form than usual of typhus fever, induced, especially among the poor, by a season of unusual severity. We have neighborhoods in our American cities, new as they are, filled, through filth, with the seeds of disease; and, if our cities are not ravaged by a plague, their ordinary mortality is increased by a guilty municipal neglect.

THE last number of the London "Eclectic Review" (in the interest of the Evangelical Churches of England) has an article upon "The History of Rationalism," the title of a recent book by W. E. H. Lecky. It says, that, in all our condemnation of rationalism, we ought not to forget how much we owe to it. If it has impaired our faith in the miraculous, it has annihilated our belief in magic and witchcraft. If it has narrowed the domain of theology, it has purged away from it the old doctrine of Hell, which, for so long a time, was its central and awful fact, and has brought religion up into a kingdom of purer motive and power. If it has caused prerogatives to wane, and made the toe of the peasant tread on the heel of the courtier, it has carried a practical utilitarianism into politics, which are no longer a mystery and a sham, but a blessing to the nation. The origin of rationalism is traced to the inquisitive, utilitarian, and mechanical spirit of Europe, which has become diffused through all classes; so that, the reviewer says, "Sit down with almost any man, by your fireside, and throw out upon his soul the grappling-irons of close speech; and the ninety-nine chances against one are, that, when you expect to find a Christian, you have caught a rationalist." As to the cure, he says, "Our receipt is assuredly neither in putting a padlock on the human mind nor

in terrifying it by old expedients of the horrors of a world to come. Our only faith, next to the faith in the word of eternal truth, is in the education of the whole man, — conscience, mind, will, and heart. The impenetrable mystery which lies at the root of every thing should compel the reason to put its finger upon its lip, and reverently to kneel and adore." We think that all this is quite remarkable. The extent to which the spirit of rationalism has invaded the circle from which the writer speaks is very significant; and the spirit of this review we welcome with equal surprise and pleasure. M.

NOTES IN THE HOSPITALS.

In my official visits to the camps and hospitals, I sometimes meet with incidents which may be of interest to the readers of your Magazine. Indeed, as I see its familiar face on the shelves of their libraries, I feel bound to tell you how much good you are in this way doing to thousands of our suffering soldiers. I am confident that it meets the wants of that large number, who, in the course of this war, have broken away from the gloomy walls of Calvinism, but will not rush into the mire of neology. They like still the good old path of an authoritative faith, and accept cordially your motto, "The Church heareth none but Christ."

I found at Readville a library of seven hundred and fifty volumes, but a dearth of good reading of a religious character. I hope they may soon be supplied with your Magazine, as well as other of our publications suited to their needs and tastes. I saw there no tracts of any kind, and but a meagre collection of valuable books. They are eager for such matter; and, if the hospital is continued, I hope some of our liberal friends will soon supply this want. They lack many of those aids furnished our soldiers so generously at most other hospitals, such as National and State maps, war maps, and a supply of stationery. Few imagine how much delight it affords these toil-worn men to write, now and then, a word of their condition to the dear home-circle. While we send them books, secular as well as religious, let us not forget to enclose in each package a small donation of paper and pens. Remember, too, that the library of the hospital at Readville is all the soldiers

in camp have to furnish them with reading. What you send to the one will, therefore, bless the other.

At Portsmouth Grove, R.I., I found very much to interest me. It has one of the finest hospitals for its size in the country. The library, contained in a large and neat room, has some 2,300 volumes; and, for the most part, they are well-selected and profitable books. I except, however, a mass of worthless pamphlets, "which," said the chaplain, as he pointed to them, "are never touched." They who offer such contributions to our soldiers forget their intelligence, and, I may say of many of them, their liberal culture. In the chapel, — a specially commodious and beautiful building, — I heard a class recite a good lesson in arithmetic; and the chaplain informed me there were several classes in the higher branches. He had himself several scholars in Latin, and two in the Greek language. They are thirsting for good biographies, and works of history. The writings of Prescott were named to me as specially desirable. They have a few newspapers, and spoke of the peculiar acceptableness of daily journals. For editors, "a word to the wise" may be "sufficient."

I met there a Spaniard, sixty-eight years old, who, at eight, entered the army in Great Britain. But he appeared thoroughly loyal, as well as pious, and was anxious to be restored to health, and do his share toward "putting down this wicked rebellion."

Another interesting case was that of a soldier from New Hampshire, who had been two years in the hospital. I spoke to him of the clear hand of Providence throughout this war, uniting the North, and bearing forward irresistibly the noble cause of emancipation. "Speaking of Providence," said he, "I never thought much of that until the battle of Chancellorsville. That was a terrible scene: on Sunday, I fell on the field, and lay there among the heaps of Federal and rebel soldiers, just conscious of being alive, until Tuesday. I was taken for dead by the rebels, and they would give me an occasional kick: meantime they threw shovels of dirt over the bodies around me, and I thought my turn must come soon. When I was taken up and carried off, and saved from being buried alive, I thought there must be a Providence in it all."

Other cases I might relate; but more of these hereafter. As I walked through the cemetery, arranged with great order and beauty, and read the simple inscriptions on each head-board, re-

cording the ages of so many under twenty years old, and one even of sixteen, I realized more than ever the precious gift we had laid on the altar of our country. Thanks for the assurance that the blood of these noble martyrs was not shed in vain. I devoutly trust their angel-eyes may behold from on high the redemption of the land, its universal freedom, and the perpetuity of our blessed government. A. B. M.

THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMES THE WORLD.

Victory over self is victory over the world. It is not the outward enemy, but the traitor within, that storms or undermines the citadel of spiritual life. Alas that the gates are so often unbarred for the hosts of evil to enter! Alas that the soul should so easily surrender, and suffer itself to be laid waste! As in the conflicts of nations the conquering army re-enforces its own strength by the munitions of war taken from the vanquished foe, so does the victorious soul gather new force from every struggle with temptation.

Yet the victory is gained, not by self-confidence and spiritual pride, but by humility and self-abnegation. The humble soul alone is truly strong, and safe from fall. What outward power can abase him, who, while he reverences the nature God has given him, still is lowly in his own eyes, "esteeming others better than himself"? What circumstance or condition of life can be adverse to him whose will is merged in the will of God? Oh the strength that grows from self-renunciation! Oh the peace that flows in upon the will subdued, when the man, though "lord of himself" through entire mastery over his affections and passions, feels that all his "strength is in God," and in the might of Him who overcame the world! To him the tide of life flows "like a broad river's peaceful might," through sunshine and through storm bearing steadily on its appointed course. His abundant peace is not stoicism. Like that of his divine Master, his heart is the home of all sweet affections. He is still a being of smiles and tears; tenderly alive to the joys of human sympathy, both in giving and receiving the blessed charities of life. At leisure from internal strife, he has a word of courage for the tempted, comfort for the sorrowing, reproof for the hardened sinner, hope for the penitent.

Such lives are led by God's best children here below. Lord, evermore grant us the peace that springs from victory over selfish aims, and the absorption of our wills into thine! †

LITERARY NOTICES.

Historical View of the American Revolution. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This work is in the form of twelve lectures, originally written for the Lowell Institute, and read before it in January and February, 1863. The causes of the Revolution, its phases, finances, diplomacy, campaigns, armies, foreign element, martyrs, literature, are described in the author's popular style; giving general views, sketches of character and sometimes of events not found in the common histories. The lectures evince originality of research, and minuteness of investigation; and are a valuable contribution to the historical literature pertaining to our revolutionary times. S.

A View at the Foundations, or First Causes of Character, as operative before birth, from hereditary and spiritual sources; being a treatise on the organic structure and quality of the human soul, as determined by pre-natal conditions in the parentage and ancestry, and how far we can detect and control them. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston: William V. Spencer.

It will be seen by this title, which describes fully and accurately the contents of the book, that it treats of topics supremely important to the happiness and well-being of man. The writer treads upon ground which requires great skill and delicacy in handling his topics. Vague and general statements would be worthless: minute details put into a work for popular reading, if unskilfully given, may do harm rather than good. We do not see that Mr. Fernald has given any thing that ought to be withheld. A high moral and benevolent purpose is evident throughout. He lays open the source of vast suffering, of hereditary disease and death, entailed by parents upon offspring. The sanctities of marriage, the awful responsibilities of parentage, the wickedness of its profanation and perversion, the miseries that follow in consequence through the long line of hereditary evil, are described and variously illustrated; and the spiritual and natural laws which apply enforced with fact and precept, calculated deeply to impress the reader, and show how fearfully, as well as wonderfully, man is made. S.

Know the Truth. A Critique on the Hamiltonian Theory of Limitation, including some Strictures upon the Theories of Rev. Henry L. Mansel and Mr. Herbert Spencer. By JESSE H. JONES. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

It was our intention, as this book came late to hand, to turn it aside until the time should come for the next number; indeed, the present writer, having long since forsworn metaphysics, meditated transferring the volume for the perusal of other eyes. Moreover, one could not help saying to himself, "Mansel I know, and Spencer I know; but who is Jones, and what claims has he to be heard upon such topics?" Yet, again, we found to our dismay, on the very first page, that hateful expression, "in our midst;" and that is generally enough for us, though so accomplished a rhetorician as Ward Beecher makes frequent use of it. Nevertheless we were somehow drawn on, and, after our fashion, went through the book at a sitting, much to our edification; and are glad to confess that "Jones," though wholly unknown to us (what wonder!) save through these pages, is an exceedingly clever and earnest man. He seems to us to have done good service in the conflict with a scepticism which is none the less real and mischievous because unconscious. We do not see how his demonstration or affirmation of "The Reason" can be spoken against; and he has supplied, in his not large book, most admirable material for every theist who would give an account of the faith that is in him. It is a treatise which the theological student and the clergyman will read with great interest and profit; and, for ourselves, we are thankful that we kept on. The book is a fresh illustration of the great truth, that he who builds on the moral nature builds securely; and that, by doing the will, we come to know of the doctrine. E.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1865, &c., &c. Edited by DAVID WELLS, A.M., M.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1865.

We always look for this volume with the greatest interest. As one watches eagerly and hopefully for the new light which is to break out from the Bible, so do we wait in confidence and glad expectation for the reading, by men of science, of the divine thoughts as they are embodied in the material world, and come to us in answer to our faithful seeking. The discoveries of the natural philosopher prove to be admirable illustrations of truths already

revealed to our minds and hearts. See, for example, the excellent article on the 113th page and following, in which "The Transitions of Matter" are discussed. We hope soon to transfer at least a portion of this to our "Random Readings." The volume is full of interesting facts. E.

Life in Heaven. By the author of "Heaven our Home," and "Meet for Heaven." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There are views in this book which are just and reasonable so far as they go, and in advance of the wan and spectral views which once prevailed. But they are too vague, and merely imaginative: there is too much straining after magniloquent phrases, often a confused parade of Scripture imagery in the absence of actual knowledge, leaving the mind pained and cheated with words, rather than satisfied. These approaches towards truth, and guesses at the immortal realities, will doubtless, however, be useful to many who can embrace nothing more. S.

Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A., Q.C. In two volumes, with illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

We receive these beautiful volumes just as we go to press, and have only time to commend the elegant style in which they appear. Middleton's "Life of Cicero" was first published a century ago, and has grave faults both of matter and style. These volumes depict more fully the domestic and social life of Cicero, and promise to bring us into acquaintance with the man rather than the politician. If the plan is well executed, as we have a right to expect it would be from the reputation and the studies of the author, it will be a rich feast to the classical reader, and to the English reader as well, especially if he is fresh from the pages of Merivale. More of the work when we have read it. S.

The Hillyards and the Burtons: a Story of two Families. By HENRY KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is a story of English life and manners, of English high life and English low life. The stories of the two families run parallel to each other, abound in varied incident, and in vivid delineation of scenes and characters. The interest is well sustained, and it is one of Mr. Kingsley's most successful novels. S.

MESSRS. WALKER, FULLER, & Co., have for sale two very attractive volumes for the young (and they who are no longer young will find them very instructive), with the following titles: —

Youth's History of the Rebellion. Roanoke to Murfreesboro'. By WILLIAM M. THAYER.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. Berlin. By SARAH W. LANDER.

The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

A good volume of sermons, which, without being inspired or inspiring, are sober, thoughtful, and instructive.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON publish, and MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & CO. have for sale, a very convenient little treatise on CROQUET, which the young people should have for the country residence; and an entertaining summer book, entitled MY MARRIED LIFE AT HILL SIDE, by BARRY GRAY.

PAMPHLETS.

What ought to be done with the Freedmen, and with the Rebels? A Sermon preached in the Berkley-street Church, Boston, on Sunday, April 23, 1865. By HENRY M. DEXTER. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. — The arguments of this sermon are carefully based upon historical data, which render it exceedingly valuable. It should be universally read for its excellent suggestions and its irresistible logic.

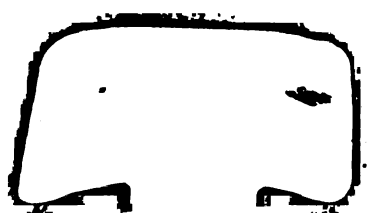
The Humble Conqueror. A Discourse commemorative of the Life and Services of Abraham Lincoln, preached to the Cambridgeport parish, April 23, 1865, by HENRY C. BADGER.

Death of President Lincoln. A Sermon delivered at the Church in Archdale Street, Charleston, S.C., Sunday, April 23, 1865, by Rev. CHARLES LOWE of Massachusetts. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

ERRATA IN LAST NUMBER.

Page 303, line 5, for *take* read *talk.*
Page 320, line 16, for *Unions* read *Unisons.*

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

Form 418